

Cartel, Wasted (Remix)

Cartel so wasted, Wyclef so wasted
It's the way the world is going, mama
We might never get to see the future

It's 2:45 the baby takes his first breath
The mother never knew he only had a few left
And the father gets a call in the middle of the night
His breath gets short and his chest gets tight

But he's sixteen and he's driving too fast
Takes a turn to the left, it would be his last
Nobody knows what happens if he turns to the right
Nobody in the car would've died that night

But he's thirty-two and invincible
The cancer he had it was visceral
He never saw it coming, thought he had his whole life
Sick in the morning and he died in the night

We're wasted, no, no, no
We're all wasted
We're wasted, no, no
We're all wasted

He's seven years old, got his bat in his hand
He's looking for his father and he doesn't understand
'Cause dad's too busy, got some deals on the way
His son sits alone as the children play

And he's eighteen, he couldn't wait to move out
His parents wonder what the rush is about
They never bothered with his dreams, only thinking of theirs
Wonder's why he doesn't call and why he doesn't care

But he's thirty-two and invincible
With everything he is based on principle
He never had a truly happy moment in his life
He didn't want the kids and he didn't want his wife

We're wasted, no no no
We're all wasted
We're wasted, no no
We're all wasted

We're wasted
We're all wasted
We're all wasted, no no
We're all wasted

Manhattan, Twin Towers
Nuclear North Korea, bloodshed in Iraq
Cartel and Clef screaming send the troops back
Turn the microphone up, you gotta hear the feedback
No more war, too many wasted

Twenty-three now, got his life in his hands
He's looking all around and he doesn't understand
'Cause life's too busy, things get in the way
We all feel alone every single day

And I'm eighteen, couldn't wait to move out
It's been five years and now im starting to doubt
Whether all my dreams are just aimless stares
Looking up to some place that isn't there

When I'm thirty-two will I be miserable?
With everything around based on principle?
Will I have a clue? Oh, wouldn't it be nice
To never be alone in this wasted life?

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