Ghetto dreams
Ghetto ghetto dreams
Ghetto niggas' dreams
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From the hood

I want a bitch that look good and cook good Cinderella fancy, but she still look hood Butt naked in the kitchen flipping pancakes Plus she tricking from the dough that her man makes We got our own handshake Her titties ain't fake Fucking in the car cause we just can't wait to get home Early in the morn' getting stoned Pretty with her eyes low, runny by Bible The type of bitch that BIG said he would die for Is the type that I would rather stay alive for Tatts on her back, looking all tribal She know shoes like she know survival Well put together, she weathers the storm Seen her brother die so forever she's strong Hear Beyonce's song and she gotta perform Whether fucking or fighting: we getting it on!

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I don't even say shit, she can feel it I toss the realest, sold nails acrylic Ass is a weapon and it's hard to conceal it Baby in one arm, the other is a skillet Frying chicken, macaroni Raise on the Ghetto press, she's my apolonni like Tony, Montana Reminded me of mio ma or my mama Knowing the drama like she know when to joke Steal a nigga's squares, not wanting me to smoke I poke my head out of Benzes My beats is the streets and I know who my friends is In this love for the money, power and clothes My ghetto housewife watch reality shows She might get to snapping if the canvas ain't closed When the cameras snap snapping, she's ready to pose

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I notice all my flaws when it comes to writing rhymes Subject matter be changing too quickly at times So I keep it strictly 'bout dimes and stick to the story Call me a pro in the pussy category Had explicit experiences I shouldn't mention For me, getting women turn from sport to addiction Powerful women playing the roles of submission Lawyers on leashes Congress women inflicting pain onto my game Warned that I'm sadistic They liked it, they diked it, devices twisted Til I get a nice chick, to get me on some nice shit Crib raising kids, slap a door behind a white fist But I'm still single, looking for Cleopatra African Queen, yo look at me, I'm a bachelor Y'all niggas in trouble, keeping girls behind closed doors Cross your fingers, be happy I haven't chose yours She loves glamour bought Vera Wang sandals Valentino bags is my etiquette My man is half hood half class Photographers cameras caught us out there The spotlight, I hope she can handle She can join me, red carpet at my next non-profit Event having sponsored by some alcohol product Jumping out a Bentley with some fresh red bottoms You live the dream with me when you are just in the projects

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