

Dizzy Dreams

Snowgoons

Do dreams really come true?
And if so what must you do
For your dream's light to come through?
I'ma dream 'till I come to
A time when my dreams ain't dreams no more
'Cause I've realized them

In a field of dreams I feel my dreams like I slept on a braille bed
And live 'em cause well done is way better than well said
Like life is way better than well dead
I've marched so many miles I can't even spell tread
Countless dubs of blue and quality time in the stu'
Slaving overtime to make this dream come true (It's got to)
I'm just manifesting the predestined
And blessing each who digest me like beef stew
In school they called me "Quiet Boy"
I mean I had a lot to say but I was trapped in my scars, stuck in a silent war
No time for whores, my goal's planetary
My own lone companion and sole adversary
And to my dismay 'till this day still a war's on
Formed a truce with my spirit now we grapple morons
And poor songs are spreading all over
They got it all wrong, I'll make their art over Arz Nova

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Pour my soul into a soundscape
Paint the horizon with my mindstate

Don't worry I'll shield you from the flurries
It's a tale of insatiable yearning
My always-there-hunger to pillage, plunder and tear the industry asunder
With sound from the ground under
For heresy weapon V'll technically slice you like a section C
But it seems execs will never see
Still I strive the rhyme restless
Despite my like five denied efforts
Train of thought drive reckless
Prime objective: to crash on the market
Then blast off my star ship's divine essence
Designed infectious
Serpents plot to see me fail
But it's a lock the V will prevail
Global takeover with these CDs through retail
Use the equator as my 3-rail
And speed-line to a direction above to
Lessen your love for these thespian thugs
Pretentious panders and amateurs
Nursery rhyme handlers, meet the sorcerer
Bet you'll get vanquished before I finish my dank spliff
I'm warning ya, broadcasting from my third cornea

And grasping endlessly for rap supremacy
This is a starving man's plight
The saga of an author who white gloves by day and rocks mics by night
Hitch my wagon to my calling and writing deep meditation
While waiting impatient for dream realization

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