

Kanye West, Pinocchio Story

[Intro]

Wise man say, wise man say
Wise man say
You'll never figure out real love
Never figure out real love
You'll never figure out real love

[Verse 1]

It's so crazy, crazy-crazy
I got everything figured out
But for some reason, I can never find what real love is about
No doubt
Everything in the world figured out
But I can never seem to find what real love was about
Do you think I'd sacrifice real life
For all the fame and flashing lights?
Do you think I'd sacrifice a real life
For all the fame and flashing lights?
There is no Gucci I can buy
There is no Louis Vuitton to put on
There is no YSL that they could sell
To get my heart out of this hell and my mind out of this jail
There is no clothes that I could buy
That could turn back in time
There is no vacation spot I could fly
That could bring back a piece of real life
Real life, what does it feel like?
I ask you tonight, I ask you tonight
What does it feel like? I ask you tonight
To live a real life

[Chorus]

I just wanna be a real boy
They always say: "Kanye, he keeps it real, boy"
Pinocchio's story is, I just wanna be a real boy
Pinocchio's story goes, to be a real boy

[Verse 2]

It's funny
Pinocchio lied and that's what kept him from it
I tell the truth and I keep running
It's like I'm lookin' for something out there, trying to find something
I turn on the TV and see me and see nothing
What does it feel like to live real life, to be real?
Not some façade on TV that no one can really feel
Do you really have the stamina?
For everybody that sees you that say: "where's my camera?"
For everybody that sees you to say: "sign an autograph"
For everybody that sees you cryin' that say you oughta laugh
You oughta laugh

[Chorus]

I just wanna be a real boy
Pinocchio's story goes
I just wanna be a real boy
Pinocchio's story goes

[Verse 3]

And there is no Gepetto to guide me
No one right beside me
The only one was behind me
I can't find her no more, I can't call her no more
I can't—
The only one that come out on the tour and screams

Back when I was livin' at home and this was all a big dream
And the fame will be get-got
And the day I moved to L.A., maybe that was all my fault
All my fault to be a real boy, chasin' the American dream
Chasin' everything we seen up on the TV screen
And when, uh, the Benz was left
And the clothes was left, and the hoes was left
You talk the hoes to death thinkin' the money that the—
You spend the dough to death
And tell me what be left for a real boy
They say: "Kanye, you keep it too real, boy"
Perspective, and wise man say
One day, you'll find your way
The wise man say you'll find your way
The wise man say you'll find your way
Wise man say