

Dreams

Cozz

Yeah, shit nigga, we all dream, nigga
Yeah, we're just tryna make sure they come true, feel me?
Dreams of being rich, uh?
Yeah, yeah, ha, yo!

Always had dreams of being rich, uh?
Momma never thought I'll make it this way
Bitches really on my dick now
When I think about it, ain't shit changed
We had dream of being rich, wow!
We really dreams of being rich, wow!
Momma never...
Yo, yo...

Imagine if I stopped rhymin' and settle for top ramen
Got content with the crib that my pop's lie in, never stop moppin'
On that nine to five job shit, fuck that!
I'd rather go comic and go to Gotham
And meet with Batman and start robbin'
Killin' get started, heart throbbin' be cautious
If you come across this instrumental's carcass
It may leave you nauseous
Cause when I'm on it, it's guaranteed death, why?
Cause we always had dreams of being rich
Rollie on my arm, Jesus' pieces on my neck
Momma needin' the rent, Poppa drinking a fifth
Crash my Momma's Honda, can't even lease her a whip
Stress is hell, but you couldn't tell, even if you snitched
Smiling, always see him with a grin
But I came to raise hell, boy, and evil is within man
All I know, is that bitch better have my money
Cause money issues have your mom's act funny with you

We had dreams of being rich, uh?
Always had dreams of being rich, wow!
Bitches on my dick now
When I think about it, ain't shit changed

I'm trying to get my money pass so closer to a pharaoh's
I know that I can get close I'mma show her I'mma get dough
Nigga I don't ride, I get chauffeured on the metro
Poor nigga, rich mind, it won't hurt if you let go of reality I'm searching
for a battle, jeez
But no one's here to challenge me
Throwin' a lot of shots and they fatal ones
Trust no nigga, even the devil had a halo once
The demons carry angel dust, stressin' I know
I got to pick my ankles up but this lean in this Sprite soda got me talking
like Yoda
Don't ever live my life sober
Oooh, I love it when they doubt me
Cash right where my mouth be, check my stomach for the hunger
Don't laugh at the outie
My boy frank in the Audi
Scoop me up we outtie, bumpin' music loudly, crazy how lousy these niggas so
undin'
I heard these niggas talkin' and never talk around me

Nigga you listen to Casey Veggies, you ain't about beef
Are you scary? But I'm more than scary
To the ordinary storytelling motherfucking author
Cooking up some shit your stomach could never process
My apron dirty really need to wash it
Cause Cozz is heading to the top
Watch whenever my shit drop I don't know when
But I'm never counting losses
Only counting my profit, nigga stop it
Got niggas noz sick

Motherfucker always had
Dreams of being rich, wow!
Always had dreams of being rich, uh?
Momma never thought I'd make it this way
Momma never thought I'd make it this way

I know we got dreams of being rich
The rollie on my arm, the pieces on my neck
Poppa needin' a rent