

Dreaming

Nines

I had a dream that I made it
Never have to dream about my crib getting raided
(Why Fam)
That's cah' I never had to move dank
Celebrating like them fans from the new camp
More groupies than you can imagine
Flyer than Aladdin, niggas tryna jump on the wagon
I still rolled with a hand-ting
Only difference is I was going home to a mansion
Had an indoor football pitch playing goal-to-goal
I was still me I never sold my soul
I bought my whole hood whips
Even the fends and no-good chicks
Had the block looking like a car-lot
I rep Church Road till my heart stops
Came through in a stupid mik
Ace of spades and I juiced the diluted drinks

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Used to be on probation because I shot green
Now I'm in Sandro paid with the yaght team
Touring the world, killing the shows
Me and Youngs fucking the industry hoes
No-one looking bummy now we're all fresh
They're calling me a legend like George Best
Used to mix yayo with lighter cane
Now I fly to Spain on a private plane
... Goodbye to selling working bud
Went from stepping on pure coke to Persian rugs
Six-figure paintings on my walls
Marble floors, cameras by the doors
Spend a week with my girl out in Aspen
Let me a get a shout-out to the has-beens
Me and Fats sat racing in Ferraris
Nothing ain't changed though raving in Armani

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Giving out cheques and jewels to my family
Can't believe this is true, music was plan B

I was on the road-side moving that candy
In the Trap house cooking food - Gordon Ramsay
They don't wanna see me shine in that fast car
DB9 same colour as a Mars bar
Dress code smoother than lotion
Drop the mixtape then I blew like the ocean
The record label independent
All my niggas had chains 20 carats in the pendants
Hardly in the hood always over-seas
So keep that change if you owe me P's
Had a personal suit taylor, bitch like tomb raider
True savior, chain look like a blue laser
Then my ling ring Cause them shoots stay fending...
That's when I realised that I was day-dreaming

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