

# D.R.E.A.M. (Feat. Talib Kweli)

## Pharoahe Monch

Pull myself together, put on a new face  
Climb down up the hilltop, baby, ooh, I get back in the race  
Cause I've got dreams, yeah, dreams to remember  
Yeah, yeah, I've got dreams, oh dreams to remember  
Help me outYo, my destiny rules everything around me, dream, get the money  
Dollar, dollar bill y'all  
Everybody put their palms in the clouds, get your hands in the sky  
So it's not a problem to feel, y'all  
Even if I was broke as fuck I would lend you my last so you can holla at me still  
PMC in the place to be on the M.I.C still spitting that real  
Yo, you know the limericks are limitless, not limited in sentiment  
But increments of infinite potential in the scenes  
You could benefit from getting off of the internet  
For just a minute, it's a simple song  
You could sing or Memorex, I meant mimic it  
When it hits the spirit it pulls the heartstrings  
Infamous and kindred, it's intrinsic when it's still in us  
From the genesis when we remember to dream, just, dream  
(That means you)I've got dreams to remember  
I've got dreams, yeah dreams to remember  
Help me outYo, my determination runs every aspect mentally, I'm no dummy  
This scholar got skill, y'all  
Can't take what I visualise from it, you pull the wool over my eyes  
I swallowed the red pill  
Even if I was broke as fuck I would lend you my last so you could holla at me still  
Everybody put your palms to the clouds, get 'em up in the sky  
So it's not a problem to feel  
Welcome to the Age of Aquarius in the stages of various schemes  
Precariously I escape when I dream  
Each scene should win an Academy, put it up on the screen  
My strategy: Pharoahe's the king of Queens  
Who fiends for teens to view it as the new theme music  
Use it to shape their futures when they daydream to it  
Never elusive, never claim stupid  
Lucid, boost your recruits when you sing to it and just, dream  
(That means you)I've got dreamsYou know I'm down right excellent, about my scrilla, get the money  
Dollar, dollar bill, y'all  
I got you strung out on the music so I'm sort of like a dealer to a junkie  
Swallow that pill, y'all

Sometimes it rains in Southern Cali and Philadelphia ain't always sunny  
Just keeping it real, y'all  
Talib Kweli in the place to be, yeah, you better believe  
Come on, you know the deal, y'all  
Five o'clock in the morning, just getting home from last night's performance  
When I'm dead tired from touring I hit the coffin  
I'm like a vampire required to stay dormant  
Out of the range, the sunlight with a dotted remain  
I used to smoke so much weed that it clouded my brain  
I took a break, had to find life's meaning again  
Without the smoke in my lungs I started dreaming again  
I dreamed of candy-coated cars and panties that go with bra's  
Hurricanes named Sandy, I'm floating on Noah's ark, what?  
Police'll bleed blue cause he staying true to the uniform  
Dennis Rodman in North Korea looking for unicorns (that's ridiculous)  
The truth is I'm one of the best  
And when you snooze that's when you meet the cousin of death  
So when I say I never visited the cousin, I don't sleep  
I stay awake to the ways of the world cause shit is deep (dream)I've got dreams to remember  
I've got dreams, yeah dreams to remember  
Help me out

Songwriters

AUTHOR UNKNOWN COMPOSER, LEE STONE, TALIB KWELI, TROY JAMERSONPublished by  
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