

City Of Dreams

Travis Barker

The Carte Blanche is the way to view my life
Twelve cylinders or more on any turnpike
Fucked every bitch worthy on the East Coast twice
All the baddest of hoes that want to turn dike (Uck!)
Triple beams and nipple rings
There's no such thing as fantasy when you the king
With life in the palm of my hands
We came out winners from the village of ?

Welcome to the city where anything possible
American dream overcome any obstacle
Rainbow hues just may lead you to a pot of gold
Chain so chilly I believe that I done caught a cold
But the flow nothin' to sneeze at
D-colors all up in my ear like its feedback
Bently, no roof, slide through with the seat back
Never mind the price and the change I told 'em keep that

Welcome to the City of Dreams, yeah
Where you'll prolly never ever wake up from a nightmare (mare, mare, mare)
So you better pack heavy
Welcome to the City of Dreams, yeah
Where you'll prolly never ever wake up from a nightmare (mare, mare, mare)
So you better be ready

I'm livin' life at a faster pace
Usain Bolt runnin' in a faster race
Record deal is the king-pins masquerade
Deep dimples in the D-Cup to masturbate
We order sushi, suckin' on Edamame
Textin' to her girlfriend, "I'm in heaven, mami"
She in a fairy tale, I sell fairy dust
I figure let the bitch dream, I've been fair enough (Uck!)
I'm drop dead in that drop head
Brick of powder in the trunk, that's a bobsled
Gotta (Satisfy My Soul) that's what Bob said
I think they really sell dope is what the blogs read
The realest that wrote it, the illest that spoke it
Couldda got life for some of the shit quoted
With every fact noted and the whole city gone
In 20 double 1 I turn the scales back on

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Time's runnin' out on you niggas, the clock's tickin'
The Clipse on Travis's track, the plot thickens
Ya'll heard we fly with the bird, we cop chickens
Malice done things to the coupe, the top's missin'
The pot I piss in, sittin' on acres
To the window I throw it out, I'm ballin' like the Lakers
Haters, ya'll don't want the Kobe beef
I serve it raw like I'm ODB

And I can't be touched by none of ya'll, I got OCD
And I'm nice with the ki's too, Do Re Mi
See, we play the scale, get the bricks off Miguel
I back out the deal if somethin' don't sit well
Double bag boy, my backpack like Big L
I fucked bad bitches like Giselle
But I don't kiss and tell
'Cept for love taps with the gat
You niggas best believe that ? this track

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(Clipse, Clipse on Travis's, Travis's track) (All up in my ear like its feed
back)
(Like its feed, Like, like its feedback) (All up in my ear like its) (Like i
ts feedback)
(Like its feed, Like its feedback) (All up in my ear, All up in my ear)
(Like its feedback) (Fade to close)