

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 krylon 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
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

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