

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 reelect, 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 sacrifice
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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