

Wishing on a Star

Jay-Z

[Chorus: Gwen Dickey]

I'm wishing on a star to follow where you are
I'm wishing on a dream to follow what it means

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Check it out, you can catch me on top now, playin a club
Throwin a shot down, tryin to stay above
Ground, another ground-breakin day in the club
Surrounded by my home thoughts, playin a cut
Reminesin on days I didn't have a pot to piss in
No watches to glisin, no V's with hot systems
Missin my homies that passed right in front of my eyes
Due to the fast life we told wonderful lies
On how we would live forever, time proved us wrong
Had to get our shit together and move it along
Had dreams of being Big niggas, Jig niggas
Drivin the hottest cars, movin out with our moms and I'm

[Chorus: Gwen Dickey]

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[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Was interuppted by this chicken that I used to cluck wit
Back in the days when I was movin much shit, "What up chick?"
Maintanin, it's the same old thang
A little stress, a little bullshit, ain't too much changed
I see you kept it movin, you see I kept improving, she nodded her head in agreement
Remember when I used to walk up and down the cement, puttin it down
While the Streets is Watchin, stay hooded down
Just to earn a rep, but what good is it now?
She said "Damn I just stopped to say Hi.... Bye"
I was too deep for you from day one
Thats why we never had relations, continued in my own zone

[Chorus: Gwen Dickey]

I'm wishing on a star to follow where you are
I'm wishing on a dream to follow what it means
And I wish on all the rainbows that I see
I wish on all the people who really dream
And I'm wishing on tomorrow praying it will come
And I'm wishing on all the loving we've ever done

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Uh huh, We used to play tap-tap for rap tracks
Run, catch, and kiss in the back park until it got dark
Wanted to be like the older fellas, sneak and drink old Chample
Dangerous games we played on the third rail
Fiend for the summer breeze
Hopped out the Lee's Dungrares
into the Hawaiian shorts, relying on sports
to take us away from here, but I cut too much
So I had a plan B used to rhyme with a brush
My sinners used to back me up
Like Doug E. Fresh and Ricky D., Eric, Mickey and Me
All my niggas is you with me, each of ya'll

Let's reach for the stars now... Jigga!

[Chorus: Gwen Dickey]

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