

Big Dreams

The Game

Cool & Dre

Back on the motherfuckin Westside

L.A.X. niggaz, yeah

Y'all know who the fuck I am

I'm free as a motherfuckin bird I swear

Disappear in thin air, there go Game, nigga where?

Posted on the block, in them black Airs

In that all-black Phantom, hug the block like a bandit

There, that V-12 is roarin

Flyin through the city with the pedal to the floor then

I put them 26, inches on the curb

Tell the hood I'm back, give me a corner let me serve

Swerve, I'm still dope, that's my word

All I did was switch the kitchens and subtract all the birds

Irv... Gotti know I'm a +Murderer+

Half these niggaz beefin with me, I never heard of them

If I was the old me, I would murder them

Matter fact, if I was the old me, I would CURTIS them

Courtesy of my Smith & Wesson

I kill tracks like AIDS nigga, get infected

The whole world been waitin on him

Here I come, droptop Phantom I'm skatin on 'em

Look around, all the bitch niggaz hatin on him

Mad cause I'm Chronic 2008'n on 'em

Big cars, big wheels, big chains (YEAHHH)

Big money, big pimpin, big dreams

Dreams (dreams) big dreams

Dreams (dreams) big dreams, dreams

I "Get Money" like Junior M.A.F.I.A. used to

On my way to school, ten thousand in my FUBU

Lunchtime I was sellin

Behind the bungalows, baggin up rocks the size of melons

That's when the fiends start tellin

You can catch 'em on the couch, everyday at 4 o'clock like Ellen

Primetime nigga, is my time nigga

Jacob ain't got shit to do with my shine nigga

Cause when the sun come up

From behind the sea, niggaz see me behind the B

ENT, don't stand for entertainment

It stand for zero to 60, anybody see where Game went?

To the hood, parked crooked behind that chain fence

And I'm goin down behind my dogs but I ain't Vick

Tell me one album I put out that ain't sick

No I'm not the Dr. but I produce the same shit

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The Chronic, Makaveli to Doggystyle
Bad influences, so my momma told me to turn 'em down
She went to sleep so my father said I could turn it up
What did he care, he in the bathroom sherm'n up
So I let that Dogg Pound rock
Let that Ice Cube knock, 'til my sister pressed stop
Soon as she left out, like Diddy, I pressed play
That's when that Hard Knock Life, introduced me to Just Blaze
I would sit in my room, and just blaze
Before chronic had all these funny names, it was just haze
No hash, cause it was just haze
And I would get so high, nigga that I would just gaze
I mean I was so amazed somethin so fuckin green
could turn this little-ass house into a maze
Chronic 2001, got me through my hardest days
And just think, my momma said marijuana was a phase

You was wrong momma
Shit I love you but I'm still smokin
I love you momma~!
Chronic 2001 to infinity MOTHERFUCKER, haha
Dr. Dre started it
I just finished it! I mean, a-hem
Picked up where the big homey left off, FEEL ME?
Ahahah