

Pocket Full of Dreams

YONAS

Damn I dream, damn I dream
So many dreams that I could pick 'em
In fact when someone dreams up one dream I've already dreamed up six
Here record on this classic it's my album, it my fifth
And I'm already at the middle of the story, I'm still stuck on the preface
Chapter one was about holding up, even when things wanna hold you down
Now booze your girl, put these noses up, dime a dozen like everytime
And real friends, real friends bless your soul if it's something you found
Cause chasing dreams it 'ain't easy to keep real friends around
All of a sudden y'all fighting over things you never even argue 'bout
Holding out these ultimatums like are you in or nigga are you out?
Cause I 'ain't got no time for this if you 'ain't go my focuses
Cause yeah you're from my childhood but my childhood was full of brokenness

Cause nothing it's what it's seems
I show you what mean
Mind full of paper and a pocket full of dreams
I hope that I could make it someday
I just wanna make it some way
Cause nothing it's what it's seems
I show you what mean
Mind full of paper it's a pocket for dreams
I hope that I could make it someday
I just wanna make it some way

So many people have forgotten how to dream
I guess that's why they love it, when I walk up on the scene
If you looking at me funny like you don't know what I mean
Well fuck it man I'll show you what I mean
We were those underdogs and overcoats
Overrated and overlooked
Used to be empty, but now our calender is looking overbooked
City to city traveling try to be that inspiration
For those in dark situations, using dreams as illumination
Don't you mind me, Don't you mind me
I dance outside with a [?]
I live [?] odds to defeat, that competition beside me
And behind me and below me and above me, and all around
But the higher you climb up to the harder it is when you're falling down

Cause nothing it's what it's seems
I show you what mean
Mind full of paper and a pocket full of dreams
I hope that I could make it someday
I just wanna make it some way
Cause nothing it's what it's seems
I show you what mean
Mind full of paper it's a pocket for dreams
I hope that I could make it someday
I just wanna make it some way