

Chiddy Bang

"Because"

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[Verse 1: Chiddy Bang]

And that's the way it is
You wanna soar, but your wings don't work
The kids want somebody to believe in
Heathens get love for no reason
Regular folks do regular things
People like this or people like that
All I wanna do is take the ching
And I'll be M.I.A. on top of the track
But let me give you the facts
We be getting the paper
Let me give you the facts
Earthquake bars, yeah you know I spit crack
The boy off the wall, get rid of the thumb tack
About to take the game and I'll never give it back
But, but, the hate is contagious
They tamper, they just like the raises
I'm Motorola, I'm just like the RAZRs
Cause the swag show you the new craze is
I think I need to see some new faces
She got a fatty, I'm gonna squeeze toothpaste it
Top floor yeah, think I might move in
Ivy League writing, tell me what you pen
I am exciting, this is confusion
I'm all about my money, I didn't mean to bring Scrooge
in
Please check out my melody,
I'm heavenly, don't tell on me, I'm puffing on celery
Hills like Beverly, the houses, the case come settle me
The waves keep spinning, propellin' me
I pay, keep grinning, so bet on me
And then you gon' see that I am the best because

[Hook: Thom Yorke (Sample of "Reckoner") & Chiddy Bang]

Because we separate like
Ripples on a blank shore
Because we separate like
(Because, because, don't worry, that's what passion
does,
don't worry, just pass the bud)

Ripples on a blank shore
(Let it ripple like I pass the flood and if I fall to the
ground,
I'm bouncin' back up, try to bring me down,
I'm bouncin' back up, haters all around,
we bouncin' back up, bouncin' back up)

[Verse 2: Chiddy Bang]

I bounce up, you dummy
Told you I would have this thing wrapped, you mummy
I'm a vacuum, honey, cause I'm here to clean it up
And this is my Dizm, so tell him beam me up
Like my Chevy sits so high up in the sky
Not Arabic, but Qatar on my feet, Dubai
You recognize a bit of that floss talk
I recognize a bit of that buzz talk
Cocaine bars on speakers
Dream about the day that I charge on features
Yeah, before I get to tomorrow, got to conquer today
Will I live to tomorrow? Question I ask today
Tell me what I can pay, models chicks is all
And a bag of chips, so let me know if I am Frito Lay
Hear the people say the same thing the preachers say
When they hear me spit, tell 'em to pray for me anyway
I'm a monster inside of this cage and I can't record
tracks
As quick I can fill the page, guess what I figure they
feel the rage
Career suicide, they jumping off the stage
One by one, they all fall down like toy soldiers
You ain't taking the bread
Ain't it funny, we was made to be dead?
So I live it through the music, I'm a RADIOHEAD

[Hook: Thom Yorke (Sample of "Reckoner") & Chiddy
Bang]

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