

# Still Dreaming

Nas

Some people really, some people really  
Some people really are  
Still dreaming  
They are still dreamingHe pulled up at 6:30 in his 745  
As he wavin' his shorty hi  
You know he showin' his bling out  
She got in the car, he drove, he pulled his thing outHis girl call, feelin' she mad, she threw the ring out  
How she found out, she dreamt the whole thing out  
Y'all be goin' through problems you gotta work the kinks out  
When you go to sleep, what do you think 'bout?If y'all get a divorce she gon' take everything except the kitchen  
sink out  
Make it so cold that you gotta pull ya mink out  
Or grab ya roller skates and, turn a roller rink out  
You now back up in the club, in the club, tryna mingleMeanwhile, she out, doin' the same thing now  
Nightmares from your dream gal make ya scream outSome people really, some people really  
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Some people really areHow you a man waitin' for the next man to get rich?  
Yo' plan is to stick out yo' hand real quick  
So if he feed ya family and he serve you \*\*\*\*\*  
Then he need that head you get and he deserve your \*\*\*\*\*Since you wishin' cash fall from the sky all ya life  
Dwellin' on the past when you was alright  
When you was gettin' cash but wasn't too bright  
Now ya luck down you feel like, bustin' them shellsNobody owe you, can't do nothin' for self  
Want \*\*\*\*\* to show you, how to come up wit' green  
I scheme since I'm fourteens, what the \*\*\*\*\* was your dream?  
Rental cars, little broads, sayin' you was seenWit' little \*\*\*\*\* wit' a chain you was doin' ya thing  
How high was I? You the thousandth guy  
That came around thinkin' we can see, eye to eye  
We on a different echelon, coulda got bread together  
Now you gets deaded onSome people really, some people really  
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Some people really areShe had several cars, she had credit cards, a castle  
Large master bathroom, gettin' a pedicure  
Belaney by the glassful, said she been meanin' to ask who  
Would need a cash rule, who could blast toolsAnd I'm eatin' cashews, knew she was bad news

But we mad cool, nothin' sexual 'cause I knew her since high school  
Grew up wit' my dudes, like one of my crews  
She worked for Fox NewsOne of her man's that she lent her drop to  
Won't come back wit' it so she want him clapped in it  
Says it's important that it looks like an accident  
She was snortin' and her eyes had bags in itSheets was recordin' had a wire, askin' \*\*\*\*  
Four days before I came by she got bagged wit' bricks  
Crossed the line from her world of news castin'  
To a world of entrapment, a good girl gone bad, still dreamin'Some people really, some people really  
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