Get Ignorant

Cunninlynguists

You try to get success directly
But there is one to destroy us
Sometimes the way is of need
Perhaps you may get ignorant
Do I gotta get ign'ant and show my pigment on the job
Slap the darkest part of my hand, across jaws
These days and times with jobs hard to find
You gotta work a salt mine or work an assault 9
Most folks barely staying afloat through proper channels
And think the rich sit with black candles and slaughter mammals
And run the globe with mind control and designer sandals
But life's a skinny bitch, it's a struggle to get a handle
I'm about to just break bad, like Malcolm's dad
Be Meth Boyardee
with a lab and a yellow cab
so I can get the right picket fence
and yellow labs
That American Dream makes me wake up and scream
making sense of old money buying shiny new things
That I'm about to break as I'm creating a scene
You can use as a anthem for Kanye's tantrums
Cause I'm about a thumb and a finger away from snapping, DAMN!I'm early e'ry day, never took a vacation
Through mandatory overtime I always stay patient
Through all the petty dramas I'm calmer than a sloth
But this shit don't change like if Obama woulda lost
I done worked my ass off 'bout 20-11 years
I'm usually far from anything that heaven fears
But I'm feeling off-kilter. I ain't about to kill ya
But I am about to loosen up this filter
There's you jerking off to Halle Berry on the shitter
Then firing a nigga cause he's checking on his Twitter
You mad cause nobody's tagging you in all the pictures?
Well here's a good one of you tagging your wife's sister
Like THAT- See I been knowing ways to fight back
Vimeo of you saying you don't like blacks
Clearly though, full HD and in stereo
Your network's got holes my dude, cheerio.Look, success is just a thought but it can push us to the edge but in my head
At an early age like the Pledge

Give our allegiance, while your at it give your souls
Won't tell you til you're grown that all that glitters ain't gold
Love to watch 'em race, love to watch 'em chase dreams
So dirty there ain't a cycle that you can make clean
Got the athletes juicing, singers getting naked
Rappers spending all they money before they even make it
Actors scared to age, shooting acid in their faces
Slaves to the ratings, every show is more tasteless
Faithless as angels, cutting wings from their scapula
To trade it all in and be Dracula
Genocide in East Africa, but you watching Battlestar Gallactica
Filling up the data in the back of your digital camera
Taking glamorous shots of your mammaries
Surrounded by Vanity Fair magazine
in stuffed animals in the house your parents paid for
Built by hand on land people slaved for
Get ignorant, stay ignorant, in fact
If you feel my sentiment, attack
Keep kicking it, screaming for your sense of entitlement
Flip me off with the same hand you hold the Bible with
all that botox, every cream, every vitamin
Can't cover up the ignorance that's inside of you.
I wouldn't lie to you, t can't cover up the ignorance that's inside of you.

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