

The Vision

Aceyalone

Today
Sunday
On the nineteenth day of October at one a.m.
Nineteen ninety seven
I had a vision
No, well not exactly like a vision
No but like a sight
Well not exactly like a sight but more like a dream
Yeah like a daydream
Like two scenes short of a nightmare
Except I wasn't scared
Looking at the lines of these mean mugs
Extremely super beamed up drugged
Induced with extra juice in their jugs
Try'na hold a tight hug
To tonight's pocket rocket
With a flicker of a spark in their eye socket plugs
My shoulders shrugged as to the meaning of this encounter
Trying to find something to read into
What's this going to lead into?
A lesson or just another brother confessing?
Either way he's expressing mind
But I was pressing for time
Now show me some type of sign that your words are divine
But he just stood there
Speechless
Choked up
His talk box all broke up
With no real use of his God giving any more just living
I watch 'em all walk into the flames
When they could walk into the vastness of their brains