

## Forsaken

### "What's Real"

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I have a dream of a scene between the green hills  
The clouds pull away and the sunlight's revealed  
People don't talk about keepin it real,  
(it's understood that they actually will.)  
An intoxicated and stimulated MC starin in the trees  
Paranoid or caught in the breeze,  
Watch them flee,  
Hip hop pets take a walk with me  
And what you'll see is a land  
Where the sand's made of crushed up wax  
And the sky beyond you is chrylon blue  
And everybody speaks in a dialect of rhyme  
MC's have left materialism behind them  
Meanwhile I just grip my mic and  
Hope me and my team make it through alright  
Because say what you will and say what you might  
But don't ignore who it's for at the end of the night  
because...

(Chorus)

This is dedicated to the kids  
Dedicated to where the music lives  
Dedicated to those who are tired of the same old same  
Dedicated to the people advanced in the game  
What's real? is the kids that know that something's  
wrong  
What's real? is the kids who think they don't belong  
What's real? is the kids who have nowhere to run  
Who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun.

I've seen a lot of shit,  
I've talked to a bum out on sunset strip  
He asked me "how would you feel  
If everybody acted like you didn't exist?"  
You'd lose your grip  
Probably eventually flip.  
So let it be known,  
You're the only reason that we do this  
Is so you can pick it up and just bang your head to it  
While MC's fight to see who can be the commonest  
We'd float overhead like a space odyssey monolith

Oversee in the game, over being part of the same old thing  
It's all gonna change in a hurricane  
Darkness and pain, and acidic rain  
And promises you worked away the game  
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