

# Dreamer

Maino

And so I'm a dreamer  
And so I'm a dreamer

Now all I do is ball  
Now all I do is ball  
Now all I do is ball  
Cause I ain't end up in that ah-ah-aisle  
Now all I do is ball  
Now all I do is ball  
Now all I do is ball  
Cause I ain't end up in that oh-oh-oh

How you want it, how you want it  
All I see is Ghosts and Phantoms, my life haunted  
How you want it, how you want it  
Started from the bottom, I made it barely with nothing  
Now I'm waking up when I (feel like it)  
Going by when I (feel like it)  
Fly where ever I (feel like it)  
Wino (cause I feel like it)  
I went to sleep with them Bugatti dreams  
Shorty got a dirty mouth, but that punani clean  
Talking rags to riches, diamonds on ashy wristses  
Models and actresses, now they the average bitches  
Yeah, you now rolling with the mafia  
Matte black Ghost, biscuit in and ride with us

So I'm a dreamer  
I want it all, man I come from the bottom  
I ain't had nothing at all  
And so I'm a dreamer  
I want it all  
Man I be going off  
Cause I ain't going back to poor

I had a dream, Martin Luther King  
I was Pablo Escobar when he got them things  
I was Michael Jordan when he got them rings  
I was Usain Bolt when he got them chains  
I was Vince Carter on the fast break  
Marley, on his last take  
Puff, when he had Ma\$e  
All we had was hope, all we had was dope  
Look at the crib, look at the boat  
Look at the car, baby, watch it grow wings  
They say when you make money, you gon' lose friends  
Well fuck em all, motherfuck them all  
We was never friends anyway, nigga watch me ball

When you come from where we come from  
You get used to feeling hunger  
You get used to the feeling of pain  
The villan that reigns, of being a number  
These influences that I'm under

These phone bills that I run up  
From the Netherlands to downtown Japan  
To Australia pimping down under  
You can probably tell that I'm high  
By the way a nigga fell from the sky  
Every story that I tell, you can tell if it's real  
You can tell if it's not  
You can tell that I lived every moment  
Most niggas gonna try to sell you a plot  
You can tell that the fucks that I don't give  
Never went broke since I failed junior high  
How ironic is it, you like, wow, that's some decision  
But look at how I came up, that's what they call commitment  
By far no competition to a nigga's disposition  
How ya want it, how ya want it?  
Bitch, I flaunt it cause I did it  
Ya bish!