

Our Dreams

Method Man, Ghostface Killah & Raekwon

[Chorus]

No matter how hard, the task may seem
Don't give up our plans, don't give up our dreams
No broken bridges, can turn us around
Cause what we're searchin' for, will soon be found

Aiyo, listen here, shorty, Camay glow
You know we both make angels when we lay in the snow
Heat the house with the oven when the cheese got low
Cause Toney, can't be out there pushing that blow
You made plans and dreams, not grands of schemes
I wanna search for the meaning of love, see what it means
Cause we hustle so hard, cross so many bridges
Made babies, took trips to the mall, for family pictures
And our souls is magnetic, we the meaning of destiny
Be that banker of trust that looks to invest in me
Together, to get her, means for me to get you
We back, reunite like the Wu
See we soul mates, we melt like cookies and cream
And I fiend for the days and the nights to sex my queen
So no matter how hard it seems, dreams come true
Keep Allah in our hearts, hugs and kisses, Toney Starks

[Chorus]

Uh, still applying the pain
The purple frying my brain, this woman's crying again
She, tired of fighting, my feelings likely the same
That's what happens when you wife 'em and they try to tighten the chain
See, she in the right, so I put her right in her lane
I'm all night with the pipe, I can feel her biting my chain
She, got her own, I ain't gotta buy her a thang
I be burning up the sheets every time I'm lighting the game
We, go together like, Martin and Gina, but
She get uptight when we fight like Ike and Tina, so
Love her or leave her alone, like I ain't need her tho
A minute later I'm back, like I ain't mean it, yo
We break up, just to make up, she fly without the makeup
Together we upgrade to A plus

So all this bickering ain't us, we bigger than that
You normally cool when I'm digging your back, now fall back, baby

[Chorus]

Shorty with the flavor like Breyer's, real sweet with your thick legs
Look like you drink eggs, you lying
Now you met a teflon don, stay high, Levi's on
Wire cell frames, no games
I'm into cashing in, getting this paper, buying up acres
Ride around, and yo, fuck with my neighbors
Pocket full of hundreds and weed, light the Philly cigar up
And go dolo, riding through SoHo
You hear the little baby in the back? That's the sound of sweet life
A sweet wiz'll make you a sweet night
And chill with the pawns we on, cuz life is a chessboard
You better have you sword and vest on
Never hate your enemies, cuz it effects judgment
They only hate it if they know you getting hella cheese
That's what it is, what it do for you
Don't let the truth bore you, word up, don't let the roof spoil

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Holland, Brian / Holland, Edward, Jr. / Coles, Dennis / Smith, Clifford / Diggs, Robert

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>