

Street Dreams

TQ

Yeah, dedicated to the dreamers
Kind of blue
Street dreams are made of these
At home and all across seas
It's just what I see

Street dreams are made of these
Compton California stand up
It's like we all got the same disease
Everybody's lookin for something
Street dreams are made of these
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Wake up, it's just a dream
It's just a dream

I spent most of my childhood wildin'
Watching my neighborhood dying
Don't understand why I want it so bad
Just to be that guy
Flashy rings, the finer things
Man he had a Caddy it was emerald green
Came through the [?] man it was so damn clean
Damn I got to get that before he leave
I know he got a crispy fresh twenty for me
Ey, my 14th birthday
Got a .357 and an NWA tape
Now I'm strong, let's get paid
Got a little weed but I want some yay
And I remember what I heard my OG say

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Nigs push Caddies and Cut 63's
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I'm on 120th and Central, buying a blunt
Just like I did when I was young
Some little nigga gonna ask me what set I'm from
Oooh, little homie, I'll whoop your ass
Ask your brother, he was in my class
I whooped his ass
And if you want some I hope you can hit fast
Before I knew it he was showin me his strap
I like your chain, let me get that
Not in my hood, you better get back
All his little homies sayin he need to chill with that
And I can oh so easy and peel him back, oooh
And I flow so real with that
Do I really even want to deal with that?
Especially when I know he's dreamin

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Shit I must be dreamin
I done woke up with keys to a brand new Bimmer
Big house on the north side
Big enough to put condos in the backyard
Livin like a rockstar
It seemed impossible for me to make it this far
I went to sleep after riding in the homie car
I kept a tool on me, but I ain't got it now
It's ten g's for his head how I'm livin now
When I'm in the hood I see everybody smile
But I can feel the face of hate when I turn around
Homie I ain't do it to you
So don't make me do it
The one who influenced you will kill you for it
I'm feelin good with a couple of million
I'm a Maybach member homie so is my children
Every day I put behind me fade away to a memory
If I wake up right now, pray that God can hear me, Atwill

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