

# Coo Coo Cal, Ghetto Dreamin

(Hook:2x)

With this strength of ghetto dreamin'

(Verse 1 - Coo Coo Cal)

It's in the middle of the night of writing pages of this fool shit  
I dreaming I got a mansion up in my pool lit  
Drunk, which I'm cool wit  
Bitches and techs on the deck  
Hoes serving up champagne not because of this game,  
because I'm signin' their checks  
We gettin' service underwater fag  
Workers runnin' in-and-out,  
buildin' up their clout, and I'm frontin' quarter slabs  
Drop Jags in the driveway on hundred spokes  
The workers like to floss me in front of hoes but they don't really though  
Folks (?) at the front door wit uzis  
Haters and coochies  
Out to protect the flake and loochie  
Fools be trippin' to see me climbin' up  
Yeah nigga, clean as a bitch if you ain't trippin' about no dime and dust  
Findin' us ain't hard, we ain't never ran  
Niggaz gotta betta plan  
Help that thang ain't bust fo the cheddar man  
Who's got the betta hand, I do so I'm pullin' the trigga  
My mouth is big, but my nuts are bigga

{Hook:4x} \*in the background of chorus

(Chorus:2x - Mr. Lee)

You can high flyyyyy, when you ghetto dreamin'  
You wanna another high, when you ghetto dreamin'  
Niggaz walk the way you walk, when you ghetto dreamin'  
You can have it if you don't, when you ghetto dreamin'

(Verse 2: - Coo Coo Cal)

It's in the middle of the day,  
I'm gettin' drunk playin' the Play Station  
Look at the time a playa's wastin'  
Knowin' I need to be out paper chasin'  
Wastin' time while my niggas do it  
Caught up by the feds,  
but in my head I break 'em out, and it ain't shit to it  
Call up the real niggaz that'll hit the prisions and buck it up  
Don't even attempt to tell the fake, cuz they'll just straight fuck it up  
Straight through the front do' wit techs  
Bringin' hella cops  
Get back to mailin' rocks  
and take us to his cellblock  
We'll leave the warden in the dorm as a sittin' duck  
So if the gay wanna go astray, then let them fags fuck  
Me and my whodi often outtie up in a Lexus Coupe  
Throwin' blows at eachother to grab a tech to see who's next to shoot  
Flood the gas and lit the ass up on the tower guard  
Drove the coupe thru the fence and got the paint scared  
But hard-time we just ain't havin'  
Me and my niggaz is coast-to-coast  
For proposin' a toast, buckin' it back back

{Hook:4x} \*in the background of chorus

(Chorus:2x - Mr. Lee)

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You can have it if you don't, when you ghetto dreamin'

(Verse 3 - Coo Coo Cal)

It's bright and early in the mornin',  
I'm sittin' down eatin' bacon and eggs  
Thinkin' about fakin' the feds  
Openin' up shop nigga, makin' the bread  
Some like a top shop,  
wit a drop-top and the whole bit  
Imagine a broke nigga strugglin' wit some bawla shit  
Now all them hoes that wouldn't give action and holdin' your jock tight  
Just grip the switch and drop the ass at the stoplight  
Just smash off on 'em, let 'em see you dip the corner  
That'll tell that bitch you don' got rich and you don't really want 'em  
Now I was payin' attention,  
and eyes was squinchin' from the gold spokes  
Not even the mention,  
of the third demension, charmin' and gold to roll  
See folks look, we don' came up but on the downlow  
Somebodies accuse of clowin' hoes, fuck it &quot;Blame Us!&quot;  
Cuz we don' been there and done that  
Got gin, squares, and 1 strap  
Shakin' the pussy till they come back  
Like llello, hey hoe, you know the routine  
Drop them draws, so all my folks can scoupe this dream....bitch

{Hook:4x} \*in the background of chorus

(Chorus:2x - Mr. Lee)

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{Hook:4x}