

Dreams

Little Brother

Real story, like I was
I was playin this, this record
For a friend of mine y'knahmsayin we was just chillin
I was just playin her the album and like
She was like, "Yo I love the record, record is incredible
But y'know something's different
Y'knahmsayin somethin it just ain't the same"
I said nigga that's the point~!

My momma told me that this music was cool
All she ever wanted from me was to graduate from school
But I, had other plans so I bid school adieux
I called Food Lion, had to tell 'em I was through
No more stockin peas and corn
I was born for a much greater purpose, do you this service
Margie got nervous, but timers don't sweat
8 years, I ain't been back yet
Lack of time on your TV sets, no radio spins
Momma askin her son, what he doin for ends
Spendin weeks on the road, ma this ain't for pretend
Unheard to the creme de la creme, keep bouncin
On beats pouncin, cat reflexes
Had yo' attention when I pulled up in Lexus
Big like Texas, G's on the checklist
You ain't gotta ask ma I'm bringin home the breakfast
Gotta respect this

(Momma I got dreams, but dreams don't keep the lights on)
I'm a make money money
And if I can't make it I'm a take money money
What you say buddy buddy?
(Momma I got dreams, but dreams don't keep the lights on)
Bills paid, bank account ensured
Top of the world screamin fuck that, get yours!

I still go the crib and see my niggaz on the corner
Chillin with the pounds on they waist, gettin old
Gettin round in the face and when I hang with them
They ask me if "The Minstrel Show" means I'm ashamed of them
Well - I can't say that I'm proud, but only sayin
Can't say I'm allowed to judge, I'm just glad to see you
Cause truth be told, if my records never sold
And I wasn't raised this bold, nigga I would probably be you
I've been God blessed with the gift to make music
It took me all over the continent
But still got boys on the block and fam, smokin rock
So please, miss me with that conscious shit
I spent many a sleepless night because of it
Until I had to shake that shit off and reach the conclusion
That every now and then you gotta axe yourself
Do you really wanna win or just look good losin?
It's no illusion, yes yes

La la la la la la LAHHHH!
Momma I got dreams...
Momma I got dreams...
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