

# Dreamin (feat. Keyshia Cole)

## Young Jeezy

This one for the hood right here  
Song dedicated to anybody out there that got some dreams  
Don't give up on your dream's real talk  
Ready, Keysh, let's go Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be  
Dreamin', dreamin'  
Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be dreamin', dreamin' (yeah) Born September twenty-eighth  
My life far from great  
No food on the table  
So, we far from steak  
But I'm so close to jail  
It feels like I'm so close to hell  
Mom's smoking rocks  
Same shit I'm selling  
So who's wrong  
Her or me?  
She addicted to the high  
I'm addicted to the cash  
I almost put my hands on her  
When I caught her in my stash  
How could I do her like that?  
Lord knows I'm wrong  
Why would I do her like that?  
Lord knows she strong  
I know it's been hard  
But we made it, baby  
Ten years clean  
So she's still my lady  
I must be dreamin' Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be  
Dreamin', dreamin'  
Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be dreamin', dreamin' (yeah) One thing about it  
I got love for you, homey  
Two things about it  
I'll take a slug for you, homey  
Look at you now  
You're a business man

I'm proud of you, dog  
Handle your business, man  
You like the brother  
I never, ever had  
You try your best  
And I'd still get mad  
We risked it all together  
Been through it all together  
Caught cases and we still together  
Headed out  
I sleep while you drive  
Me and my dog  
Yeah, we chippin' on five  
Remember back when we  
Shared our clothes  
Look at us now, nigga  
We sell out shows Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be  
Dreamin', dreamin'  
Dreamin' (I must be)  
Man, I must be dreamin', dreamin' (yeah) I was young and dumb  
Wit' a pocket full of cash  
Posted on the block  
Wit' a pocket full of glass  
Full speed  
Still runnin' from my past  
But it's starting to catch up  
Yeah, it's gainin' on my ass  
There's two types of niggas  
Predator and prey  
I'm a predator  
I pray three times a day  
Mat Luke once said  
"One day you'll have kids  
And how you gon' explain  
All that shit you did?"  
I'm a soul survivor  
Far from a crook  
She always said  
I was a lot smarter than I look  
So I took my dreams  
And made it some thousands  
And took my life and made it an album

Songwriters

HARR, ANDREW / JACKSON, JERMAINE / BATISTE, LARRY D. / JENKINS, JAY / , / SUMMERS,  
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