

# Dreamchasers

Meek Mill

I'm a chase my dream  
Coming to America like Prince Akeem  
I ain't never give a fuck then I seen  
High definition to get what's forever given  
But nothing was never given  
I build it from ground up  
I started out form my basement and builded my house up  
I'm rich off opportunity, money gon' pile up  
My swag on a hundred mill, how the stylist gon' style us  
Caught up in the light, caught up in the life  
I see youngin on the corner with a quarter of that white  
He just tryna chase his dream plus his daughter needs some wipes  
And some pampers so he don't give a fuck about the slammer  
He just tryna stay alive, clutching on his hammer  
World full of problems, ain't nobody gotta answer  
Mommy in the grave, daddy gettin' high  
Bills steady rollin' in, he barely gettin' by  
Same clothes everyday, he barely gettin' fly  
Erryday he wake, he just swear to do his job  
What that is? Chasin' dreams, time is tickin' so it seems  
On his downtime he's spittin' and he's sick, his flow is mean  
He just want his real chance, no reality show  
But the graveyard the jail cell, reality though  
Crack house was his crib, the streets fathered him though  
And he ain't got no twitter page but you can follow him tho  
Woah

Dream chaser, keep chasin'  
Grind will turn into your shine, be patient  
Yeah, a hundred miles and runnin'  
Tryna catch up to my dreams so you know I'm Forrest Gumpin'  
I'm a dream chaser, dream chaser, dream chaser  
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I was raised by my momma  
Pop used to beat her  
Got a sister my age, my pop was a cheater  
Gram's kept something in the pot for us to eat up  
Had to open up the oven for the house to heat up  
Christmas missed us, no birthday's or Easter's  
Used to snatch bags from Halloween trick or treaters  
Hot dogs and beans, fish sticks on the weekend  
Shared the same bed that my cousin used to pee in  
Dreamed to be the Huxtable's, settled for the Brady's  
Black and white on top of floor model with' no cable  
My sister used to punch me, beat me, slap me  
Caught my first case stealin' cookies outta ackney  
Raised in South Phil, 2-4 where you can find me at  
Used to kick the machines for quarters out the laundromat  
Dirty little teen, going to school embarrassin'  
Gas cut off, my clothes smelling like kerosene

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It all started in the basement, me, my pen and my pad  
Started thinkin' bout things I never had  
Was broke as a joke, ain't never laugh  
I woke up and went and got it, now they forever mad  
How can you hate me where I came from  
When just a year ago I was the same one  
Them dudes you call your homies be the main one  
You'd be surprised what niggas do as soon as the fame come  
But I ain't worried, discouraged, I just observe it  
When my dreams started to crumble, niggas deserted  
Empty courtroom when my judge read my verdict  
But now I'm gettin' to it, niggas act like they deserve it  
Sittin' in my cell, watching my dream  
Fade like Mike, fourth quarter, tie game  
Shackles on my ankles and wrist my first chains  
And now it's hard work on the menu, I thirst cream

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