

# Dreamin'

PEABOD

Yeah

Uh

Yeah

I remember when we could be ignorant to urgency  
'Cause back then Pokemon cards were the currency  
At 8 years old, the word "old" meant like 23  
And that seemed far away so the future never worried me  
We were just kids with GameBoys in backpacks  
Spending our time with Hot Wheels and hacky sacks  
Those were goods days in between VHS stacks  
Sometimes I wanna go back  
Growing up was never part of the plan but  
Before I knew it the process began  
Now here I am years later tryna understand  
'Cause life looks different to a boy than a man  
As a kid I thought someday I'll be an astronaut  
Maybe a superstar or superhero fighting robots  
Perception was reality so I called all the shots  
I had a world in my thoughts  
'Cause I was just dreamin'

Yeah

Uh, see I was just dreamin'

Cruising down the street yelling "look ma, no hands"  
Me and the neighborhood kids wearing off brand  
T-shirts and tennis shoes, playing in garage bands  
Leaning on those kick stands  
Happiness was in a juice box, pet rocks, knock-knocks and bicycles  
Hop-scotch, flip-flops, ring pops and popsicles  
Thinking I was rich 'cause I had 5 dimes and 3 nickles  
Forget living large it was good living little  
Now I sleep a little less and work a 9 to 5  
Traded in my faded jeans for button-ups and ties  
I gotta say the real world caught me by surprise  
'Cause when you graduate you have to navigate the lies  
Like "settle for a job where you can make the most green"  
"Your career is everything, it's your identity"  
But the kid inside of me ain't buying those schemes  
I'm older now but I'm still me  
So I'ma keep dreamin'

Yeah

Yeah I'ma keep dreamin'

Yeah, dorm recording with the door shut  
Far from home, in Seattle with the cord cut  
People telling me I gotta generate buzz  
But I won't ever have the stomach to develop guts  
So you're saying I won't ever draw crowds?  
Got my head down on the desk with some crayons drawing clouds  
And a stick figure picture labeled Jacob the King  
With a little yellow crown and a big old ring  
What do you think that I am, an egotistical guy?  
Man, I ain't tasted any Eggo since the gluten-free diet  
I ain't dealing with your feelings man, I severed the tie

You're not a family guy but you a critic like Brian  
And I'm a broke college rapper tryna open the vents  
I just want some room to breathe and maybe do some events  
Everybody looking at me, school is asking for rent  
I can't pay off all the damages but here's two cents, yeah

Yeah, yeah, I'ma keep dreamin'

Don't get caught up in the high  
Never tell your dream goodbye  
Don't get caught up in the high  
I'ma live the dreamer life  
Don't get caught up in the high  
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