

Buddha Monk, In the Land of My Dreams

(Intro: Sampled singer, (girl))

ooohh.. ooohh... (You go girl)

If they could only be real (Buddha, Buddha, wake up)

If they could only be real (Buddha, baby, wake up)

If they could only be real (Buddha! Buddha, get up!)

If they could only be real (Buddha, what's the matter!? Get up!)

If they could only be real (Buddha! K-Blunt, Spiritual, he won't wake up!

What's the matter with him!?)

(Buddha Monk)

In the land of the dreams I visualize to stay alive

Thirty-six brides and a mansion that stands high

Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough

Diggin in my stash, shit is movin too slow

Time to re-up, so I could live up, the lap of luxury

Thirty-two g's and a beam, that's a man's dream

There's gonna be a lot of cuttin ass tonight

Knowin that you might be that nigga that has to pay that price

The desire of my trust, it was just a fuckin lust

(In the land of my dreams) there's ashes to ashes and dust to dust

In there any shape of figure we could ever trust?

{No! only in the land of the dreams.}

(Chorus: sampled singer)

In the land of my dreams (If they could only be real)

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(Buddha Monk)

Life's a scheme, false covenants and shattered dreams

Crack fiends, my third eye's seen

Now this is Hell, now beyond us, thinkin Jeffery Domer

If that ain't the devil, Brooklyn must be the Bahamas

My drama's my crazy encounters with eight-five guys

If I take his life, then he'll take mines

Powerful mills for blood spills and spine chills

Chicks fuck for crack deals, when they can't pay bills

That's real, like the AIDS epidemic kills

Good for burnin sensation, but you get no fire chills

Just back drafts, you could learn a lot from a dummy

The brother that pasted is that brother that will last

Relax, black, focus your mind on refinement

Only then will your powers just be climbin

(If they could only be real)

Sisters, don't be so quick to put your shit

lettin everybody hit it, equality's your limit

(If they could only be real)

Reserve the best part for you and me in the bed scenes

{Why?} You're in the land of the dreams

(Interlude: Man, (Woman))

Umm.. excuse me, Miss Chambers? (Yes, Mr. Chambers?)

How you doin, my love? I got remorse, I ain't feelin it.

I can't feel that. The son is Allah. He's in the sub-conscious state of consciousness. (For real?) You know what I'm sayin?

He's livin, as he's prayin it, as recorded by my head nurse.

He has a lot of core system brainal activity. He restored a life.

(What is this?) He's doin it, but he got shot by it. There's nothin more that we can do about it. Let me assure you that there is a team of specialists, by his side at all times. (Please, Jesus, don't take my baby.) If he can't, we've gave him the best we've got. (Please, don't take my baby)

chorus x3 in background of interlude

(Buddha Monk)

Nightmares of bein gunned down by fast foes
Shows no escape, I awake before my fate
Take precaution, when walkin the streets I can't slumber
Knowin somewhere lies a bullet with my number
Paranoid, can't avoid, what my life is due
My mind is strapped, monitored as ICU
Flashes of purses, I'm runnin wild, hearin nurses
Conversin my mental state with my Old Earth
and I can't assure, here baby boy's gonna be fine
Stuck in a coma, only speakin with one mind
The dream reoccurs, no sight of my assassins
in this mug, bloody visions of a gat and a slug
Schemin for cream, in a reality it seems
to be my mind, duckin death, in that land of dreams *echos*

(Chorus x2)