

## **Lari White F/ Travis Tritt**

### **"Underachiever"**

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[Verse 1]

The space it takes to time travel ain't worth the effort  
Mic saddle mastadons to find Babylon the network  
As clear as it seems hi-fi makes it perfect  
This pyramid scheme with the eye at the vertex  
Serpents smell with your tongues and wait for  
blackouts  
Yo, for sure sex sells check wealth at the crack house  
Appachis don't stop, but the candle burns  
at both ends while most men just channel surf  
It's gonna take more then folded hands to part the  
skies  
So lets drown from the ground up  
Imperfection starts with I  
am god and god's not hard rock or worthy slaves  
Surfer make the paper sleep late, pray for early graves  
I hope we catch ebola, just what man deserves  
Built god with satellites, but couldn't handle earth  
It'll flood 'till the blood spills, but you still wouldn't  
believe it  
No control, alt, delete it  
I'm on my way to be it  
The time it takes to space travel ain't worth the  
distance  
If I could reach the remote from here then I convert the  
mission  
Worse then vision splitting headaches  
What man's set on looking?  
These books are too heavy, plus the antenna's crooked  
The batteries are drained, I think I'll wait it out  
But way the pounds of apathy, I think I hate this couch  
We can slouch into a fetus, all we need is television  
With long spoons to feed us sex and exorcism  
Internet access to find our souls  
E-mail me dogs, cynical smiles and barcodes  
Homes are only shelters, only shelves of a man  
Remote is where the heart is, the heart is gettin' bent  
Yo, we can start right now, here in Chi-town  
I'll die if you have to, you know I'm down  
With an automatic bag of chips, the honeybun's out  
What channels the revolution on? the motherfucking

couch

[Verse 2]

Cameras for the crips, like gifts for the thieves  
When he's only fifteen and got a tip from his seeds  
So what's kid gonna read, when clips is magazines?  
When god drowns we're surrounded by fags and fiends  
Rapping teen actors on the magic screen  
Lies for halftime, why's he laughin' at me?  
Let the smoke flow out through his plastic speech  
Patching dream jobs for slaves, saving half the fee  
Hack the feet off, at the khaki cuff  
Need batteries for windows, 'cause reality sucks  
Half to give up something right?  
The library's sold, meet us on the ones and twos in binary code  
Hypnotize my mind, is it time to explode?  
Is my spine a remote, or am I in control?  
As I portray this wisdom image actor see  
But why's this plastic thing, pointed back at me  
Pointed back at me (pointed back at me)

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