

# Chi-Raq Dreaming

Taylor Bennett

Chi-raq kid big city dreams  
Watch them all burn up for love of the green  
Dope flow over dope game or a dope fein  
Smoking dirt green cup full of codiene (damn I Feel So Good)  
Purple rain in the back of my throat  
Help me write another note  
Or provoke my thoughts  
That I lost in the bottom of this potion  
Hoping smoking loose my emotions  
Motion slowly over dosing  
Real hip-hop gone flip flop  
No dought in the back of my mind  
I could get shot in the ass lead to my spine  
Ricashay to the head (now you know) he dead  
Could of been the best rapper in history read  
Instead I'm misery cause you been dead  
Brenda had babies and babies was lovers  
But lovers was lieers that turned in to thuggers  
Them thuggers grew and they beat on mothers  
Ska-skeet on my mothers  
Dope fiens was my mothers  
No daddy or mother I fiend for a lover  
No cover or brother protect me from others  
Burning my feelings please spark up another  
(But G's Got Yo Back) and that's why I love 'em  
A criminal family  
That terrorize barely  
Portrayed as a monster  
Engage in it rarely  
Engaged to the game  
Could have sworn we get married  
Same dirty bitch that had stole both my parents  
So I got on one knee and I showed her the carrots  
I pulled out the ring and she told me shed wear it  
Traded a Glock and I swore that id bare it  
Whenever I'm crusing just me homies  
Incase niggas lacking or see an opponent  
Opps on my block tryna pop rocks  
Gotta pop up  
Flash that blast that ash that pass that better let it go  
Smoking that mid that loud that dro  
Lord help my soul you just don't know  
(Yeah, yeah) I'm a sinner but my heart is made of gold  
Hunt for my soul  
Die for this gold  
Living is nothing  
Surviving is something  
Chi-raq jungle my niggas be hunting  
Yea I'm in the field but the feel ain't real  
Till you feel that heat like the back of a grill  
Formaly farming for forigenly grills  
Shit sound sick but I want it to be ill  
Tryna flip this blow into Beverly Hills  
Till Beverly falls in the hood and its all good  
Wood grain won't jag but the jag on the hood (Yep)  
From the mid west  
If you ain't bout cash get a bullet to the chest

Yo hands up high on squad on set  
No time for the bull catch a bullet to the chest  
Always on bull chi-raq what I rep  
Bear hug  
Black hawk  
White sox  
Layed off payed off made off made up short cut fade off  
I 'm May-day cray-zay  
Know you hate me  
Love me maybe  
I don't give a (fuck!) cause ya'll niggas can't rate me  
Quit playing  
Rearranging  
Rip strip grip motherfuckas endangered  
Real angel put a baby in a manger  
Never gave a fuck about soci-ety's neighbor  
Only bout fucking these thots getting paper  
I ain't even know I was seen as the danger  
One thing wrong go off in an anger  
Click-clack-blam mutha-fuckas get Bangerd  
Think you could live on the side that I came from  
Never ever clever without a berreda ready  
To turn his brains to spaghetti And (Fuck'em all up)