

## Maestro Fresh Wes "Stick To Your Vision"

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Maestro

Yo brothers ain't seen what I seen in this game son  
Been in this game a long long long time  
Yo ninety nine  
Still strivin' though  
It's the visine baby it's the visine  
Yo

I build with Israelites Rastafarians God bodies  
F o y sony Muslims T.O. to Brooklyn  
Many nights in Bedsty blazin' trees out in Cali  
With brothers from frat sippin' henny mad friendly  
Got Toronto's rap title to Maracitles  
Met Quincy Jones in eighty nine, that's my idol  
Chicks from every nationality, showin' hospitality  
Listen, check my rendition  
Grabbin' me, showin' mad love in the club  
Performed for royalty and politicians  
Even done shows with the greatest emcees of all time  
I was the one who used to say (eighty nine is mine)  
I've seen alot of valleys, I've seen alot of peaks  
I've seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat  
Son, stick to your vision, peep the composition  
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept saying

[Chorus]

(these eyes) seen alot of shame in the game  
(these eyes) seen alot of pain with the fame  
(these eyes) seen alot of highs and lows, but that's just  
the way life goes  
(these eyes) seen my name written in lights  
(these eyes) I seen alot of things in my life  
(these eyes) seen alot of highs and lows, but that's just  
the way life goes

I grab the microphone, like the priest does a roseary  
Johova be shinin' when clouds are over me  
So I recelect, remember Kid Capri  
On BLS played my joint when I heard protect ya neck  
Back in ninety two, but let's go back to eighty eight  
Flemington, Don Mills and Negleton  
Makin' beats with S and gellin' them

Next year changed the scenery, gave birth to your  
energy  
Remember when you labels wasn't feelin' me  
Toa, Ice-T and Public Enemy  
Much gave me love, you niggas had to envy me  
Couldn't stand to see a brother shine  
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks  
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat  
Player haters always workin' overtime  
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'  
Son, stick to your vision, peep the composition

[Chorus]

Your fantasize, fuck the rappin', it won't happen  
Yo, people used to say Wes, wake up, stop dreamin'  
I paid my dues, brothers seen me sacrafice  
Mr. Maes' got the iller track, I did a three sixty  
Another song in the key of life  
I figured that if I stayed focus, when situations seemed  
hopeless  
Seen God starin' in the mirror, black  
I want my lyrics written out like esco  
I'm elevatin', breakin' the spell of satan  
So when I'm gone, the parable will carry on  
To show the rap world how the industry slept  
Young cats can sitback, puff tron, cool out, and sing  
along  
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks  
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat  
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'  
Son, stick to your vision, stick to your vision  
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat  
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks  
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'  
Son, stick to your vision, out

[Chorus]

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