

# Street Dreams

## Machine Gun Kelly

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 papas  
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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