

You, you, you want the lavish crib and fancy cars
You want the face, on that Rolex shinin like the stars
Don't worry mayne, you could get it mayne
(If you look in the sky and you don't see your dream)
(Man don't feel defeated, cause trust me you can build it)

Now hear the words that I flow when I spit
I know shorties that be havin dreams of goin legit
But the hustle quicker so they cop a fo' on the split
Now they got enough money where they can go get a brick
It's on - ain't nuttin gon' stop us now
Gotta look at 24's while they watch us now
Spinners rollin up the block while they pump out noise
But they always get into it with the jump out boys
And why? Take a look at all the people that got dubs
You ain't legitimate, you out here servin them rocks up
I know you want the radio and screens to pop up
But we gotta get the money and try not to get locked up
Know the difference between real and fake
Different work is just like different real estate
Open your mind, you got more than the skill to take
Cause I know

Uh, one time for my niggaz on the corner
With the burners on and with the fresh yams in they tube socks
Uh, two times for my niggaz with they hands in the air
Sayin a prayer cause the game left their dude shot
Yes - I know that puzzle
Niggaz at each other thinkin they will bust you
The bang is the same even if it's muffled
But the moment so loud when a dead man hug you
He's cold in your arms, but you ain't gon' be foldin your arms
You gon' be lowered in your arms
Cryin to open the jar, and to add injury to insult
You're smokin your life away
Look at me, big car big house big jewels
All that came out my backpack
You ain't gon' do it, it ain't gon' work, you ain't gon' prove it
Even though that hurt, I just skated past that
Look - everybody got dreams about ki's
Chains full of ice with S after the V's
Horse on the hood, a grill full with the B's
Dangling your feet in San Turin-y breeze
Make a virtual picture, and spin around
That ain't it, well fuck it nigga we get it down
Never try to grab your ankle nigga we'll kick 'em down
Focus up, we gotta hit it now
Bruh when your cell goes clink, that's when you forfeit
All them dreams, all that divorce it
You ain't even get to see new mansion and Porsche shit
This dedicated to my man up in Norfolk, locked up
Ha ha... wait

My nigga open yo' mind, mind
Aren't you ready to go?
All of my fears inside, side
Let 'em blow like 'dro

Through the wisdom of a prism I see I don't wanna go to prison
I make the decision to get liver
Reminisce as I take a listen to my nigga 'Pac
While I envision my "Ambitions Az a Ridah"
Listen to Pharrell spit to the track
Pull up in a burgundy Bentley with a bitch in the back
I get to the paper like a hyper get to the crack
I ain't speculatin homey I just stick to the facts, c'mon

If you wanna get the money and the status and the mob
Better ride when you roll with the crew
Take a listen for the bub hit the bud
When you hear this in the club then you know what to do
Look at the vision of a mack spittin crack on the track
Throw these stacks in the black Cadillac
Get it like Twista and Neptunes, I got your back
And know you
Ha ha... wait

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