

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

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