

Mad Child "Wanted"

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It's a dawning of a new era
Tattooed, broken tooth in a new era
I ain't where I'm supposed to be, its a true terror
I ain't tripping, I ain't crippling (?), but I'm glued mirror

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Do you remember me? Was the fariest of them all
Then I dropped the ball and I was soled (?) and flat
Sometimes I feel like there's nobody that can hold me
back

And sometimes I feel like it's a rat living in a trap
I'm giving all I've got but they ain't giving nothing back
I'm battling depression in my head
I'm trying, but I'll probably be aggressive till I'm dead

And everybody knows of my addictive personality
I chase my dream, but I'm not living in reality
Cards are stacked against me. Too much time lost
God, please help me, why coz I'm lost

[REFRAIN]

It's pretty crazy when your dreams were so close..
You could touch 'em, but now they seem like old
ghosts.
And now all my memories are haunted.
Hope that they 'll remember me and maybe they still
want to. (?)

Look! I ain't got a lot of time left
Got a team, but they don't seem to take no fucking
giant steps
I tried to tell them I could use a little help
That's exactly what they give me, gotta do it all myself

Most rap perfomers are just transformers
Pretend to be crazy, I pretend to be normal
When listening the Mad they get immediately struck
Then immediately after realize he's really fucked

Look! I got no disguise concentrating on my art
Mentally demented, I'm a monster in the dark

Little monster drinking monster walking in the park
With my dog stalking awkwardly, but obviously sharp

They're asking me to make a clubsong on dubstep
That's where the money at, but that shit make me upset
Maybe I'm focused on my pride a little too tough
Or maybe I just love hip-hop a little too much

[REFRAIN]

It's pretty crazy when your dreams were so close..
You could touch 'em, but now they seem like old
ghosts.
And now all my memories are haunted.
Hope that they 'll remember me and maybe they still
want it

I've got a dark past, hope that it will disappear
But with the internet they still see it crystal clear
I need more time walking on the right path
Because I've been fighting with myself, it's time to fight
back

Damaged to my brain I've been damaged to my teeth
All these damage on the surface, just imagine
underneath
And life can be a beach with a beach-chair
Damaged goods broken down, need to be repaired

Hard for me to transguise the pain inside
Doing drugs five years, till it drained me dry
And if I knew back then what I know now
I would've saved up cash, would've slowed down

Would've spread love, would've gave back
Would've helped show kids that there's a right track
Would've kept writing, kept making music
Kept BattleAxe, kept executive producing

But now I'm back and I am still alive
So I will give it all I've got, till they feel my vibe
I'm hoping and I pray they understand me
Because if they don't, fuck it's too late to make a plan
B.

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