

Tryna figure out my dreams,
Cause I don't really feel like dreaming anymore,
Tryna figure out my dreams,
Cause I don't really feel like dreaming anymore,
I can't even lie I want the diamonds and gold,
Diamonds and gold,
Uh, stories of a Prima donna,
But when your broke that dream is common,
Where I'm from we don't see designer,
Where I'm from we just see dishonor,
Where I'm from I don't see my momma,
That bitch left me like Halley's Comet,
Can't look in my daddy's face,
The street's came in and took his place,
Sometimes I don't wanna wake up
Can't see past my bitches make-up,
I heard that boy done sold his soul,
For the price of them diamonds and gold

It's hard to dream when you ain't sleepin right,
My fuckin nostrils look like poltergeists,
I miss going to rock at open mic's hoping that I got noticed by
labels and blow up over night,
Never happened but passion led me like Holy Christ,
Good intentions just Breaking Bad like I'm Walter White,
I owe my life to my own advice,
"Follow your muthafuckin dreams until those visions come to lif
e"
Till those diamonds glisten in the light,
Remember they wouldn't listen to us right?
But I never had to sell my soul,
To earn my right to these diamonds and gold.