

06 dreamin

Cordae

Yeah, word
I got a story to tell
Yeah, ayy, check it
Ayo, ayo

My mom had once tried out for American Idol
I was eight years old, back home, feelin' entitled
Went to school the next day, eyes gleamin' with hope
Plottin' on the J's I'd get when she finally blows
Watchin' MTV Cribs, you know, the spin-off for kids
I just knew when she won, that's just how we would live
Grandma babysittin' us, paper plates in the kitchen
I was heartbroken when she didn't make the audition
Next mornin' filled with gloom, back to regular life
My dreams of bein' a rich kid would finally die
Fuck workin' hard, nigga, boy, I'm tryna be fly
Hand-me-downs from my cousin, these ain't even my size
Fuck writin' a verse with a sweet sixteen
I'm tryna be on MTV for my sweet sixteen
Red run, elder son got a Lambo for his
They makin' fun of my Shaqs, I can't handle this shit
Back to mom's dream-chasin'
I used to cry when she'd leave for the studio when we lived in East Aiken
Another demo that was shopped around and ain't make it
So then I started writin' in that basement, it went like

It went like
It went like
It went like
Yeah

Ayo, my mom had once tried out for Making The Band
She made it to the third episode, was takin' a stand
You know the season where Puff made 'em run six miles?
Now look what happened to Puff, crazy how it work out
It take me back to the days, I'm sittin' up on the couch
Still countin' my blessings, Uncle John watchin' Westerns
Headphones in, my pen game steadily progressin'
This lil' hobby of mine had turned into an obsession
Now, this is back in '06, now I'm back in '05
Mama had to choose between her dreams and keepin' a job
I said, "Mama, maybe you should make a dancin' song"
She said, "Son, that type of music don't last too long"
Dream deferred, meanwhile, my dreams is worse
Explicit bars, but I swore I wrote the cleanest verse
Fast-forward, I'm fifteen and got the biggest plans
I'll make it big since my mama didn't get the chance
Nigga, that's real