

Dreams (F. Tunji & B.J. The Chicago Kid)

Cunninlynguists

Yeah, I know it gets hard
But we made it this far
And we never gonna stop
Even when we reach the top
Of our dreams I'm tryna reach the top of my dreams
That's why I'm mapping out the script and slowly plottin' my scenes
They never get the picture, even when they're watchin' that screen
That's why they underestimate me, cause I'm not what I seem
I'm quite different - entirely focused on making wise decisions
I'd rather risk a huge mistake than spend my life wishin'
I try to deal with every problem with the right vision
Cause when you're gone, it's just that coffin that you lie stiff in
Six feet under, makes me wonder
If I could go back in time and try to fix each blunder
That I made when I was younger, way before the hunger
Before these groupie broads was tryna save a brother number
See, I'm achievin' every part of my goals
And I'mma stay the same, no matter how far that I go
I think bright, even though inside I'm dark and I'm cold
Feel the pain in my heart and my soul - but I'm livin' my DREAMS
last rap has it's Dr. Parnassus for the masses
Living a dream with atlas as my mattress
Living a dream 'cause the rent is fantastic
Haters get evicted on a daily basis
Middle finger notice waved in their faces
Let the door hit em where the good Lord split 'em
PS... P players you missing the big picture
Get a million inch screen let your dream be seen
The world is a stage let your dream be scene
Backdrop and props for the finer things
Enjoy the spice of life on your fries and wings
And wash it down with something imported
If domestic ain't the best at making you feel important
Aim high, poppin' bottles will get boring
I can have Caviar dreams or Champaign wishes
Or a catfish sandwich with Champagne the stripper
Its my dream
Claim a victory for entering this world earth
Then play your symphony from city to the rural dirt

Beyond hurt, invert your neural confines
I hit the lines like I'm running in the combine
Intramural of the mind, drink ya night caps
Dream big nigga, play that shit in IMAX
My dream theater's a perpetual climax
Make miracles, give me water I'll give you wine back
For troops in IRAQ, Haitians in the Carib
Or my Arabs, who keep the faith and wear it like a scarab
Dreams prepare ya for living they holdin' key to life
Gotta be the sheriff when you have em try to read em right
Don't be impressed by things that haunt ya when you sleep at night
Just rise above it, right in public, catch an eagle flight
Tap that passion that's within ya and just let it breath
I heard it whisper words of wisdom would ya let it be, please. let it be
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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