

I have a dream of a scene between the green hills
the clouds pull away and the sunlight's revealed
people dont talk about keepin it real,
(it's understood that they actually will.)
an intoxicated and stimulated MC starin in the trees
paranoid or caught in the breeze,
watch them flee,
hip hop pets take a walk with me
And what you'll see is a land
where the sand's made of crushed up wax
and the sky beyond you is chrylon blue
and everybody speaks in a dialect of rhyme
MC's have left materialism behind them
Meanwhile I just grip my mic and
hope me and my team make it through alright
because say what you will and say what you might
but dont ignore who it's for at the end of the night because...

(Chorus)

This is dedicated to the kids
dedicated to where the music lives
dedicated to those who are tired of the same old same
dedicated to the people advanced in the game
what's real? is the kids that know that something's wrong
what's real? is the kids who think they dont belong
what's real? is the kids who have nowhere to run
who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun.

I've seen a lot of shit,
I've talked to a bum out on sunset strip
He asked me "how would you feel
if everybody acted like you didn't exist?"
You'd lose your grip
probably eventually flip.
So let it be known,
you're the only reason that we do this
is so you can pick it up and just bang your head to it
While MC's fight to see who can be the commonest
We'd float overhead like a space odyssey monolith
Overseein the game, over bein part of the same old thing
it's all gonna change in a hurricane
darkness and pain, and acidic rain
and promises you worked away the game
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