

R.E.M.

Big K.R.I.T.

I don't know about my dreams
I don't know about my dreams
All I know is, I'm falling, falling, falling, falling
Might as well fall
I don't know about my dreams

In a room full of tight stairs
Was helha few dreams or nightmares
I dare rap about my real life
Good Lord I gave my all but just don't feel right
Jigabooz are means to you, but never me
Black face, my black face could never be
Same bow, my cammo, say otherwise
That revolution of mind will never televize
One album I'm still kickin
Def Jam I'm tell em I'm still whippin
Tell em I'm still winnin,
Tell em I'm still in it
Make time, I drop a bomb
I swear I'm a kill niggas
No pause is needed, I swear I don't feel niggas
Snakes in my front yard, I swear I'm a deal with em
I own the steel hitter
Pray that they still get it
I feel like I failed jones, it's hard to live with it, my dreams

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Cause I'm a spiritual and lyrical
Produced my whole album
It's nothing short of a miracle
Was I wrong to be so heavy hearted
I refuse to give up what I started
For fought some wars, and cover boards
And it restore
A different shores aboard
When all my people poor
Yeah that's some bars galore
But yeah I wanted more
Fuck a reality show, I'd rather do a tour
I'd rather crowd circle
Before I leave, there's a God ain't real
I'd rather die first
Bury me inside a cemetery
Remember me as just a visionary
I'm more Geronimo Pratt than OG Bobby
They love the facts you made it but hate
The facts you got it
Stay away the heaven is packed, I'm in the lobby
Too scared to go to sleep
Cause most times I smoked and died my dreams

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