

# Street Dreams (feat. R. Kelly) [Remix]

Nas

Uh, what, what, uh Street dreams are made of these  
Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's  
A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key  
Everybody's looking for something  
Street dreams are made of these  
Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's  
Who am I to disagree?  
Everybody's looking for something My man put me up for the share, one-fourth of a square  
Headed for Delaware, with one change of gear  
Nothing on my mind but the dime sack we blazed  
With the glaze in my eye, that we find when we crave  
Dollars and cents, a fugitive with two attempts  
Jakes had no trace of the face, now they drew a print  
Though I'm innocent, til proven guilty  
I'ma try to filthy, purchase a club and start up realty  
For real G, I'ma fulfill my dream  
If I conceal my scheme, then precisely I'll build my cream  
The first trip without the clique  
Sent the bitch with the quarter brick, this is it  
Fresh face, NY plates got a Crooked I for the Jakes  
I want it all, Armor All Benz and endless papes  
God sake, what nigga got to do to make a half million  
Without the FBI catching feelings Street dreams are made of these  
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Everybody's looking for something From fat cat to papi, niggas see the cat  
Twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back  
Holding gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back  
Living with moms, getting it on, flushing crack down the toilet  
Two sips from bein alcoholic  
Nine hundred ninety nine thou from being rich but now I'm all for it  
My man saw it like Dionne Warwick  
A wiser team, for a wiser dream we could all score with  
The cartel Argentina coke with the nina  
Up in the hotel, smoking on sessamina

Trina got the fishscale between her  
 The way the bitch shook her ass yo the dogs never seen her  
 She got me back living sweeter, fresh Caesar  
 Guess, David Robinson's, Walle' moccasins  
 Bitches blow me while hopping in the drop-top BM  
 Word is bond son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this  
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 Growing up project-struck, looking for luck dreaming  
 Scoping the large niggas beaming, check what I'm seeing  
 Cars, ghetto stars pushing ill Europeans  
 G'n, heard about them old timers OD'n  
 Young, early 80's, throwing rocks at the crazy lady  
 Worshipping every word them rope rocking niggas gave me  
 The street raised me up, giving a fuck  
 I thought Jordan's and a gold chain was living it up  
 I knew the dopes, the pushers, the addicts everybody  
 Cut out of class, just to smoke blunts and drink naughty  
 Ain't that funny? Getting put on to crack money  
 With all the gun play, painting the kettle black hungry  
 A case of beers in the staircase I wasted years  
 Some niggas went for theirs, flipping coke as they career  
 But I'm a rebel stressing, to pull out of the heat no doubt  
 With Jeeps tinted out, spending never holding out  
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