

Lil Baby, Dreams 2 Reality

Al Geno on the track
.. headshot
Coming by the roadblock
Rolling till my legs tired
Rolling till my legs slime
Real chill big time
Rolling till my legs tired
Yeah, yeah

My life was hard, it just had to be Had to be
Watch me turn my dreams to reality Reality
I'm running I feel them demons after me I feel 'em after me
When I pop these Peres I don't do it heavily I don't do it heavily
Got a lil fame, all of a sudden they change They change
Feel like shovel of dirt, throw salt on my name Salt on my name
I was so blind, I just couldn't see the hate Couldn't see the hate
Forgave all them niggas, I'm still Ray

Would've never started rappin'
If I knew this shit had came with this Came with this
If I had never made a hit, would they be on my dick? On my dick
I just been sitdn' back and pushin' pounds
Just gettin' fit I'm gettin fit
And I got a sixty on my right wrist
I'm moving fast like lightning
These other rappers try to bite me
Yo baby mama wanna bite me
I swear to God, she triflin'
Pass her off, 'cause I'm righteous
I run the jungle like Tarzan
That Codeine was like poison
I cut back and feel awesome
No playoffs, but I'm ballin'
Had a good day, I scored forty
And I ain't talkin' points No points
I close my eyes, I still have flashbacks when I was in the joint Joint
I hit my knees, I'm thanking God
I'm praying every morning Them knees
I check the schedule, I'm booked up I'm finally touring
I'm going where I want to go, doing what I want to do
I can screw who I want to screw
I came from nothing I can never lose
Turn my dreams into reality
I thought that you would be glad for me
I can't believe that you mad at me
Damn dog, I'm proud of you I'm proud of you
My life was garbage too
But I did what I was supposed to do
Went and bought the latest coupe
Told my young nigga, to stay in school
But he didn't listen, now he got a.45 in the kitchen
With a biscuit ready to yessir

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I'm on top of all these niggas, I can see when these angels piss All these Angeles
The way my nigga crossed me up, I thought his name was Chris Name was Chris
Don't wanna fuck around and kill my dog they gon' do me like I'm Vick Do me like a dog
They gonna really hate me if I sign a deal Sign a deal
I'ma go buy a Wraith, crash it on purpose, blame it on the pills Blame it on the pills
When the door be slidin' it look like he be headed to second base Second base
I see the hate, it look like make up, it's all on they face
I can't see Fred no more, so I be talkin' to his head stone Yeah
Sometimes I wanna catch a body, but I put my head on Head
Carl from Philly, touchdown', he in the red-zone
Till its done, he in the red-zone Redzone
I sure got tired of sending him naked pictures of my redbone Redbone
G respond right back, off a head shot Head shot
Y'all won't that bitch if she ain't got no ass shots Ass shot
Put them choppers on a jet, we gon' air it out We gon' air it out
Twenty five hundred on a treadmill, we gon' wear it out We gon' wear it out
Too much dirty money, wanna put that shit in the shower Shower
Even when the lights out, boy that money still bring power Still bring power
Cats serve a lot of white, but that shit look like baby powder Baby powder
Got my gun at every show, I don't care if it ain't crowded If it ain't crowded
I barely sleep and when I do, I just be dreamin' Dreamin'
They know I came from the bottom like bikinis Like bikinis
When I can't get hold to them Peres I be fiendnin' I be fienin'
Why would you tell me that you love me and you don't mean it? Don't mean it

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