

Born In Babylon

SOJA

I came from nothing but I'm nothing like "nothing"
"Nothing", like "nobody thought I was something"...
"Nothing", like "called every nema in the book",
But for every second guess I never gave a second look, look
I tell myself
"Don't let it get to me."
Cuz if the best they got is not impressing me
Then there's no resignation get the best of me
While they were aiming at my words
They missed the rest of me
So how can I stop all these
Critics from their talking?
The more I do, the more they say
But there's no way I'm stopping
So they just keep on talking.
Who do you think I think I am?
I got the felling that there's more like me
Born in babylon but you just got to be free
Shackles on your feet that you and me can't see
But you can feel them they're heavy
So you need that key
And so you're looking at your hands, saying
"Man, if I ditch the system, these could be mine"
But then your hear a voice coming from behind
"Don't even think about stepping out of line..."
So how can I stop all these
Critics from their talking?
The more I do, more they say
But there's no way I'm stopping
So they just keep on talking
Who do you think I think I am?
Who do you think I am?
My friends are deep and they're all I've got,
they stand up behind me if you like it or not
And I'm telling you that the fire's hot
Can you see that smoke?
And did you hear that shot?
Cuz it's a war and in the middle I am
So judge me now with your pen in hand
Cuz I'm too busy to judge another man
I'm trying to write the blueprint
For all the world to understand

How can I stop all these
Critics from their talking?
The more I do, more they say
More they say
But there's no way I'm stopping
So they just keep on talking
Who do you think I think I am?
Who do you think I am?
How can I stop all these
Critics from your talking?
The more I do, the more they say
They won't stop talk, won't stop talk and I regret me giving
Just any voice talk at all
Just trying save this world just come with a cost...
"...Maybe they were right got the start again..."
Maybe I should by be myself, cuz I'm just giving
These critics help..."
And they makes me twist my stomach in half,
That my pen and his pen are put into the same breath.
If I never tried to do this at all,
Then I think he'd be out of a job.
"...And maybe I just should've stayed in bed,
Stay out of the booth and put all these guitars in the closet..."
"...Maybe I should go back to school,
But any more education just makes me feel like a fool..."
So I guess I got let critics talk, cuz I won't stop!...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>