

Nas, Street Dreams (Remix)

featuring R. Kelly

(Nas)

Low profile rap style

slick as new now

give the crew pounds

every time we cover them grounds

still surviving but there's a few down

back in the essence

I'm asking questions on the phone

with jail adolescence

crying confession the system's supplying the pressure

my mind is guessing

Is living and dying a lesson

but not to be obliged with the mirage

of cars taking you off track

from with the gods focus on hard

Laid up smoking cigars

motioning maids to bring me toast and eggs

kosher, Ice chokers and wolves to smoke ya

my wisdom culture lives in ultra madness

devoted coach bag bitch

broke the average nigga's hopes to get mad rich

But what's the purpose

only the gods can watch the Earth twist

I'm physically trapped down on the surface

with all the crack merchants

snakes and serpents

foul jokes the searches

clowns with four pounds this ain't a circus.

Chorus (R. Kelly)

Street dreamer

Oh mercy mercy me

Ain't nothing I got for ya

Situations get heavy

Heavy, heavy

Trying to be a gangster.

(Nas)

The black clouds over the hood

I'm on the corner with the thugs

late night under the moon

as they assume I'm slanging drugs

cause I'm hooded up

thought a G a night wasn't good enough

pushed my luck

yo they had a brother put in cuffs

Luckily, made it out of court comfortably

judge said I need a job ain't nothing coming free

could've got a one to three

I try to school these shorties under me

but they can't see

From life to death

so know we back to where we never left the ghetto

It's a damn shame

knowing it's a man's game

shorty thinks it's time to make ya plans change

all that running round trying to chase

what's already here - been there

it's going no where

pops told me knuckle up - no fear

I wish some of these killings

they could be prevented

whatever happens it was written

meaning God meant it

but during ya life you put ya heart in it

even though it seems we being targeted
let that brother R hit it
Chorus (extended)
(Nas)
Sort of wild, since a child
hope was all we had
drip the bust out past
complaining the mental straining
how many in my crew is into gaining
subtract the weak links about the chaining
rise it start raining
Blasphemy using Nas name in vain
some plain supreme being
yet they lied in his name
I tried to learn the game
and the only thing I found incredible
everything I tried to learn
see, I already knew
And it's embedded in my heart now
so I can sit back, count a stack
and play my part now
I saw my life flash in front of my eyes
he wore disguise
put a gun to me hungry he
went on to chastize
That's Nas ain't it
made it rich from entertainment
fresh wally's painted
as he told the kid he came with
my first thought was how the game flip
Yo perhaps it was somebody I smacked
drunk in a party on yak
or was I marked for a contract
for some foul act
a little while back or beyond that
you got me laying face flat
saying my grace black
woke up in a cold sweat
Yo, I hate that
My air like I lost in the battlefield
that's why I hit the mic with mad appeal
grab ya shield and meet ya maker
Queens niggas die for paper
these the things the street dreams will take ya.
Chorus