

## Dedicated

### Fort Minor

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 in the trees  
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 krypton blue  
And everybody speaks in a dialect of rhyme  
Emcees 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 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 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  
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 could 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 of darkness and pain  
In 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  
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Who are 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

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What's real is the kids who know that something's wrong  
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What's real is the kids who have nowhere to run  
Who are 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 will hide from the shadows waiting for the sun