

Dreamin

Big K.R.I.T.

Olds school flow,
Yo, yo, yo, yo
They used to say
They used to say
This rap shit
They used to say (He's dreamin)
They used to say (He's dreamin)
This rap shit (is not for real)
This rap shit (is not for real)

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This rap shit (is not for real)
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Yeah I remember it so clearly
Rappin' to my pop about the cars and the clothes
Shrimp and the lobster that I heard about
Like word of mouth
The UGK tape and Scarface will turn ya out
I was like 13 thirsting for a good beat
Scoping for a studio talkin' bout I spit heat
Like Ball & G, on that pimp type shit
36 had me crunk on that late night tip

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I played ball for a minute, did I mention wasn't in it
Writing rhymes on my glove so I will never forget em
Had to quit it, didn't feel it back in high school
Rather write poems, known for flowing, that's what I do
Couldn't be little Zac forever, peace to my big brother
Follow ya dreams baby, that's word to my grandmother
When I hear the streets tappin', my beats kickin' my
flow
I overhear the same shit they always say before (he's
dreaming)

I told them call me KRIT, they told me change my name
Don't be alarmed if you don't make it, that's just part
of the game
Besides I ain't rapping about dope nor did I sell it
I guess the story of a country boy just ain't
compelling
A&R's searching for a hit, I just need a meal
Couldn't afford to pay the rent, but passed up on the
deal
Cause, it wasn't right sometimes you gotta wade the
storm

In a class of my own, but I was scared to raise my arm
Like, this my dream, this my life, I sacrificed it all
Except my soul in the firm belief there is a God
Watching out, when all the others used to doubt
Felt my pain and pointed down and said "Son, your time
is now"

I think my grandma pulled some strings on the low
That's between her and the lord I'll ever know
For those that caught me in the Spin, in Complex
magazine, XXL, the Vibe and whatever inbetween
It's safe to say that dreams come true I guess
Don't let nobody tell ya, try for yourself
Just know that I was once considered just a dreamer
But I paid my dues and turned so many doubters to
believers

They used to say
They used to say
They used to say
They used to say

He's dreamin, he's dreamin, it's not for real, it's not
for real
He's dreamin, he's dreamin, it's not for real, it's not
for real

I don't care if it is a dream, I've got to believe in
something I love
What can I do, what have I got to lose
You know sometimes dreams do come true
Might as well be a dream, dream, dream