

# Pharmaceutical Dreams

M Huncho

Pharmaceutical dreams, a mill through money machines  
Tryna keep clean but my pockets heavy with grease  
Walk into my garden, I'm planting all of my seeds  
If I ever stop rapping I'll probably get a degree

If I ever stop rapping I'll probably struggle to breathe  
Plants like fans, I've been planting the seed  
I'm in love with the Ps  
This shit's like a disease  
These pharmaceutical dreams

In my neighbourhood they know me  
They call me the chemist  
I serve it over the counter to all of the tenets  
I must've have lent half a Cali at my local addresses  
I ring county lines up, I wanna speak to your bosses  
I got four different businesses, that's different expenses  
When it comes to closing deals, I'm just fucking relentless  
I got 15 year olds that'll shoot at your henchman  
Or come to your front door, I bet that gets your attention

I use to pray for times like this  
To shine like this  
Who's got millions on the table and still grinds like this  
You can bring your favourite rapper, he ain't nice like this  
They never knew I'd pay the lights and buy the rights like this  
Pharmaceutical dreams, I see 'em all come true  
Really got them looking at me from a side-eye view  
I'm still live in the T 'cause that where I grew  
And I'm married to the game and I said, "Yeah, I do"

Yeah

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Told RB to the get the killers, yeah  
We need 'em round the ends  
Killers and drug dealers  
Tell the feds to meet there friends  
And everything they talk about in rap  
I know it's just pretend  
Had a booking for a 100 pounds  
Still drove there in a Benz  
I see money before rap  
But after rap is when I pick shit up  
6 years in my career, it's time to really leave the bando Hunch  
And I lived within my means  
I didn't buy chains

Or a Lambo truck  
A put 100 on my chain to make my name glow up

I guess I done it for exposure  
Organised crime, ask squares we're the cosa nostra  
I told S he's my favourite trapper  
He told me my guy  
You're my favourite trapper too so don't give up on your grind  
The streets got nothing to offer me so I don't sit and dwell  
One half want to see me die  
The others wishing me well  
And I said I won't make music with these guys that got beef  
I'll make a song with all your opps if it's all for the streets  
Too much at stake to be in beef  
Got my own I gotta feed  
Pedal pebbles on the sea  
Bought my family there home  
Now I'm banking overseas  
Got a bitch in every city  
I ain't wanking overseas  
And I really feel in love  
I told the money, "Marry me"  
I'm living with all these scars  
Living with all these scars  
You know that I seen no peace  
See no peace

Yeah

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