

Never Land (feat. Marz)

[Andy Mineo](#)

Looking in the distance
I'm dreaming of a world for us
When the moons align
We'll map out a journey for you and I
For you and I
For you and I In the night, I'm alone
Without you, I'm drifting on
When you take my hand
I'm so high up I'll never land
Up, up, up, up, up
I'll never land
Aye, look
Everybody wanna be on top
I don't think they know what that means
Once you get there you can't stop
Everybody gunning for ya spot
Aiming at ya team, I'm up all night, chasing dreams
Everything change when you go from seeing it all
Big screen to behind the scenes
Leading us on like this the life they lead
You know the rich and famous
Kill theyselves to stay rich and famous
Very same thing they they built they name with
Be the same thing they they be enslaved with
So, I don't want rap you can have that
I don't want the crown yo I'm aiming past that
Heading for another throne can't have that
It's a Kingdom where my Dads at
And I'm his son I sing on
So death won't have that last laugh
Huh, child of a King, royalty
That's ASCAP
They want glory, money, and power before you go
I promise you it's empty we aiming just way too low
I know we own things we don't need to impress people we don't know
Then we go broke trying to look rich
I can't do it, I just won't
My new goal is to be close to the one that made my soul man
Them other highs will gon' let you down
I'm trying to get so high I'll Never Land
I am Rufio with the ripped jeans
Uhh, Kool Moe with the 16's

In the studio, Michelangelo with a microphone writing Sistines
But these songs ain't for the chapel
Try to build with others, your own attack you
Try to be a light and them blowing the match you lit
Can't use a shotgun to catch a fish
I'm on using a different tactic
Call me a boom-baptist
Look at this rap cat with glasses
Cooking the track
And every time I look at my past
I laugh like "Heh", you know where I should have been at?
Nowadays I just want to make a classic
Trying to set the bar way above the average
Then smash that for the glory of God
And do rappers like Apple: leave them without Jobs
Sitting on the writer's block
Penning everything that happening and out of ever since the album dropped
Things changed, get the feeling they won't stop
I don't want to grow up, Neverland got no clocks
But, let me give them bars and no shots
To catch em, I got a message about a blessing
But it's written in cursive
You gonna face death
I know the one to reverse it, listen When I say I get so high
I ain't even talking about sticky no lie
The way up is down
Stay low to the ground and you close to the clouds
When I say I get so high
I ain't even talking about sticky no lie
The way up is down
Stay low to the ground and you close to the clouds
For real, though

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