

Link 80

"Dedicated"

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Then i fall i look up and and then I

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(GO AWAY!!)

But then I say,

I have a dream of a scene between the green hills
Clouds pull away, and the sunlight's revealed
People don't talk about keeping' it real
It's understood that they actually will
And intoxicated and stimulated MC's starrin' in the
trees, paranoid
Are gone in the breeze
Watch them flee, hip-hop hits, take a walk with me
And what you'll see is a land where the sands made of
crushed up wax
And the sky beyond you is krylon blue
And everybody speaks in a dialective 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

'cause this is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to where the music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old saying
And dedicated to the people advancin' the game
What's real?
It's the kids who know something's wrong
What's real?

It's the kids who think they don't belong
What's real?
It's the kids who have nowhere to run, who are hiding in
the shadows, waiting
For the sun

I've see a lot of shit I've talk 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, the only reason that we do this
So you can pick it up and just bang ya head to it
While MC's fight to see who can be the commonest
We float overhead like a space odyssey monolith
Overseeing 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
won't do it again
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

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Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside,
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide
Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide

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This is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to where the music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old saying
And dedicated to the people advancin' the game
What's real?
Everybody who doesn't feel safe
What's real?
Everybody who knows they're out of place
What's real?
Anybody with no where to run, who hides in the
shadows, waiting for the sun

Chester: (gotta go away gotta go away!!!) 4x

But stop and this is what i say

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