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 stockIt 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.

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