

# 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 know You're guilty all the same  
Too sick to be ashamed  
You want to point your finger  
But there's no one else to blame You're guilty all the same  
Too sick to be ashamed  
You want to point your finger  
But there's no one else to blame You're guilty all the same Show 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 know You're guilty all the same  
Too sick to be ashamed  
You want to point your finger  
But there's no one else to blame You're guilty all the same  
Too sick to be ashamed  
You want to point your finger  
But there's no one else to blame There's no one else to blame  
Guilty all the same Guilty 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 blame You're guilty all the same  
Too sick to be ashamed  
You want to point your finger  
But there's no one else to blame Guilty all the same  
Guilty all the same  
Guilty all the same

Songwriters

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