C.R.E.A.M. Dreams

Greg Grease

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: Greg Grease]
Broke and feeling hopeless, smoking dro, deduct the bogus
Puffing 'till I'm comatose, just went to work and no one noticed
Chasing currency while perps lurk mercilessly
Script the word to beats, verbal hearse, I murk with deceit
Comprende? Pretend this get Dikembe
Slapped up in the face, yo they the patient I'm the Sensei
Crucial with the usual, cruising and we boozing too
Goof is an excuse to lose your cool, when you're feeling blue
Ill in dues, Southside Pirus come invade your iris
Study math and ancient science to acquire knowledge
Increase the paper major, living large is in my nature
Back in days in waves and pages, pops had hella flavor
Pass the generations, smash with demonstrations
Crass intimidations, I craft with innovation
Overwork and underpaid is the name of the same game
Slave trade day to day, more working for less pay[Hook]
Pockets on empty, my mind is filled with dreams
Schemes to get the cream, plenty dough to bring my team
We all stuck with hunger, gotta eat to feed the seeds
The weak is sick and need the free, repeat the frequency, I saidPockets on empty, my mind is filled with dreams
Gotta get the money, gotta get the collard greens
I need the dollar dollar bills is all I really need
Getting caught up in the greed I always hated as a teen[Verse 2: Greg Grease]
Some commit, dirt for the paycheck, work with the gray sex, no latex
Mass heist the bank desk
Count the cash and pay debts, in pursuit of my apex
Gotta pay rent, and you know I gotta stay fresh
If I can't get it legit, no telling what I'm taking next
Escape to lakes and vacant west, blazin eighths and playing chess
Penny-loafers, sweater vests, Miles Davis spins in reps
Coughing, pounding on my chest from kush flown in from Bangladesh

Dreams sold by the D, turn old energy
Life gets cold, folks you grew up know and turn enemies
Sad to see life slip by the scenes of the moola
Controlling the medulla, kids go visit the bermuda
Lost souls on the hamster wheel, paper sprint
Hammers cocked, cages locked by the bacon strip
Dirty maneuvers in burgundy suburbans with the shooters
Chasing skrill, serving krills, now them shells is going through ya
Booya![Hook][Bridge]
I'm so stressed out, not feeling blessed now
Money is a problem, got a lotta debts now
Bad credit, like I failed a lotta tests how
I think I'm bugging out, I think I'm bugging out[Hook]

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