

I wanna know the truth  
I wanna know the deepest meanings  
You need to give me proof  
I need to know that I'm not dreaming  
I see those silly things  
I see the things that we go after  
But I can feel the strings  
I can feel the puppet master

Can't sleep, can't trust no one  
Can't eat, unless I know where that's from  
One eye wide, one eye shut  
One eyes spies, who-where-what

You gotta read between the lines  
You gotta dig real deep sometimes  
You gotta read the writing on the wall for signs  
(Come on) Open your eyes

I wanna know the time  
And I don't need no watch to do dat  
I wanna know the rhyme  
And the reason why you choose that  
Detect the lies  
And read above the average  
Can ya feel their vibe  
Can ya read their body language

Send a message to Mary (really?)  
Na! She can't hear me  
Caught up in tradition, my conspiracy theory  
This ain't somethin' outta' book  
It's real life, it ain't fiction  
But the plot is complicated, (like "The Wire")  
Are you listening?  
You owe dat, you know dat  
But tell me who wrote dat?  
Manufactured in a darkroom  
Developed like Kodak  
You gon' tell me like you mean it  
But I ain't never seen it  
You gon' hand me a script to read  
But I'm a' read between it.