

# FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS

## Michelle Weeks

Follow your dreams don't give up  
Don't ever listen when they tell you you're gonna be a failure  
Follow your dreams don't give up  
Remember anything is possible, believe is all you gotta do  
Please don't give up  
Don't ever let them tell you what you can't do just because they ain't you  
Believe in yourself that's enough  
The sky is the limit if you want it all you gotta do is get it homie  
This is a message to the youth  
Remember you can do anything you pursue  
Look at me, I'm living proof  
It's a piece of me in you, it's not a lot that's different bout us  
Nobody ever thought I'd live to see a million dollars  
Remember I was hustlin just to fix up my Impala  
And now you ought to see the rides I hop up outta  
Convertible Mercedes, look at haters like holla  
Reclining terra cotta, I don't owe you guys notta  
All they get is second hand as I pass by  
I'm that fly, so they go hatin I don't ask why  
Hey nevermind, keep your head to the sky dog  
Remember nothing beats a failure but a try dog  
Don't listen to them when they say it can't happen  
Let it go in this ear and right out that one  
Just keep mashing on them, laughing  
Soon you'll be passing all they broke asses  
Better than you imagined  
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Same message on the second, continued from verse one  
You let them trick you out of your dreams the worse done  
The only purpose for some is to take your eyes off the prize  
And to keep you from succeeding see they willing to die

Let's say one day you cross paths end up killing a guy  
Never make it, go to the penn now you letting him win  
Man now here he is with a big ass grin  
Laughing at you from the grave cause you ain't get paid  
The same ones that call you a sucka today  
Laugh at you tomorrow when the feds take you away  
Listen, once upon a time there was a guy name Jay  
He will never make managing TI they say  
He'd quit right then if they had they way  
Instead he quit his job, hustled hard, night and day  
Dropped an album on his artist although no one ever heard of him  
Minus sales but the mixtapes murdered em  
Got on a label, sent the hatas home inspired  
Turned Grand Hustle into an empire  
And poof, out the hood he blew  
If not me Jay Jeter, that could be you  
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