Street Dreams

Nas

Uhh, what, what, uhh
Street dreams are made of these
Niggaz push Beemers and 300 E's
A drug dealer's destiny is reachin' a key
Everybody's lookin' for somethin'
Street dreams are made of these
Shorties on they knees, for niggaz with big G's
Who am I to disagree?
Everybody's lookin' for somethin'
My man put me up for the share, one fourth of a square
Headed for Delaware, with one change of gear
Nothin' 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 get filthy, purchase a club and start up a realty
For real G, I'ma fullfill 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, ArmorAll Benz and endless papes
God sake, what a nigga got to do to make a half million
Without the FBI catchin' feelings
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From fat cat to papi, niggaz see the cat
Twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back
Holdin' gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back
Livin' with moms, gettin' it on, flushin' crack down the toilet
Two sips from bein' alcoholic
Nine hundred ninety nine thou from bein' 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, smokin' 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 livin' sweeter, fresh Caesar
Guess, David Robinson's, Walle' moccasins
Bitches blow me while I'm hoppin' in the drop top BM
Word is bond son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this
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Growin' up project struck, lookin' for luck, dreamin'
Scopin' the large, niggaz beamin', check what I'm seein'
Cars, ghetto stars pushin' ill Europeans
GN, heard about them old timers OD'n
Young, early 80's, throwin' rocks at the crazy lady
Worshippin' every word, them rope, rockin' niggaz gave me
The street raised me up, givin' a fuck
I thought Jordan's and a gold chain was livin' 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? Gettin' put on to crack money
With all the gunplay, paintin' the kettle black hungry
A case of beers in the staircase, I wasted years
Some niggaz went for theirs, flippin' coke as they career
But I'm a rebel stressin', to pull out of the heat no doubt
With Jeeps tinted out, spendin', never holdin' out
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