

# Pipe Dreaming

Billy Woods

Insomniacs with pipe dreams hold torch acetylene to Cali green  
Not that nigga, know what I mean, my mind spray, then I flee the scene  
Don't flounder, still got the gat in your jeans  
This work turn man to machine, out for glitter and gleam  
Cream by any means, rush in like SWAT teams  
With more careful schemes than your neighborhood fiend  
My favorite pipe head, nigga named Fred, like what you need dread  
CDs, weed, or some sick head, his bitch only got one leg  
That's a pro-hoe and one Pro-Ked, Fred do whatever for the bread  
Take eight-  
balls to the head, told that nigga you gon' end up dead  
No sooner said, B&E in the first degree, lights came on  
He holding the TV, tried to pull a fast one, but this cat had a magnum  
I guess he was the fast one, one smoke I went to school with their son  
Kid tried to play dumb, like can't come over my mom's is real sick  
No shit, we all seen her turning tricks, working the strip  
She suck his boys dick, on the low ain't that a bitch  
Trifling, one bedroom apartment stifling, kids dirty, kitchen frightening  
Summer time, two weeks the same trash  
Depressant like watching a custy smoke they stash  
Begging for more, no cash, fuck they ass  
Ain't no difference selling or smoking  
That little money get a nigga open  
You gon' get rich? Must be joking, or else coke token  
Ain't no [?] porter, you gon' need lawyers  
Fuck friends, they suppliers, they jerking you  
If they buyers they thinking 'bout murking you  
Where you stash, the cops'll know that too  
Cause there's a snitch in every fucking crew  
Taught baby the game blew, and you stuck  
In the middle with fed time and two-hundred dollar shoes  
Guess what you lose, pipe dreaming, glass dick semen  
Pregnant even, I came, I saw, now I'm leaving  
Pipe dreaming, glass dick semen  
Pregnant even, I came, I saw, now I'm leaving