

Stick to your Vision

Maestro Fresh Wes

Maestro

Yo brothers ain't seen what I seen in this game son

Been in this game a long long long time

Yo ninety nine

Still strivin' though

It's the visine baby it's the visine

YoI build with Israelites Rastafarians God bodies

F o y sony Muslims T.O. to Brooklyn

Many nights in Bedsty blazin' trees out in Cali

With brothers from frat sippin' henny mad friendly

Got Toronto's rap title to Maracitles

Met Quincy Jones in eighty nine, that's my idol

Chicks from every nationality, showin' hospitality

Listen, check my rendition

Grabbin' me, showin' mad love in the club

Performed for royalty and politicians

Even done shows with the greatest emcees of all time

I was the one who used to say (eighty nine is mine)

I've seen alot of valleys, I've seen alot of peaks

I've seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat

Son, stick to your vision, peep the composition

Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept saying[Chorus]

(these eyes) seen alot of shame in the game

(these eyes) seen alot of pain with the fame

(these eyes) seen alot of highs and lows, but that's just the way life goes

(these eyes) seen my name written in lights

(these eyes) I seen alot of things in my life

(these eyes) seen alot of highs and lows, but that's just the way life goesI grab the microphone, like the priest

does a roseary

Johova be shinin' when clouds are over me

So I recelect, remember Kid Capri

On BLS played my joint when I heard protect ya neck

Back in ninety two, but let's go back to eighty eight

Flemington, Don Mills and Negleton

Makin' beats with S and gellin' them

Next year changed the scenery, gave birth to your energy

Remember when you labels wasn't feelin' me

Toa, Ice-T and Public Enemy

Much gave me love, you niggas had to envy me

Couldn't stand to see a brother shine
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat
Player haters always workin' overtime
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'
Son, stick to your vision, peep the composition[Chorus]Your fantasize, fuck the rappin', it won't happen
Yo, people used to say Wes, wake up, stop dreamin'
I paid my dues, brothers seen me sacrafice
Mr. Maes' got the iller track, I did a three sixty
Another song in the key of life
I figured that if I stayed focus, when situations seemed hopeless
Seen God starin' in the mirror, black
I want my lyrics written out like esco
I'm elevatin', breakin' the spell of satan
So when I'm gone, the parable will carry on
To show the rap world how the industry slept
Young cats can sitback, puff tron, cool out, and sing along
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'
Son, stick to your vision, stick to your vision
I seen the bitter with the sweet, victory and defeat
I seen alot of valleys, I seen alot of peaks
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept sayin'
Son, stick to your vision, out[Chorus]

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

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