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
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