

Dreams and Nightmares

Meek Mill

Ain't this what they've been waiting for?
You ready? I used to pray for times like this, to rhyme like this
So I had to grind like that to shine like this
In a matter of time I spent on some locked up shit
In the back of the paddy wagon, cuffs locked on wrists
See my dreams unfold, nightmares come true
It was time to marry the game and I said, "Yeah, I do"
If you want it you gotta see it with a clear-eyed view
Got a shorty, she tryna bless me like I said, "Achoo"
Like a nigga sneezed, nigga please before them triggers squeeze
I'm gettin' cream, never let them hoes get in between
Of what we started, lil' nigga but I'm lionhearted
They love me when I was stuck and hated when I was departed
I go and get it regardless, draw it like I'm an artist
No crawling, went straight to walkin' with foreign cars in my garage
Got foreign bitches menaging, fuckin', suckin', and swallowin'
Anything for a dollar, they tell me get 'em, I got 'em
I did it without an album
I did shit with Mariah
Lil' nigga I'm on fire
Icy as a hockey rink, Philly nigga I'm fly-er
When I bought the Rolls Royce they thought it was leased
Then I bought that new Ferrari, hater rest in peace
Hater rest in peace, rest in peace to the parking lot
Phantom so big, it can't even fit in the parking spot
You ain't talkin' bout my niggas then what you talkin' bout?
Gangstas move in silence, nigga and I don't talk a lot
I don't say a word, I don't say a word
Was on my grind and now I got what I deserve fuck nigga
Hold up wait a minute, y'all thought I was finished?
When I bought that Aston Martin y'all thought it was rented?
Flexin' on these niggas, I'm like Popeye on his spinach
Double M, yeah that's my team, Rozay the captain, I'm the lieutenant
I'm the type to count a million cash then grind like I'm broke
That Lambo, my new bitch, she'll ride like my Ghost
I'm ridin' around my city with my hands strapped around my toast
Cause these niggas want me dead and I gotta make it back home
Cause my momma need that bill money and my son need some milk
These niggas tryna take my life, they fuck around get killed

You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked
Cause these Philly niggas I brought with me don't fuck around, no joke
All I know is murder, when it comes to me
I got young niggas that's rollin' I got niggas throwin' B's
I done did the DOAs I done did the KODs
Every time I'm in that bitch I get to throwin' 30 G's
Now I'm hanging out that drop head, I'm riding down on Collins
They like, my nigga back home that young nigga be wildin'
We young niggas and we mobbin' like Batman and we're Robin
This 2-door Maybach, with my seat all reclinin'
I'm that real nigga what up, real nigga what up
If you ain't about that murder game then pussy nigga shut up
If you diss me in yo' raps, I'll get your pussy ass stuck up
When you touchdown in my hood, no that tour life ain't good
Catch me down in MIA, at that Heat game on wood
With that Puma life on my feet, like that little engine I could
Boy I slide down on your block, bike on twelve o'clock
And they be throwing deuces on the same nigga they watch
And I'm the king of my city cause I'm still calling them shots
And these lames talking that bullshit the same niggas that flopped
I'm the same nigga from Berks Street with them nappy braids that lock
The same nigga that came up and I had to wait for my spot
And these niggas hating on me, hoes waiting on me
Still on that hood shit, my Rolls Royce on E
They gon' remember me, I say remember me
So much money have ya friends turn into enemies
And with these beef I turn my enemies to memories
With them bricks they go from 40 ain't no 10 a key, hold up
Broke nigga turn rich, love the game like Mitch
And if I leave you think them pretty hoes gon' still suck my dick?
It was something 'bout that Rollie when it first touched my wrist
Had me feeling like that dope boy when he first touched that brick
I'm gone

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