

Hollywood, And She Did

letlive.

We whispered a bit too loud
In the Ghetto's ear
And now it's way too loud in here
Let it go
Let them run to you

When they fail
And they're running home
They're running home to you

We can't pay for mistakes
They have made in my name
We cannot forget this. we cannot
We can't afford this - no, we cannot

When they fail
And they're running home
They're running home to you
If the way they sell is the way we fail - I know
Run on home
Run on home

It's kind of like we're being paid for having heart attacks
Well, we can only see the top when we're on our backs
Remove your teeth and have yourself a bite to eat
They don't care if we don't sleep
It's the equivalent to having blind men watch your back
It's like a liquor store without the swishers
Kind of like a dime with no sack
Lamborghinis traded in for Cadillacs
You might as well have given them the clip to your gat

We know failure.
We will rock you.

They say, "charge it to the game"
Don't talk about it, be about it now