

# 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 belive 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)