

We All Want The Same Thing

Kevin Michael

Kevin! Michael... Lupe... Fiasco...
Hey, little girl, don't cry, dry your eyes...
I wrote this song for you...
Now, it goes down...

Can you imagine every world? Every boy, and every girl,
They'd all get the same things, They'd all get the same things,
A little dough, a lot of love, with a mom, and dad to hug,
They'd all get the same things...
By the year, the world is real, and it don't matter how you feel,
Because, we don't get the same things, we don't get the same things,
You got to work to stay alive, for the hours, from 9 to 5,
We don't get the same things...

All my gangster friends, and all my skater friends,
We all want the same thing, we all want the same thing,
DJ's in the clubs, Jesus freaks, and thugs,
We all want the same thing...

And, I think about the way, all the politicians say,
Say they want to change things, say they want to change things,
Every year, they take some more, and I don't know what it's for,
Though, they never change things...
But, if you want to make it stop (stop), well, first, you got to start,
Making some big, old changes, doing some different things, yeah,
Get up out your bed, think outside your head,
And, you won't get the same things...

All my gangster friends, and all my skater friends,
We all want the same thing, we all want the same thing,
DJ's in the clubs, Jesus freaks, and thugs,
We all want the same thing...
All my ex-girlfriends, and all their new boyfriends,
They all want the same thing, they all want the same thing,
From Wall Street, to the hood, New York, and Hollywood,
We all want the same thing...

Yeah!
First empire to the people,
The have's, and the have not's,
Are we willing to give up all the hours, just to make it all equal?
And, make players out the mascots?
Because, right now, we don't see you, like the Sasquatch,
Unless, the root of all evil, is what you have got,
You're even more visible if your hair is lots,
If not banging from the beach, then banish you to the sand box,
With no lifeguard to come after you,
No amount, you don't count, like Dracula,
Your body drown, like a Titanic passenger,
Or, a Haitian refugee trafficker,
They come, and get you off the island that you crashed into,
They take a yacht, and send the slave ship back for you,
Money matters, don't let it master you,
Pressing on the answer, to they give you what you're asking for,
It's like that!

This is a message, to:

Remind, you, there's, just, one, true, coast, love...

Take them to church, Kevin!

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