Guilty All the Same (feat. Rakim)

LINKIN PARK

Tell us all again

What you think we should be

What the answers are

What it is we can't see

Tell us all again

How to do what you say

How to fall in line

How there's no other way

But oh, we all knowYou're guilty all the same

Too sick to be ashamed

You want to point your finger

But there's no one else to blameYou're guilty all the same

Too sick to be ashamed

You want to point your finger

But there's no one else to blameYou're guilty all the sameShow us all again

That our hands are unclean

That we're unprepared

That you have what we need

Show us all again

'Cause we cannot be saved

Cause the end is near

Now there's no other way

And oh, you will knowYou're guilty all the same

Too sick to be ashamed

You want to point your finger

But there's no one else to blameYou're guilty all the same

Too sick to be ashamed

You want to point your finger

But there's no one else to blameThere's no one else to blame

Guilty all the sameGuilty all the same

You're guilty all the same Yeah, you already know what it is

Can y'all explain, what kind of land is this

When a man has plans of being rich

If he falls off his plans, he's wealthy?

Dirty money scheme, a clean split

Nonsense the same, he didn't call for this, he's filthy

Talk team, they take the paper route

All they think about is bank accounts, assets and realty

Anybody's expense, no shame with a clear conscience

No regrets and guilt free, you claim that ain't the way that he built me Smoke scream, we're going in flames Know as soon as they're done what the deal be Say it's time for things to change We arrange that dope product we built cheap Anything if it's more to gain Dream, manipulated like artists, it's real deep Until no more remains, but I'm still me Like authentic hip-hop and rock, to pop and radio You record companies kill me Try to force me to strain it, no way They got the gall to say "yo, how real can real be?" You feel me? you will see, the greed will be to blame Greedy for the fame, TV or a name Media, the game, to me your all the same You're guilty You're guilty all the same Too sick to be ashamed You want to point your finger But there's no one else to blameYou're guilty all the same Too sick to be ashamed You want to point your finger But there's no one else to blameGuilty all the same Guilty all the same Guilty all the same

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