

Sleeping Giants

Pigeon John

Hey John, I'm glad you came
Uh, listen, um, your CDs aren't selling too well
And uh, we need you to start actually rapping (okay)
Because we signed you as a rapper
We gave you the money (yeah whatever, I'm seriously gonna get those sales)
I don't care, we need you to rap

Well I'm trying not to sing, the same old song
But it's the same old people that all wanna sing along, right?
Now open the doors, open the blinds, let in the sunshine
Find a place to rest, deep in their minds
Cause times are changing
But really not, it's just the same old plot
It's just rearranging
Strange days and strange rays invading
Like Red Dawn, but I'm Judd Nelson invading
And to the worse
See, I don't need a trade and
All of the stress, and the excess is jading
My heart, so I have to get a jump start
So I can really impact the hood, who'd want that?
Now homies keep their hands up
But when they face inner mouths
They gone stand up, and that's real

We all live in a dream, and we don't wanna wake up no more
(no matter what is a hit, we up on it)
We all live in a dream, and we don't wanna wake up no more
(no matter what is a hit, we stand on it)

Wake up in the morning, and it's the same old song
Trying reinvent, reconstruct, reconnect, with what's gone
In the wind, and my palm, is a pen
And a song, in my head which goes
"Everyone is listening, but nobody knows"
The pain, insane game, keeps push, war games, war paint
Underground, available comment is vomit, on the parcel and rim
Commentary, your body buried, unnecessary
Won't function in a dream
In between the seems, in between my jeans, and my skin lined with jeans
Type a novel in between the lines, for the fiends
Rhyme for the teens, with a fine taste indeed
Spread your seeds in a grassed out world, with a cashed out flow
Probably will need a plow, to deduct my style
Talk a fowl to the waste band, in case I have to take fans
Hostaging the wasteland, constantly deface man
I feel the same

(Woke up too late) (4x)

So what if I live in a dream, I'd be doin my thang thang
I wanna sing and continue to slang slang
Head on the desk, cause I'm tired
But in my world, I don't rest, I just go get
I get up, I get out, I get something
I spit at you, sit up, that's my function
I walked in the bar half a man strong

And after I'm gone, I know for song, there'll be armies
But not like Sam's who make harmony
For every picture we take, there's none on our knees
I dream of quantities larger than life
And I ain't never sold nothing larger in life

Hey man, stay up out of mine
Don't be hovering over my shoulder, trying to tell me what to do
I got my own thing fool, you can't wake me