

# Pigeon John, Sleeping Giants

(Intro-talking)

Hey John, I'm glad you came  
Uh, listen, um, your CDs aren't selling too well  
And uh, we need you to start actually rapping (okay)  
Because we signed you as a rapper  
We gave you the money (yeah whatever, I'm seriously gonna get those sales)  
I don't care, we need you to rap

(Pigeon John)

Well I'm trying not to sing, the same old song  
But it's the same old people that all wanna sing along, right?  
Now open the doors, open the blinds, let in the sunshine  
Find a place to rest, deep in their minds  
Cause times are changing  
But really not, it's just the same old plot  
It's just rearranging  
Strange days and strange rays invading  
Like Red Dawn, but I'm Judd Nelson invading  
And to the worse  
See, I don't need a trade and  
All of the stress, and the excess is jading  
My heart, so I have to get a jump start  
So I can really impact the hood, who'd want that?  
Now homies keep their hands up  
But when they face inner mouths  
They gone stand up, and that's real

(Chorus)

We all live in a dream, and we don't wanna wake up no more  
(no matter what is a hit, we up on it)  
We all live in a dream, and we don't wanna wake up no more  
(no matter what is a hit, we stand on it)

(Eligh)

Wake up in the morning, and it's the same old song  
Trying reinvent, reconstruct, reconnect, with what's gone  
In the wind, and my palm, is a pen  
And a song, in my head which goes  
"Everyone is listening, but nobody knows"  
The pain, insane game, keeps push, war games, war paint  
Underground, available comment is vomit, on the parcel and rim  
Commentary, your body buried, unnecessary  
Won't function in a dream  
In between the seems, in between my jeans, and my skin lined with jeans  
Type a novel in between the lines, for the fiends  
Rhyme for the teens, with a fine taste indeed  
Spread your seeds in a grassed out world, with a cashed out flow  
Probably will need a plow, to deduct my style  
Talk a fowl to the waste band, in case I have to take fans  
Hostaging the wasteland, constantly deface man  
I feel the same

(Chorus)

(Woke up too late) X4

(Grouch)

So what if I live in a dream, I'd be doin my thang thang  
I wanna sing and continue to slang slang  
Head on the desk, cause I'm tired  
But in my world, I don't rest, I just go get  
I get up, I get out, I get something  
I spit at you, sit up, that's my function  
I walked in the bar half a man strong

And after I'm gone, I know for song, there'll be armies  
But not like Sam's who make harmony  
For every picture we take, there's none on our knees  
I dream of quantities larger than life  
And I ain't never sold nothing larger in life

(Chorus)

Hey man, stay up out of mine  
Don't be hovering over my shoulder, trying to tell me what to do  
I got my own thing fool, you can't wake me