

Fantasy

Swoope

Uh, thought I was living my dreams
But things ain't always what they seem
I was losing, living that life
An illusion, I was living that lie
I gave up the things I was craving
And you gave me the dream I was chasing
Um, so good is the feeling now
Yeah, good is the feeling now
Because you are my fantasy

Everybody got plans of their own
Story of our lives, what stanza you on
'Til we out of time and heard the close chap man
At the bottom line's the Word, closed caption
I wish the same way had my life schemed out
He said the narrow road, I took the scenic route
He told me Song of Solomon, I put the remix out
It wasn't room for my wisdom in the genius' house
So I give it away, give it away, give it away now
I'm living the life, living the truth, living the way now
Not for tours, awards or features
Living for the Lord that's rewarding the seeker
Sure, the tours and awards would be sweet
But only for a second if my pleasure ain't Jesus
So everything that I schemed up
I let it go and in return got the things that I dreamed of

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As a kid I always dreamed of making music
Beating on the table, driving my mama crazy
Loud in my mama's basement
I gave the Lord my dreams, He gave 'em back
You proud of me mama ain't ya
It started out as a hobby spitting that coply
Put the pen down and picked it up in it's timing
I know the Lord got me, so nothing stop me
Yeah I'm on them noodles 'gain, homey back to rhyiming
Grandpapa pastor, so is my Aunt Dukes
Everybody looking at ya, like what you gon' do
I told 'em I'm a rapper, they told me go to school
Get to bag packing 'cause backpacking is for fools
At the time, the microphone check one two, one two
Wasn't writing those checks, so what's Swoope gon' do
But I knew in my heart G
That God hadn't brought me this far just to drop me, off
So I wrote The Zoo and I put it out
Classic, if you ain't have it you missing out
The abstract intellect, independent route

Now I'm the first artist on Collision out
Applause, get your spring fling on
HiSoc killing it, the Lord got the team strong
Life in the ecstasy of the supreme one
Christ is the fantasy, so I dream on
Thought I was living my dreams

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