

Slow V & Retrospect

"Dream Catcher"

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Yeah Retro, man
I'm tired of all these people you know
Just following someone else's dream
Because they too scared to live they own dream
Blending in with the crowd, trying to do whatever they
do
That's why I'm sending this one right here
To all you dream catchers out there

[Verse 1: Slow V]

Who would of thought a dream be consequential
Nowadays they convince you, its essential to ride off in
the continental
Cover your bicuspid, shining wit your dentals
They thinking 24's the only way these girls a show they
dimples
We living in the mental, losing the principal
Not every nigga who picks up the pencil kills the
instrumental
And these the type of dudes you don't want to spit after
Good actors, intercept your message like a dispatcher
Spit back at you the same shit that you wrote
Too chicken to live their own lives, in spite, the cut your
throat
I knew a kid, brilliant, Julian, but a chameleon
Absorb his atmosphere like a predator on the killing
A new boy on the block steady dealing, trying to fit in
Had a 3.0, but dropped it once he started dealing ha
O.G.-ing plus he Emcee-ing, did a concert and got
bucked but some niggaz he feeding
Had a scholarship to play ball, but left it for his dawgs
And those were the same niggaz who wanted to see
him fall
Now his body lying, witnesses viewing the crime and
His mother crying, like sirens just looking at her
diamond

[Chorus]

Simon says to do what you want
Do what you feel any thing that's real
Simon says to put your mind at work

Quit imitating start instating what you like at first
Simon says to be the first, don't copy the work
Satisfaction is a burst of fluid quenching your thirst
Be the first to be dead, fuck your dreams do what the
last man did
But I ain't say Simon says

[Verse 2: Retrospect]
Yeah, I feel you Slow (spoken)

Her name is Stacy, a young woman caught up in the
web
She's in the "hot" blonde trend with a lot of model
friends
She can't even spell, spends her life worried 'bout her
belt
With no awareness of self, trying to be somebody else
She's a follower she can't handle it 'cause life will
swallow her
The only goal she has is being popular
College is out of the question a bulimic model
But for now let's call it a vomit investment
She's pawning her necklace
Stacy is real lost, and she probably won't be found
Her friends are telling her she's fat she only weighs 90
pounds
So she never eats, and because of that she never
sleeps
She's a blind girl that sees, catching other people's
dreams
This type of shit happens often, a person without a goal
is with no purpose
So worthless, mo' purses, she's living life on a cold
surface
Her heart's hurting searching for God's purpose
She never found it she found it hard to be the best
Always worried about her friends so she starved
herself to death
Don't be a victim of the dream catcher syndrome
Live for a reason, stay driven and gain wisdom, word

[Chorus]

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