

Maestro Fresh Wes, Stick To Your Vision

From the album "Built To Last"

Maestro

Yo brothers ain't seen what I seen in this game son
Been in this game a long long long time
Still strivin' though
Yo ninety nine
It's the visine baby it's the visine
Yo

I 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
Grabbin' me, showin' mad love in the club
Listen, check my rendition
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
Sometimes I fell, but a voice kept saying
Son, stick to your vision, peep the composition

[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 goes

I grab the microphone, like the priest does a roseary
Johova be shinin' when clouds are over me
So I recelect, 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
Remember when you labels wasn't feelin' me
Next year changed the scenery, gave birth to your energy
Toa, Ice-T and Public Enemy
Much gave me love, you niggas had to envy me
Couldn't stand to see a brother shine
Player haters always workin' overtime
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, peep the composition

[Chorus]

Yo, people used to say Wes, wake up, stop dreamin'
Your fantasize, fuck the rappin', it won't happen
I paid my dues, brothers seen me sacrafice
Another song in the key of life
Mr. Maes' got the iller track, I did a three sixty
Seen God starin' in the mirror, black
I figured that if I stayed focus, when situations seemed hopeless
I'm elevatin', breakin' the spell of satan

I want my lyrics written out like esco
To show the rap world how the industry slept
So when I'm gone, the parable will carry on
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 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, out

[Chorus]