

# Children (Algorythm Remix)

## Tonedeff

One day you'll look back at your life and wonder, like "what the fuck was I thinking"/  
Puffing and drinking at seven - public delinquent/  
Setting yourself up for nothing, just loving life, cussing & beefing/  
Without knowing what to believe in/Or even care for that matter, cause you're too young to be hunting for  
reason/  
When school days are your function of meeting/  
And looking back on the days when the term 'back in the day' wasn't existent/  
You wonder if who you were is who you are this instant/'Cause when you're 10 you're not far from an infant/  
Or when prom could be listed down as your longest commitment/  
Shit, time has a wicked sense of humor that's harshly sadistic/  
It puts what you did wrong, in the distance by foggin your senses/I harbor resentment for bandwagons, and  
tailgators,  
Braggart cats who ain't graduate with a penchant for brand-fashion  
Little miss know it all bitches, and Bully-Ass bastards with bad manners/  
So, if you can't stand it, let's demand action/You see - hindsight is 20/20 as motherfucker/  
Some people never learn from others, cause they love to suffer/  
I'm being real with y'all, I seldom bunch my tongue up/  
Yet, to this day, I never had the balls to say 'fuck' in front my mother/I've come to realize the world changes  
with every summer/  
Sundown to sun up, the seasons run out asunder/  
I've seen the power of drugs, of greed and the violence of guns/  
And the people somehow get numb, as evil devours the young,With a feeble amount of love instilled in em,  
Meanwhile even teachers don't wanna build with 'em/  
But I realized that I can still hit em, and see inside where the chill bit em/  
With heat provided by a lil rhythm/I seek to guide whoever's grippin for wisdom, I'll do what I can/  
'Cause I wished I received a bit a this, but I was doomed to withstand/  
The unscrupulous manner In which I learned, with ruthless abandon/  
Now, due to demand?children behold the truth is at hand/See, them cats you hanging with now, is who you are/  
And they'll become their parents, so look at them and decide if that's who you wanna be/  
Honestly, think about their qualities,/  
You're probably exhibiting parts of these people's behaviors chronically/Call me a saint to warn ya - see that  
bitch that thinks she's the shit  
At 15 with the heaving tits, the type kids would just fiend to get/  
Will end up pregnant before she hits community college, broke and soon to be jobless  
Abused by the dude she gets high with/  
See, little girls believe every love is true and it's timeless/  
Till they get fucked by 'Mr. Cool' and guess who ends up crying/  
But guys ain't no stranger to the forces of nature/  
We're only out for pussy, that's why we split with no good reason to break up/

Now, Mr. Popularity?is just that.  
In 10 years, he'll be Mr. Popularity with a bad job and a mustasche/  
So, fuck that socialite bullshit that they force upon you/  
Believe me, this is the exact course I've gone through.Fly your own way - Do your own thing/  
Fuck what they say - Follow your own swing/  
Use your mind now - Don't get swept up/  
Use time well - Don't get kept up/Live your own life - Get your taste right/  
Find your own vibe - Fuck what they like  
Don't get caught up - Live in your own skinSee, most motherfuckers are sheep, it was true then and it still is/  
Take away the uniforms, y'all will dress the same way to fit in/  
Nowadays I see ya?doing whatever you see on TV/  
Media Brainwashed, buying a new trend every 3 weeks/And you're knee deep in cheap weed, liquor?there's  
even STD's in pre-teens  
It's different now?So, fuck whatever we think/  
Right? Well, ya might be. Things have only changed ever so slightly/  
Like?Same Jordans minus the swoosh from Nike/I see it's worse then ever. There's no respect and no thirst to  
endeavour/  
Just kids that want to be first in the center/  
With no work ethic - to earn their own personal shelter,  
Bursting with pent up aggression, these are the things you observe as an elder/"Cause when you grow it hurts to  
stay inside your shell/  
I'll prolly rewrite this song in 20 years, and dedicate it to myself/  
I guess the jist of it is, that when you're big, you'll just miss how you lived/  
And when you're a kid, you'll just wish you were big/  
So For now.[Chorus]  
Why Don't You Fly On By/  
If Your Flock Dives You'll DieYou can get up under the wind and glide away/  
The Sky is big enough for everybody.  
You don't have to live life the normal way/  
Just Glide Your Own Way.

Songwriters

CONCINA, ROBERTO /Published by

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