

Dreamer 2

Dreezy

Lately I been up for days, barely even blinking
Rolling blunts and pouring cups to keep myself from thinking
In the mist of all this pressure, I be sinking
Niggas trynna fuck in the industry, they be winking
And I'm just a girl
19, with dreams of being on the big screen
Blue jeans, Jordan's, kind of cute but still can spit mean
Gas bill getting high, so fuck it, I'mma bring the heat
I'm trynna eat and it ain't sweet until I'm checking into suites
I doubled back and made it happen
Started writing poetry and now I'm noticed off of this rapping
Making music for niggas in Chicago that be trapping
But still can switch it up, for all the poets that be snapping
They told me that I'm blowing up, I'm trynna get bigger
Feel good to be played by radios, and not these niggas
A lot of people told I wouldn't make it, how you figure?
Then I realized, they want what I got, or they just bitter
Lame niggas
I never cared about my fate, because I know I got what it takes
So I'm in difference to the hate
I got to many hopes at stake
But, still I'm drowning
I found myself surrounded
By doctors and machines, my blood rushing, head pounding
They say women don't make it, unless they on they knees
So I got down, on my knees, started praying, God please
Not religious, but I want it bad
So I be praying boy
Niggas tryna play me like a game, but I ain't playing boy
Mama barely cared for the crib
Was never this hard when I was laying in the crib
As a baby, who would think I would make it this far
But I be damned if I made it here, and don't go another yard
Shit is getting hard
I want it all, fuck a deal, if they ain't talking right
Been running my city for so long that I ain't walking right
I'm from CHICAGO
The city people die for
But, they ain't talking, they just shooting at they rivals
My grandma died in her sleep, next to a bible
I'm starting to feel like my life is just a recital
Niggas faking
So I be writing until my fingers aching
I'd stop breathing before I even think that I ain't gone make it
And everybody out here thinking everybody sleeping on em
I set alarms, and it's creeping on em
I had a fucked up life, I'm breaking down
So whenever I get me a swisher, I'm breaking down
And whenever I get me a bottle, I'm pouring up
Thoughts racing and I'm stuck
Soon enough, I'm slowing up
Then I get to throwing up
All the pain I was feeling
All the tears I was shedding when the obstacles was given
All the niggas on my side, that told me they would ride but they lied
Now I'm in the building and they outside
So, in the future when they see me in that beamer

Just know I wasn't shit, I turned myself into a dreamer
Part 2