

Pico Vs. Island Trees, Six Up

It all seems so fabricated,
A half baked plan with a semi-jaded fate,
Try to run, but it's too late.
Wake up from incognizance.
You're ignorance is the hand that holds you down,
While your roots stick up from the ground.

When you think you've figured out just what you think
You're running from.
Then what are you waiting for?

They masquerade in a hemp and a tie dye.
Innocent white lies.
Gonna catch you by surprise.
Lock you up for a couple a nights.
Six Up, Giddy Up, come on and go.
You better make your way out before the end of the show.
Brother man tells you to take it slow.
You gotta ask yourself if hes' friend or foe.

When you think you've figured out just
Who you think you are living for.
Then what are you waiting for?
What are you waiting for.