Field Of Dreams

Trexel

so i guess i gotta...
yo, eyo,
i spit like an m16, i let them all know they can have it,
that flash of magic, with an imagination to match it,
so catch it, it's classic, but it will not be contained,
in an industry man made, cuz it runs through my veins,
it pumps through my brain, through my name, nothing will change,
don't make me huff and puff and turn this fucker to flames,
but enough of the games, my shadow is a tidal wave,
my idle, there's a brighter way, fight for it night & day,
I've built fires inspired to keep my hands warm,
I've hopped through hurricanes,
step-step through sandstorms,
I've climbed cliffs, you can see what I'm dreaming,
even walked on water, just to be here this evening,
so, here we go again, I gotta prove I'm no magician to you,
rabbit in a hat, rappers is clueless how i kick it,
this is blood, sweat & tears.
flesh & bone a better way,
a brotherhood of hope, with a megaphone at heavens gate.
Shoot me down, raise my head,
walk my field of dreams instead,
cuz theres no way, you will march on top of me,
not how this is going to be be,
Lift my feet, raise my head,
love & sweat & tears I've bled,
create the path I see ahead
so i guess i gotta...
Walk my way instead
Yeah, check it out, yo.
Well he's still kickin' it so beautifully,
bet he's re-writing the odds,
cuz he knows it's not the dog in the fight,
but the fight in the dog,
and the kid couldn't spell for shit,
but could draw like a photograph,

fuck a hit, he rather his rhyme on the wall of a poets class,
caught a flow & wrote the flavour that archaeologists artists audio appropriator,

ghost rider, flaming chopper, caressing the night,
chasing the glimpse of a forever fading the red sun horizon,
he just lights up the skies (lights up the skies)
while running through this circus,
with the heart full of good vibes (heart full of good vibes),
that's pumping through his circuits,
live wire, high flyer,
spit fire round his lungs,
a war torn mustang, through an empire of the sun,
catch him diving in his rhythm,
rhyme & gliding in his vision,
manifest music momentous to remind him of his mission,
he just rolls like a bowler,
a soldiers forward composure,
with butterfly net full of dreams hangin' over his shoulder he says.
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