

Field Of Dreams

Bliss n Eso

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, cause 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 f**ker 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
Cause' there's 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
Cause 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
F**k a hit, he rather his rhyme on the wall of a poets class
Caught a flow & wrote the flavor that archaeologists artists audio appropriator
Ghost rider, flaming chopper, corresing 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 mementoes 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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