

Linkin Park, Guilty All The Same (Feat. Rakim)

Tell us all again
What You think we should be
What the answers are
What it is we can't see
Tell us all again
How to do what You say
How to fall in line
How there's no other way
But oh, we all know

You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
You're guilty all the same

Show us all again
That our hands are unclean
That we're unprepared
That You have what we need
Show us all again
'Cause we cannot be saved
Cause the end is near
Now there's no other way
And oh, You will know

You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
There's no one else to blame
Guilty all the same
Guilty all the same
You're guilty all the same

[Rakim:]
Yeah,
You already know what it is
Can y'all explain, what kind of man is destined?
When a man has plans of being rich
If he falls off his plans, he's wealthy?
Dirty money scheme, a clean split
Nonsense the same, he didn't call for this, he's filthy
Talk team, they take the paper route
All they think about is bank accounts, assets and realty
Anybody's expense, no shame with a clear conscience
No regrets and guilt free, You claim that ain't the way that he built me
Smoke scream, we're going in flames
Know as soon as they're done what the deal be
Say it's time for things to change
We arrange that dope product we built cheap
Anything if it's more to gain
Dream, manipulated like artists, it's real deep
Until no more remains, but I'm still me
Like authentic hip-hop and rock, to pop and radio
You record companies kill me

Try to force me to strain it, no way
They got the gall to say "yo, how real can real be?"
You feel me? You will see, the greed will be to blame
Greedy for the fame, TV or a name
Media, the game, to me You all the same
You're guilty

You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
You're guilty all the same
Too sick to be ashamed
You want to point Your finger
But there's no one else to blame
Guilty all the same
Guilty all the same
Guilty all the same