

# Where Are You

## Classified

[Chorus - Saukrates] - w/ ad libs

Where are you? Between the love, the hate and all the lies  
Where are you? You trippin, you must be lost and hypnotized

Where are you? You must be runnin

Where are you? You must be runnin

Where are you? You must be runnin

Where are you? You must be runnin

Where are you?[Verse 1 - Classified]

I'm right here with a look of despair

And it's quite clear, why no one ever said life's fair

I can feel it gettin cold in the night air

Dreamin in a world where conditions are a nightmare

As I stare at my child in her high chair

I wonder what life is like in 25 years

Wipe her eyes clear as she cries tears

Prayin for the future, Lord answer my prayers

(Look), we can't save the world through a song

But I'll try to bring light to what you've known all along

The fame, big house, money and the nice whips

Is that what life is? I thought it was priceless

I thought it all was in the palm of our hands

But somehow we can't read the drawings in the sand

People go hungry and others get richer

Turn a blind eye and don't see the big picture

Gotta get our vision and better our position

Man against man, still killing for religion

The system ain't workin, so how we suppose to get along?

If this is life, tell me where the fuck we went wrong

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs[Break - Saukrates]

Or are you in between

(Where are you?) Of gettin what you need

(Where are you?) And doin what you want

(Where are you?) Runnin, runnin[Verse 2 - Classified]

Now I push on everyday but it's hard to ignore

When the wealthy get wealthier and the poor get poorer

We all know the rich don't need 7 cars

Million dollar art or a 50 acre yard

Ancient antiques that they think are eye raisin

Thousand dollar shoes, that their friends say amazin

You think they realize the money that they wastin

While these crumblin nations could of used and embraced it?

I'm done complainin, I'm done frontin

Tryin to pass blame when, I ain't doin nothin  
Middle class folks wanna sit and point fingers  
I know we ain't rich but we ain't broke, come on think first  
You think we need (this), liquor or weed (this)  
XBox 360 to succeed?  
And you think we need these designer jeans  
These finer things for our life to be complete? (please)  
I hate preachin, I know that I don't do enough  
Tight with my money and I know that I should loosen up  
Life is tough and I know that it can seem hard  
But a lot of people are worse off then we are  
[Chorus] - w/ ad libs[Break](Where are you?)[Outro - Classified - talking]  
The world's a little bit bigger than just the street you live on  
Open up your eyes a bit

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>