

# Willow Smith, 8

Take the money, take the fame  
All I want is truth  
You talk the language, play the games  
Act as they want to  
Look at you, look at you  
Who are you, who are you  
You walk the streets endlessly  
The density is rain  
The thoughts of things just case you pain  
And don't make you more pretty  
What to do, oh, with you  
What to do, who are you  
You criticize behind those eyes  
No hatred, you're just jealous  
Your self-conscience is not conscience  
It poisons your ingesting  
Always you, who are you  
It's your choice, just make the move

Burning bridges, burning bridges  
Poses all four down  
Our consciousness is all that is  
But nothing this is wild  
What are we, what to see  
My [?] hoping me  
Burning bridges, burning bridges  
Poses all four down  
Our consciousness is all that is  
But nothing this is wild  
What are we and who are you  
Did we just go down the drain  
And I just go with my flow  
Cause rolling circles, rolling circles  
The pavement seems too cold and now my feet turn purple  
Hey, hold up  
Take the money, take the fame  
All I want is truth  
You talk the language, play the games  
That you forget about who  
We will worry in the stars  
Let's go back home, this earth is hard  
This is earth is all up on the stars  
The earth is hungry, he's just looking for a brother to get starve  
Burning bridges, burning bridges  
We're just falling down  
Our consciousness is all that is  
But nothing this is wild  
Who are you, who am I  
Who am I, where is me  
Where is I, there's no I  
It's just all