

## Chuck D

# "Generation Wrecked"

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[Chorus] x2

If I can't change the people around me  
I change the people around me

Some don't know was'up  
Shit iz jus fucked up  
They don't know what's next  
Generation Wrecked

[Verse 1]

See I'm hangin in like Sam Sever  
To all you Johnny come latelys  
Who didn't recognize how great and  
Clever some of those rhymes be  
Think quick  
Been flowin over domes  
Mad vocab to silly crabs  
Before Metaphors be passin  
Your ass like taxi cabs  
Hit my toll free number  
To hear bombs I dropped  
1 800 7654321  
You don't stop  
I need my noize like Patrick & Barkley need rings  
Like Griffey gets swings  
1st time rhymes played me off like Sacramento Kings  
3-6 for the 9-6 1 move my rhymers with the times  
Wit no crimes or pantomime  
No great pretender spenders  
20 years got mad tears leavin tears in they beers  
From the rear old school getting theirs  
You getting scared  
It is on & on and 3 steps ahead  
Hot topics shock in the house  
Fulla heads  
Getting burned while you learn on a hospital bed  
Madd kids never checkin for what I said  
Jack be quick  
Jack be nimble on the brain  
I'm stay'n simple  
But the sound remains insane

Same mad pain no gain getting getto on the table  
No stories no fables relax I'm cinemax to the blacks  
No cable  
Round & round here I go  
Putting this sound down  
But some a y'all got fears and scared to get  
Down

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[Verse 2]

Now I'm the one who flew over the Cuckoo's nest &  
tested  
And wasn't ever bullet proof vested  
Resurrection of the one man vocal section  
Spirit in your dark ass direction  
For your mind body and soul protection  
Reality checks keep it real  
Bring in real checks  
On & off the road been through  
1100 sondchecks  
Those influenced under the influence  
Getting mad hits from truants  
Dazed & confused hangin wit crews  
Who livin blues  
A million doomed consumers  
Who say they know they black  
Threw they medallions back  
In exchange for 40 dozen six packs  
Born under a terrible sign in 1969 comin  
Blind  
Livin inside hard ass times  
Getting kicks offa wack karate flicks  
He kills but gots no fightin skillz  
It's getting ill so many funerals  
Stylin now its gold plated medallions  
I didn't know under fros  
We got so many black Italians

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