

It was all a dream, I used to read Kingsize magazine
Paperboys, Madcon, Karpe Diem
Tossed in a game tougher then the colosseum
And now we shake hands every time I see 'em
My Cleopatra will never get this
Cause these other pharaohs don't know what sweat is
Juggling killing another hitlist
And taking rappers to church, can I get a witness
The business makes you battle with your heart
Babble you apart, this and that'll if you smart
Starting to see things like owls in the dark
I just need a couple hours in the park
While they sitting in they office talking like you stupid
Pointing out the easy path, telling you to choose it
You got hype now, now how you go'n use it
I don't make moves, I make music
And it's been kinda long since you had a song
Come on, tag along with this vagabond
Got on and got gone for a marathon
Can't wait to get home and be mad alone
They trying to make me a celebrity
Me and these melodies just happen to have chemistry
These haters be acting like it's them or me
So John Lennon me or let it be
And tell em journalists that they can go hiking
Don't wanna be associated with bad writing
Mentioned alongside dudes I'm nothing like and
The way ink make it the truth is quite striking, oh lord
Behold the power of the written word
It occurred the game's on, I'm pitching third
So I never let em get my vision blurred
Unchanged since a little nerd
And now I got quotes like Oscar Wilde
Love in more homes than a foster child
My whole crew eating lobster now
Your little sister likes gospel now
So I gots to smile
But don't think we don't work
Don't think we don't work
In the era of euro-dance and YOLO-rap
I brought the namaste and the drum solo back