

Wanted / Wasted (feat. Astronautalis)

P.O.S

It takes what it takes
A little vague, but I'll make it work, thanks
That's Minnesota on the mind
I know every word of The Decline, and sing it back
Been living that, might as well know the soundtrack
That blank stare that doesn't make you care
Shit, it's not designed to make you care
They bet you won't care
You don't
So I guess next come
We don't give a fuck like the anthem
When giving a fuck is taking a chance
Black president, hooray for history!
That shit's still totally pretend
I mean, fuck sports
Team on my back though
Doomtree hoopty, Cadillac flow
No kings
Only thinking in dreams
Only work for impossible things
We the best in the word (wait, at what?)
Wanting, wasting
Who the best in the world? (huh, I don't know)
We the best in the world (at getting sick)
Trying to find our places
I'm the best in the world
At kicking it
And working on some future shit I write it down for the little revolutions
Peace to Anonymous, good looking out
I give it up for who's seeking the solutions
Scheme for the rest of us, what's cooking now?
Straight plans
Manage slim chances
Damage all standards advance
Advantage (ha!)
And it's hot too
Who's the boss, who on top boy, not you
Not me, same team
Except we don't expect the same things, I mean
All that glitters stay cold
Same old story unfold, shit
It's in a black man's soul to rock that gold, naw

It's in a black man's soul to take a chain off
It's in a black man's soul to roll free
It seems like a black man's role is to fold cheap
And the white folks laugh
But they chasing the same carrot
Same debt same trap
Same aim same crap
Want it, waste it
We stray from that path
We kicks it in the haunted basements
Where we all so ghost
No kings
Only working on impossible things
Don't worry you're next!
He said one day it'll all make sense
If you sit upon this bench and watch a train go by in a blink
Think of them inside, and what their time is like
And how ours stretches while theirs just shrinks
Everything plus the kitchen sink
Melt it down, we don't need those things
You don't own that home, you just holding a place
You keep a seat warm for your old friends at the banks (thanks!)
Are we for real still sweating shampoo on planes
When I done flown 100 times with a knife on my chain?
Probably shouldn't say, please ix-nay
In case my laptop's tapped by TSA
Believe that babe, you ain't keep the heat at bay
Keep sweating al-Qaeda, I'm scared of the banks
Keep stacking them chips, I'm piling grains
It ain't if, it's when, cause we the best of this thing

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