

# My Reality

## Thresher

[Lil Wayne - Chorus]My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me, she wants me  
Plus I got it all,  
Bitch tell me what you don't see  
My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me, plus I got it all Bitch tell me what you don't see  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me, she wants me  
Plus I got it all,  
Bitch tell me what you don't see.  
I got 25 lighters on my dresser  
Got the girl and the girl to undress her  
My guitar strap is leather  
My life is better than ever  
I got women all up in my condo  
And my drug dealer comes pronto  
Got a registered pistol in the console  
So, so, don't try me now  
Don't try me now  
[Gudda Gudda]Yeah just ridin' feelin' lovely  
You can hate but your girlfriend love me  
Yeah I'm too G like a Gucci belt  
Hot Gudda baby I can make your coochie melt  
I keep your lady wet like she took a dip  
And if you looking for her, you can follow the drip  
I'm slick like Rick, the ladies pullin my wrist  
I just walk in the spot and out with my pick  
I'm gone like a trip with a nice thick redbone  
On the phone gettin' head call it headphone  
Pimpin all over like Ludacris  
These hoes love me, I'm wanted like a fugative  
[Chorus]My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me, she wants me

Plus I got it all,

Bitch tell me what you don't see, yeah  
My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me, plus I got another bitch as long as you don't see  
But you do not see, you must be blind, blind  
My reality is bigger than your dreams are  
Got ya dream girl ridin' in your dream car  
She wants me

[Mack Maine]What you need contacts

Tell me what you don't see  
What you can't tell, I'm everything that he won't be  
Talkin' bout your boyfriend, bitch you need a man friend  
Even when you aint sittin down you can't stand him  
Dirty dick bandit, luxury car whipper  
Crib on Dolphin Island, backyard full of flippers  
This is my reality, your man just be dreaming  
Wake up in the morning, bedsheets full of semen  
I mean he's wet dreaming, while me I really do it  
Coulda, shoulda, woulda, babygirl you shoulda knew it  
And fuck the paparazzi, I will never Kiss and tell  
I'll be the genie out the lamp or your wishing well  
I'll be your fishing pale and you can be my yacht buddy  
Take you from A-Z, I'll connect the dots hunny  
(?) has got money, baby cause I got money  
I like the B 50 50 what you got for me  
It could be some bread, nah it aint gotta be cash  
I'll take a little head or I'll take a lotta ass  
I'll take a friend or two, we can have a 3D weedy  
I could toss you a Gudda Gudda or a Lil Weezy Weezy  
Or my nigga peedy weedy or my nigga Teedy teedy  
Fuck you on the hood of red strip and green Lamborghini  
Go head and take this x-pill  
That there fuck you up, probably have you walking round like  
"damn, what the fuck"  
Lady in streets but in the sheets you such a slut  
Smash you on the top bunk, tiger uppercut  
And everyday we do brunch and everyday we do lunch  
You do me, I do you  
Baby we could us and I ain't gotta say no more  
I don't talk too much  
Thus far, I feel like I've been trying to sell a car  
Is you buying,  
Cause I ain't go no time for a test drive

Do you wanna go with me to the final frontier

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