

# Dream

## clipping.

Lungs full of pine tar, kush walks the city  
Scape of scrappy captains  
Capes tucked in the aftermath of unassuming blueprints not suitable for bombings  
The fires are alarming  
The fire alarms are oddly calming  
A water beetle jitterbugs in litter  
Kitty cats across the sidewalk after rats are fat enough to die happy  
The savvy climb the nail-less pine staircase  
Allah Jesus walks to where the meter blocks and the streets aren't even matter  
So they don't  
No one pays no nevermind  
Higher than the ever-resting deities of better times  
Here the sun refracts so much the prisons look like prisms  
Rainbow chains ain't shit but long division  
A vision of a suited black man peddling dream logic overlooks a park bench  
Kids kaleidoscope into an arc and two by two are Lorax'd off the block  
The floods are warm and blood is just red colored chicken stock It was all a dream  
Pictures in Murder Dog magazine  
Ice Mone and Master P rocking high-waisted jeans  
Grab the base off the table and bag it up for the fiends  
It was all a dream  
It was all a dream  
Lung full of pine tar, kush walks the ocean  
Waves like 'hi, hater'  
Buildings looking shoddy low at distance  
Skip like stones  
The sharks have biters but the teeth more kitten tongue than needle  
And so the lung walks on  
With a wax-on wax-off Miyagi focus  
Fording of America  
What's with all this conquering  
Wouldn't it be nice to beach boy for a year or six  
Turn harmony to capital  
Trade the bricks for sand dollars  
Dreams are made of comfort  
Struggle bursts the nightmares  
The existence of this voice implies he made it  
And often keeping a G in the face of a world leading a kumbaya  
Ali boom ba yay

Got that 'oh my ya'  
Chemotherapay  
Who said oh my god? How disrespectful  
Don't they see the way he Poseidon'd up to the top where it all breaks  
And everyone that rides the wave falls off  
It was all a dream  
Pictures in Murder Dog magazine  
Messy Marv blue chucks hanging where his jeans should be  
True ski-mask and a bulletproof limousine  
It was all a dream  
It was all a dream[Lung full of pine tar, kush walks the clouds  
This is why the wheel wells be cut  
Lesabre gotta reach for altitude  
Much as they're used in slang, birds don't give a fuck really  
Drop as much shit as people talk  
'Rise above it' someone always said while marching  
Easier said than done while flipping fries at golden archie  
Just tryna be that double rainbow meme  
Ice cream painted on the borders of those dreams  
Shit yeah, that's what  
Bet five on a dice game in the clouds  
Pull all your money out and make it rain  
But god-like  
That's what the must mean by going green  
Noah's Ark this block and start anew  
Damn, this kush is crazy right?  
You can see your roof from here but not much else  
The world outside the city limits, not yet cartographic  
And everybody learn to fly the same  
Tapping B enough to glide in one directionIt was all a dream  
Pictures in Murder Dog magazine  
EC Illa, Keak da Sneak screaming "Yanahmean"  
Dark Room Familia, pulling guns on police  
It was all a dream  
It was all a dream  
It was all a dream  
Pictures in murder dog magazine  
Brotha Lynch back to back, haulin' MJG  
Riding dirty, puffin' that UGK on the beat  
It was all a dream

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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