

Street Dreams (Remix) [feat. R. Kelly]

Nas

Uh, what, what, uh Street dreams are made of these
Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's
A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key
Everybody's looking for something
Street dreams are made of these
Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's
Who am I to disagree?
Everybody's looking for something My man put me up for the share, one-fourth of a square
Headed for Delaware, with one change of gear
Nothing on my mind but the dime sack we blazed
with the glaze in my eye, that we find when we crave
dollars and cents, a fugitive with two attempts
Jakes had no trace of the face, now they drew a print
Though I'm innocent, til proven guilty
I'ma try to filthy, purchase a club and start up realty
For real G, I'ma fulfill my dream
If I conceal my scheme, then precisely I'll build my cream
the first trip without the clique
Sent the bitch with the quarter brick, this is it
Fresh face, NY plates got a Crooked I for the Jakes
I want it all, Armor All Benz and endless papes
God sake, what nigga got to do to make a half million
without the FBI catching feelings Street dreams are made of these
Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's
A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key
Everybody's looking for something
Street dreams are made of these
Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's
Who am I to disagree?
Everybody's looking for something From fat cat to papi, niggas see the cat
Twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back
Holding gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back
Living with moms, getting it on, flushing crack down the toilet
Two sips from bein alcoholic
Nine hundred ninety nine thou from being rich but now I'm all for it
My man saw it like Dionne Warwick
A wiser team, for a wiser dream we could all score with
The cartel Argentina coke with the nina
Up in the hotel, smoking on sessamina

Trina got the fishscale between her
 The way the bitch shook her ass yo the dogs never seen her
 She got me back living sweeter, fresh Caesar
 Guess, David Robinson's, Walle' moccasins
 Bitches blow me while hopping in the drop-top BM
 Word is bond son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this
 Street dreams are made of these
 Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's
 A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key
 Everybody's looking for something
 Street dreams are made of these
 Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's
 Who am I to disagree?
 Everybody's looking for something
 Growing up project-struck, looking for luck dreaming
 Scoping the large niggas beaming, check what I'm seeing
 Cars, ghetto stars pushing ill Europeans
 G'n, heard about them old timers OD'n
 Young, early 80's, throwing rocks at the crazy lady
 Worshipping every word them rope rocking niggas gave me
 The street raised me up, giving a fuck
 I thought Jordan's and a gold chain was living it up
 I knew the dopes, the pushers, the addicts everybody
 Cut out of class, just to smoke blunts and drink naughty
 Ain't that funny? Getting put on to crack money
 With all the gun play, painting the kettle black hungry
 A case of beers in the staircase I wasted years
 Some niggas went for theirs, flipping coke as they career
 But I'm a rebel stressing, to pull out of the heat no doubt
 With Jeeps tinted out, spending never holding out
 Street dreams are made of these
 Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's
 A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key
 Everybody's looking for something
 Street dreams are made of these
 Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's
 Who am I to disagree?
 Everybody's looking for something
 Street dreams are made of these
 Niggas push Beemers and 300 E's
 A drug dealer's destiny is reaching a key
 Everybody's looking for something
 Street dreams are made of these
 Shorties on they knees, for niggas with big G's
 Who am I to disagree?
 Everybody's looking for something

Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER JASPER, CHRISTOPHER H JASPER, ERNIE ISLEY, MARVIN ISLEY, NASIR JONES,

O'KELLY ISLEY, RONALD ISLEY, RUDOLPH ISLEYPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>