

# Dreams (Feat. Tunji & B.J. The Chicago Kid)

## CunninLynguists

Yeah, I know it gets hard  
But we made it this far  
And we never gonna stop  
Even when we reach the top  
Of our dreams I'm tryna reach the top of my dreams  
That's why I'm mapping out the script and slowly plottin' my scenes  
They never get the picture, even when they're watchin' that screen  
That's why they underestimate me, cause I'm not what I seem  
I'm quite different - entirely focused on making wise decisions  
I'd rather risk a huge mistake than spend my life wishin'  
I try to deal with every problem with the right vision  
Cause when you're gone, it's just that coffin that you lie stiff in  
Six feet under, makes me wonder  
If I could go back in time and try to fix each blunder  
That I made when I was younger, way before the hunger  
Before these groupie broads was tryna save a brother number  
See, I'm achievin' every part of my goals  
And I'mma stay the same, no matter how far that I go  
I think bright, even though inside I'm dark and I'm cold  
Feel the pain in my heart and my soul - but I'm livin' my DREAMS  
last rap has it's Dr. Parnassus for the masses  
Living a dream with atlas as my mattress  
Living a dream 'cause the rent is fantastic  
Haters get evicted on a daily basis  
Middle finger notice waved in their faces  
Let the door hit em where the good Lord split 'em  
PS... P players you missing the big picture  
Get a million inch screen let your dream be seen  
The world is a stage let your dream be scene  
Backdrop and props for the finer things  
Enjoy the spice of life on your fries and wings  
And wash it down with something imported  
If domestic ain't the best at making you feel important  
Aim high, poppin' bottles will get boring  
I can have Caviar dreams or Champaign wishes  
Or a catfish sandwich with Champagne the stripper  
Its my dream  
Claim a victory for entering this world earth  
Then play your symphony from city to the rural dirt

Beyond hurt, invert your neural confines  
I hit the lines like I'm running in the combine  
Intramural of the mind, drink ya night caps  
Dream big nigga, play that shit in IMAX  
My dream theater's a perpetual climax  
Make miracles, give me water I'll give you wine back  
For troops in IRAQ, Haitians in the Carib  
Or my Arabs, who keep the faith and wear it like a scarab  
Dreams prepare ya for living they holdin' key to life  
Gotta be the sheriff when you have em try to read em right  
Don't be impressed by things that haunt ya when you sleep at night  
Just rise above it, right in public, catch an eagle flight  
Tap that passion that's within ya and just let it breath  
I heard it whisper words of wisdom would ya let it be, please. let it be  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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