

I take a blunt to the face late night watching (breath low?)
Pray for paper, writing rhymes about dope
Cause when a block's slow, tell me what's next
Wonder why I'm running in your crib with the tech
Hell with no job, unemployment having high fiend
If it ain't a crack rock, next day die
Hell to work they life and I really don't know
Why they wanna give it back to the damn casino
This world is a joke but I really can't laugh
Cause the tank kinda low, they killin' us for gas
Child support warrent, licensed bimbo
Tail light broke on the way to the store
Used to wear my daddy clothes sneaking in his closet
Now I can cop the winter line in August
Used to sell rocks now I can rock your baby mama
Hit her with a text, let her scoop me in the Honda

Give us any chance we'll take it
Read us any rule we'll break it
We're gonna make our dreams come true
Doin' it our way
Nothing's gonna turn us back now
Straight ahead and on the track now
We're gonna make our dreams come true
Doin' it our way
There's nothing we won't try
Never heard the word impossible
This time there's no stoppin' us
We're gonna do it
On your mark get set and go now
Got a dream and we just know now
We're gonna make that dream come true
And we'll do it our way
Yes our way
Make all our dreams come true
And we'll do it our way
Yes our way
Make all our dreams come true
For me and you