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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