

Ghetto Dreams (feat. Nas)

Common

[Chorus]

Ghetto dreams

Ghetto ghetto dreams

Ghetto niggas' dreams

Ghetto ghetto dreams

Ghetto niggas' dreams

Ghetto dreams

Ghetto niggas' dreams

From the hood I want a bitch that look good and cook good

Cinderella fancy, but she still look hood

Butt naked in the kitchen flipping pancakes

Plus she tricking from the dough that her man makes

We got our own handshake

Her titties ain't fake

Fucking in the car cause we just can't wait to get home

Early in the morn' getting stoned

Pretty with her eyes low, runny by Bible

The type of bitch that BIG said he would die for

Is the type that I would rather stay alive for

Tatts on her back, looking all tribal

She know shoes like she know survival

Well put together, she weathers the storm

Seen her brother die so forever she's strong

Hear Beyonce's song and she gotta perform

Whether fucking or fighting: we getting it on! [Chorus] I don't even say shit, she can feel it

I toss the realest, sold nails acrylic

Ass is a weapon and it's hard to conceal it

Baby in one arm, the other is a skillet

Frying chicken, macaroni

Raise on the [?]

Ghetto press, she's my apolonni like

Tony, Montana

Reminded me of [?] or my mama

Knowing the drama like she know when to joke

Steal a nigga's squares, not wanting me to smoke

I poke my head out of Benzes

My beats is the streets and I know who my friends is

In this love for the money, power and clothes

My ghetto housewife watch reality shows

She might get to snapping if the canvas ain't closed
When the cameras snap snapping, she's ready to pose[Chorus]I notice all my flaws when it comes to writing
rhymes

Subject matter be changing too quickly at times
So I keep it strictly 'bout dimes and stick to the story

Call me a pro in the pussy category

Had explicit experiences I shouldn't mention
For me, getting women turn from sport to addiction
Powerful women playing the roles of submission

Lawyers on leashes

Congress women inflicting pain onto my game

Warned that I'm sadistic

They liked it, they diked it, devices twisted
Til I get a nice chick, to get me on some nice shit
Crib raising kids, slap a door behind a white fist

But I'm still single, looking for Cleopatra

African Queen, yo look at me, I'm a bachelor
Y'all niggas in trouble, keeping girls behind closed doors

Cross your fingers, be happy I haven't chose yours

She loves glamor bought Vera Wang sandals

Valentino bags is my etiquette

My man is half hood half class

Photographers cameras caught us out there

The spotlight, I hope she can handle

She can join me, red carpet at my next non-profit

Event having sponsored by some alcohol product

Jumping out a Bentley with some fresh red bottoms

You live the dream with me when you are just in the projects[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>