

Dream Chasin'

Chiddy Bang

Alright guys, good shit today as a label, I think it went well.
Yo, I'm tired as hell!
Yea, well you have a long ass ride home, so you guys can get some sleep on the bus.
Try to.
Got that show tomorrow, so make sure you get that rest.
Alright, before you miss that bus. The last one, and I ain't tryin' to have you sleep at my house tonight.
Iight man peace.

Ay check the plans out.
We work hard, I ain't asking for a hand out.
If I hit the booth, I don't have to pass them grams out.
And be the well, when the other thoughts ran out.
They say they lost words, I got 'em puzzled like the crossword.
Harvard, I'm nuts, George Washington Carver.
But you could never pay a boss peanuts.
If it gets messy, be prepared for the cleanup.
But this thing called success is so strange.
Cause you could get notoriety and still ride the train.
Make it in it's entirety, in search for the fame.
But I'm still Michael Phelps, swimming in my lane.
Where's Lois, me I'm Superman, I'm just here to save the day boy.
Or at least I thought I was.
Till I, flew into save her and met my opponent.
I'm fightin' with myself, don't offer the condolence.
I'm dreamin'.

We chasin' a dream, so what is life?
The diamonds and the gleam.
Get a job, well I'm doin' it.
Promise to stay true in it.
Doin' it, but never let another soul ruin it.
And things ain't what it seem.
Make money to spend it, I got my scheme.
Work hard, well we doin' it.
Promise to stay true in it.
Doin' it, but never let another soul ruin it.

It's too haunting, the task is daunting.
Tryna' get the labels on board while flaunting.
But, let's make some music, make some money, get the rides.
European ties, half models for wives.
Sometimes I feel faded to pretend.
Unsafe cause my crib is far from gated in.
I'm a relic, but least likely the psychedelic.
If I could take off, would you consider me angelic?
Hysteric, I'm the subject and the predicate.
They hatin' on me, tell me where's the etiquette.
If you could lie, I don't need to prove I'm better then.
I play David, I'm a fourth year Letterman.
So let em' in, can't you hear me knocking on the door?
Hard to breathe at this altitude, where oxygen is poor.
Think Benz, I don't know what Pontiac means.
And this is what happens when an insomniac dreams.

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