

Triple Beam Dreams (Feat. Nas)

[Rick Ross](#)

Its time to take it to the other side
The side you gotta watch A&E cable television for homie
But we live this shit I'm not a star
But thats a lie
I've seen a man raise his hand on the stand he testify
Spoke on a homicide
Amongst other things
Even shared my triple beam dreams A project minded individual criminal tactics
Us blacks kids born with birth defects, we hyperactive
Mentally sex-crazed dysfunctional they describe us
They liars, the end of the day, we fucking survivors
I remember watching Scarface the first time
Look at that big house, that Porsche paid for by crime
How could I sell this poison to peoples in my mind
They dumb to destroy themselves is how I rationalize
In a bastardized nation, Magnum 4.5 carrying
Where I'm from, ain't far from Washington Heights the cop Aryan
A rookie boy the cookie didn't make no profit
A stranger to the block I damn near had to make them cop it
It only took a fiend to taste it once to say it's garbage
I brought it back to poppy, ain't tryna take no losses
He focuses on my emotionless young dealer face then pauses
He gives me powder he has faith in Nas'
Ambition's to distribute coke
Had additions to gold chains, Mercedes Benz hopes
But I'm again broke
This shit ain't cut for me, other dealers they up their orders
Barely at 62 they already up they quotas
They out there everyday, some true hustlas for ya
I'm at it halfway, none of my customers are loyal
Picturin' piping out the seats of a Pathfinder
Powerful pursuit for pussy cash, the flash diamonds
My junior high school class, wish I stayed there
Illegal entrepreneur I got my grades there
Blaming society, man it wasn't made fair
I would be Ivy League if America played fair
Poor excuse and so I was
Throwin' rocks at the pen just for the love
Evil the secret life of G's

You seeing my blurry, triple beam dreams Pocketful of money, parking lot full of them haters

Triple beam dreamin', crib with 2 elevators

20 flat screens they got cameras every angle

Dope been coming so you know the income major

Rule number 1 I can't do business with a stranger

Contract killers coming when I feel in danger

Early nineties reminiscing when I had a pager

Triple Beam Dreams now Pat Riley my neighbor Fuck boy talking outta turn nigga

In a court room spraying like a germ nigga

25 on a line, them niggas dropping dimes

Cooperation got them red necks dropping time

Khaki suits and them niggas got to acting cute

We was all cool stacking them Acura coupes

More accurately we acted as if jackin' was cool

Snatching niggas out they shoes then wear their jackets to school

Fuck boy you caught up in my dream

Countin' cream on the cover of a magazine

I'm the Source, got the plug with the uncut

Jay-Z blue magic nigga, what! what!

Brand new S Class with a meal ticket

Nigga cocaine white as Tommy Hilfiger

Ralph Lauren Blue Label as I'm gettin' high

Triple beam dreamin' as the cream multiplies

Fuck boy talking outta turn nigga

'Fore you sell dope there's shit you gotta learn nigga

Home invasions, duct tape

Fornicating, counting money with a fuck face

Fucking bitches that be giving up your whereabouts

Slow leaks, gotta air 'em out

Kill 'em all, Rolls Royce Ghost nigga ball

Phantom drop head shit, I had to get 'em all

Niggas hate but they know they never get involved

Food on my plate, fuck 'em all like a

Triple beam dreams, the ghetto's my reality

I'm from where ya hustle determines ya salary

6 figure family member, nigga forget about it

Low income housing, nigga try to get up out it

I got a plan nigga just believe in me

Triple beam dreaming with this thing me Pocketful of money, parking lot full of them haters

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Songwriters

ERIK ORTIZ, KEVIN CROWE, KENNY BARTOLOMEI, WILLIAM ROBERTS, NASIR JONESPublished

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