

Nation Of 1 "Deceated"

Visit "[Deceated](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 emcees
Staring into dreams, paranoid, are gone in the breeze
Watch them flee, hip-hop heads
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 Krylon Blue
And everybody speaks in a dialective rhyme
Emcees have left materialism behind them
Meanwhile I just grip my mic
And hope me and my team make it through all right
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 this is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old same
And dedicated to the people advancing the game
What's real
Is the kids who 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're 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, and probably eventually flip'
So let it be know the only reason that we do this
Is so you can pick it up and just bang your head to it
While emcees fight to see who can be the commonist
We float overhead like a space oddyssey monolith
Overseeing the game over being part of the same old
thing
It's all going to change and a hurricane of darkness
and pain

And acidic rain, promises you won't do it again
Meanwhile I just grip my mic
And hope me and my team make it through all right
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 this is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old same
And dedicated to the people advancing the game
What's real
Is the kids who 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're hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

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

This is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old same
And dedicated to the people advancing the game
What's real
Is the kids who 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're hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

This is dedicated to the kids
Dedicated to wherever music lives
Dedicated to those tired of the same old same
And dedicated to the people advancing 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
Everybody with nowhere to run
Who're hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

Visit [Nation Of 1](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.