

Close Your Eyes

CunninLynguists

Close your eyes
You will see

Cringed in the back of a van with no sleep
Trying to make a good impression with my mic in my hand
I feel weathered, but feel like I have been driving forever
Showin' up to rock show or trying to hold myself together
I've been better, but all things pass
This life is taking everything away but you're provided with your pass
So fuck it
I stick to having dreams on the road
But until this dream is done I'm gonna keep my eyes closed
And breathe, breathe when it snows
Breathe when I'm forced to live a life with a person on a phone
Tied down to things I chose and fight the parallel of love every time I gott
a pack up and go and keep breathin'
Leave with the seasons
Breathe and let the blue lights hit me on the stage when I am speaking
Cause after the show when the last star shines
I can make this all better when I close my eyes

I'm in another zone where troubles gone
Where sisters home and my bro leaves that stuff alone
A place where life is easy for everybody else
I wish that Earth was Eden and I put that on myself
But we don't know it where we don't show it all
For life ain't protocol, under sky, over law
I'm in another space where all the food is good
And there's enough for everybody in my neighborhood
Where all the grass is blue, where we don't know 'bout green
Cause money ain't a thing I pinch myself it's not a dream
Where human form and uniform are unicorn it seems
If I drew a horn in cuneiform it wouldn't mean a thing

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Between climbing and finding it not worth it
Locked in a rhythm my timing is perfect
I'm so zoned out of my mind I spit verses blind
I think of home when I close my eyes
So done with the smokes and fries
Gas stations with clerks who never seen a Filipino in his life
Drinks I shouldn't drink, things I never write
Cities I never liked now it's like aight
Got merch table weirdos, bros who want to cypher
Girls who want to fuck, but not vice versa
My work is love no complaints I'm fine
Its been a long night can't wait to close my eyes

I dream of an industry ego-less
And free from the modern chains with these chains we're so deep in love
Manufacture buzz bought just to keep us up
Dreaming a publicist wasn't 2 G's a month

And where it's not about numbers and math
And I was content with really just a couple of fans
And my happiness wasn't relying on tours and a van
Merch sales, iTunes, MySpace and a band
With the front, front row stadium packed
And those that never gave me a chance I could throw it right back
And scream at them "Look at me now, look at me man"
Defeated myself as I ran circles around a track
Kept running and gunning gunning success in my path
Fuck being humble, humility is a step in the past
I woke up and realized it was a dream
Wide awake in the rap game, but life I'm asleep