

# Dreams Unfold

Joyner Lucas

Yeah-yeah (Joyner)

Up in that, I'm way too, I'm way too lit

Up in that, I'm way too lit, up in that, I'm way too

I'm way too lit up in that hoe  
Heart so hard, I get that dough  
They want work, come get that smoke  
Hop out the trunk, you hear that blow  
That's your bitch, come get that hoe  
She wan' suck me, get that throat  
I'm way-way up, don't give no fucks  
I lost my heart, like "Where that go?"  
This ain't no game, I'm in that zone  
No X's and O's, no tic-tac-toe  
I crossed my heart, don't hope to die  
But if I do, don't let that go  
I pray my soul don't get that cold  
My jewelry freezin' in that snow  
When you gon' watch my dreams unfold  
That's the truest shit I know

Keepin' that blicky by my side  
Tryna take my shit, you gon' die  
Never try to come here, 'round here  
And it's a homicide  
All I got is money on mind  
Shawty in love, guess I'm a vibe  
I'm a motherfuckin' dime  
Yeah, you know I love the sign  
Yellow diamonds, lemonade (Woah)  
I'm a fuckin' renegade (Woah)  
Pistol singing animate (Woah)  
I hope you prepare the play (Woah)  
Massachusetts born and raised (Woah)  
But I get love in Saint Tropez (Woah)  
You stand on me and get the "Grra-grra" (Woah)  
Turn your brain into creme brulee  
Game on, bullets come down, get rained on  
Too much for you to hate on  
Crabs in the bucket tryna hang on  
Too much sauce on A1  
Real nigga since day one (Joyner-Joyner)  
Tryna be love like Faizon  
I'ma die a legend like Trayvon  
I'm the only motherfucker in this lead  
I step in this bitch, I'm poppin', I know  
Any other nigga try to stand in my way  
I turn his whole face into Cotton Eye Joe  
Any other nigga that stoppin' my glow  
I'm way too drippy on top of my boat  
I'm a real ass nigga, but I lie to my hoe  
Can't keep my dick inside of my clothes  
Like how did I know?

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You can't say I ain't the man  
Shift from poverty and now look where I am  
Lookin' better at everything and like "Damn"  
Now walk off the line, that's word to my hand  
I'm just a young kid, I'm a young nigga  
With some Rollies and millions of fans  
My bitch delusional, this ain't no xan  
I was just thuggin' that motherfuckin' can  
Thought I'd be nothin', nothin'  
We gon' sharin', said mama don't panic  
Gone storm tourin' out Atlantic  
Gotta work hard or this money can vanish  
So that's why I be puttin' in work  
Then forever they gotta see damage  
I be slayin' shit until they banned it  
I had to take it when nobody hand it  
My shit been goin' all like how I planned it  
Know the oppositions be like "Damn it"  
Been some minutes, I ain't had to scam shit  
Comin' to that money ever so romantic  
Couple millions where I reside  
Born to hustle, you see it in my eyes  
Had a month where a couple niggas tried  
But then I revised, for Bentley's? I strive  
Niggas be talkin' like they with the shits  
See 'em in person, pressin', no reply  
Nigga say he with it, say he lyin'  
But I know I'm the realest, put on that provide  
And that savage pumpin' in my heart  
I got money, lowkey should be dried  
Traumatized, I steady wonder why  
Like fuck with you niggas bitches for your guys (Bitches for your guys)

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