

Escape

Dizzy Wright

Brighter days, brighter moments, politicking, feeling like
They sleeping on us, concentrating, give 'em faith and they don't want it
I guess I'm playing the game of which rapper gon' last the longest
This a trap been in the business, be a boss
Cut 'em slack, packing wood, for cutting corners I'm good
At woahin' myself, I was hanging on as long as I could
Pushing my pen, the only therapy that I needed
Life started speeding, bills, credit need to be built
Cold shoes, hot nails, small wins again and again
I guess we supposed to like the way it make us feel
Tripped out, overthought it all in the end
Missed out, opposition's when you pretend
Keep it real, watch out for the orchestrated crimes
Level up, surround yourself with brown more creative minds
Motivation, every eye, get a taste by the case
Music is the correlation if you looking to escape

There's writing on the wall that you can't write off
Dreams so big they make the world look small
The words came along in a song and they saved me
Now I ain't scared to risk it all
If you looking to escape
I'll show you how to get away, get away, get away
The music is the way
I show you how to get away, get away, get away

(Yeah, yo, check me out)
Every day we get up
They want us down where the devil's living
And force feed us more fear through the television
If you keep stepping on my heaven, I got hell to give
And plus when I'm rhyming my mind's a diamond like the head on vision
A little oozy, I'm feeling groovy man
My life is more than a movie, my rhymes are more than just Gucci
I am outta this world, I'm an alien with the lyrics
They marvel at the sacred vibranium in my spirit
And the bass shit, it got me bouncing planet to planet
The magic is telepathic, the music is therapeutic
I use it to kill my blues with, I'm living lucid
I'm flipping cruise ship and with these two lips I'm spitting tulips
That's how I do shit, now let that marinade
I let you straight through the gates to my happy place
But it's like I'm talking to myself while I'm writing this
Feels like the man in the mirror is my psychiatrist

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(Yeah, on a starry night)
Just imagine little kids at the bottom of the globe
On a island, hidden away from the world, will they ever know?

Check your hemisphere, more southern than outcast
But we were moving on up in the world like elevators, broke out Australia
And rolled that bitch straight to the equator
We climbed a mountain bigger than Kilimanjaro
And got fed a mountain green like avocados
But it's not about have I gotten rich off obulinse
It's about have I squeezed every drop outta life, have I got the drip?
'Cause you never know when time's up and that final clock goes [*tick*]
So until then I got a lotta boxes that I gotta tick
Let's go hit every Compton and every beach in the tropic states
Every exotic dish, smell every flower blossoming
Yeah kiss the hottest models, freckles like they chocolate chips of goddesses
Jump out a chopper up on a snowy mountain off a rocky ridge
Take a trip on Elon's rocket ship, spend more time with mom and popa Bliss
And crystallize it all in songs that flip off my bottom lip, ooh

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