

# 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 hopty, 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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