

Daz Dillinger, Fuck Dreamin' The Same Dream

[Daz]
reality, reality...

[chorus 2x: Daz]
fuck dreamin the same dreams
bein down for the same team
wether it seems to be reality it's just a dream
why, eye to eye, the colors that I wear is do or die
when I walk down the streets, will I meet evil in disguise

[Daz]
now I'm dreamin a new dream
bein down with the Snoop team
wether it seems to be reality, it's not a dream
and the colors I wear is do or die
if I git caught slippin will I meet evil up in disguise
so I pack a bigger strap, .32 round cap
with my mind tellin me no or should I peel this cap back
cuz these hater ass niggaz only out for my wealth
see I don't know what the future really holds for myself
and then I tell myself
"there's nowhere for me to turn"
when you fucked up so many times you bound to learn
it's reality and fatality that you and your boys y'all wanna smoke me up
niggaz wanna battle me, ya soul is lost
neva-eva to be found
when my friends be around when they rest me in the ground
we blast for the cash, bashin for green
life ain't what it seems, niggaz full of horrible dreams
Dat Nigga Daz is on the mash again
yeah, it's Dillinger with a fifth of Hen
livin in a world of sin
will my composer ever be the same
give it to you like it is, fuck playin them games
I wanna fuck yo bitch cuz I wanna bust a nut
but you silly ass bitches wanna get me caught up
but it's hard to survive in 2005
but I got 2005 ways just to let a nigga die
it's all about controversy
the same ass niggaz out to work me
it's the same bitch niggaz out to hurt me
my closest road dog said he won't switch sides
he said he'd represent it till the fuckin day that he'd die
he know he lied cuz niggaz who live wrong is bound to live a short life
when you perish ya go to hell for the shit you didn't do right
will money be the rule of my destruction
without the money I can't even seem to function
it shows me what money is capable of
now my worstest enemies, I show 'em no love
buy me some Hennessy, I need some Hennessy
from Long Beach to Atlanta, back to Tennessee
I'm not the age of being a man of eatin ham
fuck stamps, 16 Compton g's in my hand
let ya to the older niggaz who started this shit (Long Beeeach!)
now I got my own crew hoppin in respect (Dogg Pooound)
like to cook it, blow it up, double and triple my profit
now every dope dealer wanna cop it
becuz I got the bomb and I ain't goin back
so everybody draw down nigga draw out ya strap

[chorus 2x: Daz]

[Daz]
yeah

fuck dreamin the same dreams
waitin on the motherfucker to help you out ya bullshit all the time
take your life to your own destiny
if you fucked up you did it on your own
don't let another motherfucker fuck you up
take time, think
be about yourself
yeah
fuck dreamin the same dreams