

Dream While I'm Awake

Jelly Roll

What if Jesus Christ came back and he was
Homeless, I wonder if any of us would even notice
Speak to him all the time
But really we don't know him
And everything we owe him, we don't even show him
I finally got it right, so I said that it was overdue
Try to treat people right, cuz that's the golden rule
They tell me Jelly
We ain't met nobody cold as you

I tell 'em I remember having to eat moldy food
I try to stay confident and humble, but that's a hard balance
Cuz in my life, I've probably slept on a hundred couches
I've been through so much and now I tell the world
About it, can't believe I made it, I was so doubted
I went to jail for the pack that I pieced out
My people left me out to dry like a beach towel
I can see the stars, they in my reach now
I told my daddy he could finally sleep in peace now

How much can I take, got my hands to the sky
I'm searching for a break, got my knees on the ground
My head up while I pray
I'm talking to the lord, I need a better way
I only dream while I'm awake, I only dream while I'm awake
I only dream while I'm awake, I only dream while I'm awake

There's two sorta dreams in life
The one you have while you're asleep
And the one that you stay awake to chase
There's no telling how many miles you may or
May not have to walk just to catch your dream
But always remember:
Dream as if you'll live forever, and live as if you'll die today
Dreams are today's answers to tomorrow's questions

I always felt rejected, never accepted
Came In this game hoping they would make exceptions
Now I got these critics always dissecting
Every mix tape but I don't need they suggestions
This my direction, my own lane
My own thing, my own squad, Molly Gang, it's A game
When I started they told me that I would never budge
They said a white boy can't rap about selling drugs
They said that I was stupid, said I was actin' wild
But if that's all I know, what else could I rap about?
And if it wasn't for God and the fans
I'd probably still be somewhere weighing grams
And I know how a stick up feels
And how it feels to go to Florida just to pick up pills
All the way in Cali bout to ship that kill
Ship that real, man I gotta get this deal

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I'm still living in the moment
The money won't last, the reason why I blow it
I'm rapping my ass off but critics don't hear it
Are they judging by the lyrics, or my appearance?
It's sad that this industry is all about the image
Now, you can only make it if you got a gimmick now
They told me they want me to change man that shit is wild
They said that I was too brash and I should simmer down
I said I'm really from the streets bitch I get around
Out of town, looking for someone to front me fifty pounds
This rap shit is cool, no denying it
I just pray I never take my skates out of retirement

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