

Kevin Michael

"We All Want The Same Thing"

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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

Huh, but down here 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
Forty hours, from 9 to 5
We don't get the same things

All my gangster friends, yeah
And all my skater friends
(What they want?)
We all want the same thing
(What we want, now?)
We all want the same thing, yeah

DJ's in the clubs, Jesus, freaks and thugs
We all want the same thing
Same thing, same thing
Same thing, same thing, now

And, I think about the way
All the politicians say
(What they saying, now?)
Say they want to change things
Say they want to change things

But every year, they take some more

And I don't know what it's for
Though, they never change things
(They don't change nothing)

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
Same thing, same thing
Same thing, now

All my gangster friends
And all my skater friends
(What they want, now?)
We all want the same thing
(What we want, now?)
I said, we all want the same thing

DJ's in the clubs, Jesus, freaks and thugs
We all want the same thing
Same thing, same thing
Same thing now

All my ex-girlfriends
And all their new boyfriends
(What they doing, now?)
They all want the same thing
(What they want, now?)
I said, they all want the same thing

From Wall Street to the hood
New York and Hollywood
We all want the same thing, yeah
(And what you say, what you say?)

Yeah, first say pie 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?
'Cause, 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 bound to 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
Till they give you what you're asking for
It's like that, yeah, it's like that

This is a message to
Remind you there's just one who calls love
Take them to church, Kevin

All my gangster friends
(What they want, now?)
And all my skater friends
We all want the same thing
I said, we all want the same thing

DJ's in the clubs, Jesus, freaks and thugs
We all want the same thing
Same thing, same thing
Same thing, same thing now

All my ex-girlfriends
(What they want?)
And all their new boyfriends
They all want the same thing
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From Wall Street to the hood
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We all want the same thing, yeah
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