

Dream Chasin'

Chiddy Bang

(Intro Conversation)

All right guys, good shit today as a label, I think it went well.

Yo, I'm tired as hell!

Yeah, well you have a long ass ride home, so you guys can get some sleep on the bus.

Try to.

Got that show tomorrow, so make sure you get that rest.

All right, before you miss that bus. The last one, and I ain't tryin' to have you sleep at my house tonight.

All right man, peace.(Verse 1)

Ay check the plans out

We work hard, I ain't asking for a hand out

If I hit the booth, I don't have to pass them grams out

And be the well, when the other thoughts ran out

They say they lost words, I got 'em puzzled like the crossword

Harvard, I'm nuts, George Washington Carver

But you could never pay your boss peanuts

If it gets messy, be prepared for the cleanup

But this thing called success is so strange

Cuz you could get notoriety and still ride the train

Make it in its entirety, in search for the fame

But I'm still Michael Phelps, swimming in my lane

Where's Lois, me I'm Superman, I'm just here to save the day boy

Or at least I thought I was

Till I, flew into save her and met my opponent

I'm fightin' with myself, don't offer them condolence

I'm dreamin'.(Hook)

We chasin' a dream

So what is life?

The diamonds and the gleam?

Get a job, well I'm doin' it

Promise to stay true in it

Doin' it, but never let another soul ruin it

And things ain't what it seem

Make money to spend it, I got my scheme

Work hard, well we doin' it

Promise to stay true in it

Doin' it, but never let another soul ruin it(Verse 2)

It's too haunting, the task is daunting

Tryna get the labels on board while flaunting

But, let's make some music, make some money, get the rides

European ties, have models for wives
Sometimes I feel faded to pretend
Unsafe cause my crib is far from gated in
I'm a relic, but lean slightly to psychedelic
If I could take off, would you consider me angelic?
Hysteric, I'm the subject and the predicate
They hatin' on me, tell me where's the etiquette
If you could lie, I don't need to prove I'm better then
I play David, I'm a fourth year Letterman
So let 'em in, can't you hear me knocking on the door?
Hard to breathe at this altitude, where oxygen is poor
Think Benz, I don't know what Pontiac means
And this is what happens when an insomniac dreams

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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