Lost Generation

Big K.R.I.T.

(I wish we could stay to see what happens)
We have to let them find their way, but we will create an endCame back like the Mack, Caddy cut dime in the back
Eight track slap off the rack, I have to relapse
Po' of the fo' out the tap, break a bro back to the snap
She lives in my lap, eager to give up a snatch
Still on the pry for my match
The milk and the honey
It's all about the love for the money
Space age pimp was adapt, that's after the fact
Land that I may contact, destroy if they give their bomb back
Prepare for combat, peace and love is beyond that
Should've went with my comrades, it's actual fact
Eye what they actually lack at the peek of their deck
Where their soul and mind is attached
Stars fully aligned on the map, my plan of attack
For the lost generationThis ain't meant to be preached on
This here meant to be teached on
I know that you ain't got much time
I promise this rhyme won't take long
You need it in your life like you need a better job
Like you need another hobby
Instead of waiting in the lobby, with the soft and the hard
Until the police holla copy, freeze
I know how it get when you ain't got shit to flush
And them balloons you bought getting bust
'Cause everybody want mo' than what they really say so
You don't know who to trust
On the outside looking in of the Beamer, Bentley, Benz
Dreaming about the backseat
But you don't know what the driver had to do just to pass by you
That's if you ask me
So, shawty, don't do the dash on 'em
I hope you never crash on 'em
What good is flashin' or livin' the fastest
If you in a casket? I couldn't imagine
My mama hanging over me crying
'Cause my soul is too young to let go of me
I'm saying what I gotta

'Cause the club songs ain't saving my partnerCame back like the Mack, Caddy cut dime in the back
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For the lost generationNigga, we ain't lost
This the bitch I'm a boss generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
This is xans got me nodding off generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
This the puttin' candy in my cough generation
(For the lost generation)
Nigga, we ain't lost
You can find me jumping off Porsche in a race
(For the lost generation)For that, KRIT, let's kill these niggas
You got skills to help build these killers (killers)
Take the murder rate even higher (higher)
And take a nigga bitch in the process
Turn the whole thing into a contest
My nigga fuck this mic
We should be fucking with Mike
Military industrial complex
And we can get rich, nigga, fuck showing love
They ain't listening to us
They ain't playing this bitch in the club
So let's get paid, turn these motherfuckers into slaves
School is for lames, man, these niggas join gangs
Fuck Martin Luther King, nigga, fuck change
Fuck peace, I want chains
G's on the internet, bitch like bam
Fuck peace, I want a plane
Fill that bitch with cocaine
And make these bitches move their booties
And help these niggas make their movies

All these niggas into their graves
And top these hoes out their coogiesCame back like the Mack, Caddy cut dime in the back
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Songwriters
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