Sinflation

Canibus

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward decades later, blood, sweat, and tears
Are shed to the creator but it was all made-up
Generation after generation, tell me what changes
History keeps repeating itself for agesHe was driving a Tesla model S playing loud music
He drove into an EMP storm and got electrocuted
Trust fund lawyers were recruited, lawsuits were instituted
'The electric car killed him', prove it!
Quantum evolution quantum conducive
Quantum revolution, rap music, quantum electrocution
Transformed him into a mutant, infrared eyesight lucid
Sharpen the picture, fine-tune it or lose it
God's gift, optic oculus rift, look around your environment
But keep your composure, now what do you think?
I think it's all gone to shit, these problems can't be fixed
I think the only solution is reset
They say comply or die, regroup on your side
Or mine and stop making excuses about why
Keep an eye on the micro but notice the macro
The bottom line is our slave masters are assholes
Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward decades later, blood, sweat, and tears
Are shed to the creator but it was all made-up
It ain't today, tomorrow, six months, or next year
They enjoy playing off of all our fears
Fast-forward decades later, blood, sweat, and tears
Are shed to the creator, we don't worship no paperPreach
The higher the peak, the lower we are forced to dig deep
The best outcome is always out of reach
Do you agree to disagree about hope? 'Course you don't
Believe everything they see, you'll never see through the smoke
You say you know the ledge, that's just a theoretical edge
To make the world a better place you need more than a pledge
Trust no one, even yourself
And this includes the person giving, receiving or needing some help
But you sold them your soul and they stretched out your donut hole
You only know what you were told, not what you behold

The collapse is simultaneously triggered
Now you know what it feels like to be a statistic
Poor sons of bitches ain't allowed to make decisions
We're middle-class midgets living off of Third World figures
They say the economy's grown
But if you look there's more vacant homes than homeless people living on the road
Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward decades later, blood, sweat, and tears
Are shed to the creator but it was all made-up
It ain't today, tomorrow, six months, or next year
They enjoy playing off of all our fears
Fast-forward decades later, blood, sweat, and tears
Are shed to the creator, we don't worship no paperYou stop getting chances when you stop taking them
So just follow your orders, never question who's making them
'Let us hold hands, let us pray with him', excuse me, what's your name again?
'Okay, we'll have another round of Jameson
Drink up, rejoice, let's pretend we always have a choice
'Cause we sure as hell never had a voice'
The day of reckoning, your last will and testament
Text-messaging emergency services still testing pings
Black Swan psychologists could've been worse, they could've been communists
Objection sustained, McCarthyism, counselor
A complete monopoly, this is proper hip-hop verbosity
Show you how it be and how it look to me
They build, destroy, recycle, that's how they get it done
Vocal percussions, no interruptions, perfection
Soundproof coffins, the haunted eavesdrop too often
It's always me and the Lord when I'm talking
Taking long walks on winter beaches, falling
With splinters and blisters and the sound of whispering torment
The guillotines are sharpening, their background music is ominous
Laying there naked dying from insomnia
Hungry 'cause they're starving us, gun sentries, hall monitors
Droning and daunting, my dear long-armed darlings
We are death-marching, ritual, sinister, barefoot prisoners
Dig a hole so POWs can shit in it
Prisoners during peacetime, peaceful and primitive
We never could understand, what the fuck is a derivative?
Admit it: we were all deceived with such relative ease
Only because we dared to dream
They stole control with a single act of multiple hacks
They were literal, visceral, non-physical attacks
City-wide but then the chaos metastasized to the countryside
We cried, our Bill of Rights were nullified

So miserable, so sad, I don't ever think I've felt this bad
Feelings are emotions, emotions are scams
Wealth intimidates poor people more than violence
So they hide it, I've been on both sides of the fence
The common man changed to behave as a slave
Reading Elliott waves in a daze on a Forex page
When Braveheart was brought to King's Court he was shackled in chains
I heard him say, 'that was an unwinnable game'

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