

# 'Forward'

— MATT MAYER —

feat. Isaac Wimberley

## VERSE 1

up in the Mack truck and I roll  
through the rubble on my goals,  
never gonna let up cause the heavier the load  
the better for the back—put the pedal to the growth (so go!)  
get down low, diggin' in even when the crop is slow  
and good luck finding that pot of gold—  
everybody gotta mop before they glow,  
that's why I'm on the floor,  
twenty four cause the comp ain't low  
and if you ain't down to lift  
ya can't raise a thing ya better call or fold,  
but with these hands I've been dealt  
I'ma go all in and my eyes open cause  
I spy a vanilla sky behind the rise of these rocky roads  
I'm riding, but I know that no pressure, no diamonds,  
and my motives been in a five year refining' fire now I am  
goin' for gold even though I rock silver,  
cause I am Second and I am a realist and  
realize the terror the error in trusting the man in the mirror  
and mirror mirror up on that wall,  
why you the most critical of them all?  
C'mon Matt! Dog if we on the same team  
how can you keep on  
spending every second second-guessing  
every second of every record but it's time for bed  
cause you've outstayed your welcome

## PRE-CHORUS

and I feel so close, even though I'm so far,  
still got my foot forward, ain't lookin' back na  
I feel so close, even though it seem so far  
but I keep my feet moving on (I'm gone) and

## CHORUS

we moving forward toward the light  
through the darkness, through the night  
keep our head high to the sky  
for our help comes when we open our eyes  
And we marching on through the storm  
no matter the path we end up on  
And we gonna roll toward the goal  
'till our feet set foot on the shore—forward

(cont'd)

## VERSE 2

Four years in, still feel like a kid  
a freshman against senior men  
just trying to find my way up in the game  
and they averaging twenty three and ten, man  
but I'll ride that pine, stay on my grizzly,  
get on that line so if in time coach decided  
to gimme that nod ya boy be ready—already!  
ready for sound check on track for that ten thousand,  
everyday gotta get better like Pop said  
take the rock and proceed to pound it, yeah  
daily devotion, keep that sledge in motion yeah  
cause ya never know the ninety ninth hit  
might just be the one to split it wide open—BOW!!!

## PRE-CHORUS

## CHORUS

## VERSE 3

I keep rackin' my mind why so infrequently I feel my flow  
it's like my mind keep trying to find every single reason for  
stoppin' on green not opening knocking opportunities  
but Doubt I doubt you schemes'll ever keep me from schemin' so  
I'm fittin' to let my heartbeat go and my aorta flow  
to the voice of order supporting, exhorting me to feed you this note:  
Dear Fear, you won't be stealin' my swag, killin' my vibe,  
takin' this pep out my step cause the table set and it's dinner time!  
and this hunger is somethin' that I've never felt before so I'm in,  
I mean Amen—I mean I'm in all the way so be it subtracting you  
systematically, mathematically, and one day completely  
radically out the equation.

Forget what lies behind and rise to what's ahead  
despite the lies that fly for miles inside your head  
and the whispers that whisper "Do you really think you got this in ya?  
Quit cause you ain't legit and it's clear that  
you've already missed ya window."  
Man forget them lies that bind, and stay strong in the heart  
even though your enemy is playing games launching darts  
with doubts about your abilities that fly like arrows  
painting the blue sky to black covering the sun,  
remember where yo hope come from.

## PRE-CHORUS

And now it's so close, it don't seem that far  
gotta keep them feet movin' movin' going forward strong,  
And we are so close y'all, we can almost taste it all  
that's why these feet won't ever stop marchin' on.

## CHORUS

