

# Children

Tonedeff

V1 (16)

One day you'll look back at your life and wonder, like 'what the fuck was I thinking'/  
Puffing and drinking at seven - public delinquent/  
Setting yourself up for nothing, just loving life, cussing & beefing/  
Without knowing what to believe in/  
Or even care for that matter, cause you're too young to be hunting for reason/  
When school days are your function of meeting/  
And looking back on the days when the term 'back in the day' wasn't existent/  
You wonder if who you were is who you are this instant/  
Cause when you're 10 you're not far from an infant/  
Or when prom could be listed down as your longest commitment/  
Shit, time has a wicked sense of humor that's harshly sadistic/  
It puts what you did wrong, in the distance by foggin your senses/  
I harbor resentment for bandwagons, and tailgators,  
Braggart cats who ain't graduate with a penchant for brand-fashion  
Little miss know it all bitches, and Bully-Ass bastards with bad manners/  
So, if you can't stand it, let's demand action/

V2 (32)

You see - hindsight is 20/20 as motherfucker/  
Some people never learn from others, cause they love to suffer/  
I'm being real with y'all, I seldom bunch my tongue up/  
Yet, to this day, I never had the balls to say 'fuck' in front my mother/  
I've come to realize the world changes with every summer/  
Sundown to sun up, the seasons run out asunder/  
I've seen the power of drugs, of greed and the violence of guns/  
And the people somehow get numb, as evil devours the young,  
With a feeble amount of love instilled in em,  
Meanwhile even teachers don't wanna build with 'em/  
But I realized that I can still hit em, and see inside where the chill bit em/  
With heat provided by a lil rhythm/  
I seek to guide whoever's grippin for wisdom, I'll do what I can/  
Cause I wished I received a bit a this, but I was doomed to withstand/  
The unscrupulous manner in which I learned, with ruthless abandon/  
Now, due to demandâ|children behold the truth is at hand/  
See, them cats you hanging with now, is who you are/  
And they'll become their parents, so look at them and decide if that's who you wanna be/  
Honestly, think about their qualities,/   
You're probably exhibiting parts of these people's behaviors chronically/  
Call me a saint to warn ya - see that bitch that thinks she's the shit  
At 15 with the heaving tits, the type kids would just fiend to get/  
Will end up pregnant before she hits community college, broke and soon to be jobless  
Abused by the dude she gets high with/  
See, little girls believe every love is true and it's timeless/  
Till they get fucked by 'Mr. Cool' and guess who ends up crying/  
But guys ain't no stranger to the forces of nature/  
We're only out for pussy, that's why we split with no good reason to break up/  
Now, Mr. Popularityâ|is just that.

In 10 years, he'll be Mr. Popularity with a bad job and a mustasche/  
So, fuck that socialite bullshit that they force upon you/  
Believe me, this is the exact course I've gone through.

Break

Fly your own way - Do your own thing/  
Fuck what they say - Follow your own swing/  
Use your mind now - Don't get swept up/  
Use time well - Don't get kept up/  
Live your own life - Get your taste right/  
Find your own vibe - Fuck what they like  
Don't get caught up - Live in your own skin

V3 (16)

See, most motherfuckers are sheep, it was true then and it still is/  
Take away the uniforms, y'all will dress the same way to fit in/  
Nowadays I see yaâ¬ doing whatever you see on TV/  
Media Brainwashed, buying a new trend every 3 weeks/  
And you're knee deep in cheap weed, liquorâ¬ there's even STD's in pre-teens  
It's different nowâ¬ So, fuck whatever we think/  
Right? Well, ya might be. Things have only changed ever so slightly/  
Likeâ¬ Same Jordans minus the swoosh from Nike/  
I see it's worse then ever. There's no respect and no thirst to endeavour/  
Just kids that want to be first in the center/  
With no work ethic - to earn their own personal shelter,  
Bursting with pent up aggression, these are the things you observe as an elder/  
Cause when you grow it hurts to stay inside your shell/  
I'll prolly rewrite this song in 20 years, and dedicate it to myself/  
I guess the jist of it is, that when you're big, you'll just miss how you lived/  
And when you're a kid, you'll just wish you were big/  
So For now.

Chorus:

Why Don't You Fly On By/  
If Your Flock Dives You'll Die

You can get up under the wind and glide away/  
The Sky is big enough for everybody.  
You don't have to live life the normal way/  
Just Glide Your Own Way.