

Healer

Asher Roth

My world is turning obsolete
Sometimes I struggle honestly with what I do believe
To hook it on and look beyond and tell me what you see
I see us needing what we want instead of what we need
Climbing towards the peak, find the motion is exhausting
Most have lost touch, still wondering regardless
Don't wanna pay attention on how to make a connection
When wrecking a man's treasure and throw it right in the garbage
Fault your own father, our fault he didn't bother
Wanted to be Plato, now challenged to think harder
The owner, think deeper, nothing came easier
Anxious and playing eager, impatient to play speaker
Nigger wait, teach'em how to thread the needle
People hating people, that horrible trained evil
On the morning's eve, be encouraged, take action
Only to receive distraction, distraction, distraction
In fact, what was I trying to accomplish?
Non traditional, non-fictional, spit contest
Not to mention blunt when you take shots with
Or take shots at, but might bounce back
And bite your ass if we ever cross paths
'Cause you never bother questioning the cold hard facts
Ever stop to ask to get out of my head
Subconscious tap, like a 90 light ache
Now the thought crosses, coming out of my neck
Spills into the palace, to the fellas breaking bread
Seeking balance, getting calluses instead
Working hard evaluating the tent

I know we ain't there yet
We've been living through your end
You don't have to be everything you think
We've been grabbed, wake up
We miss you

So conflicting, my interest in this mission
Try to walk away, feeling that nobody would listen
When you're always know to take the road of least resistance
You have to let it go, what's a plan without a vision?
I'm so confused what to do, can't see
In our food, in our noose in our sleep
An intrude to the roots of our trees
Inhaled in ourselves, get impaled when we breathe
If it fails we excel in a tweak
From the trails of the chem. trails pails in the scrip
Veils in the street, maam all held the week
While our freedom goes stealth to impale the gift free
We agree to debris to our silence
No sirens, no fire and no violence
More wires, more hard for their alliance
One more allowed to tag behind so try it
Talk about it, found people feel the same
The largest conversations say people go strained
Maybe it's in vain working for a better day
And hey maybe this will rĭsumĭ

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