

Fat Pat, Ghetto Dreams

Ghetto dreams baby
That's what we talking bout..

(Hook)
Ghetto dreams, diamond rings
Money hoes and clothes and all those, fancy things

(Fat Pat)
Money hoes, fancy clothes
Heavy in the game, so I'm hot as cold
For paper, wake me up I think I'm dreaming
Back in the game, I thought I'd never have these things
Bitches want a ring, Rolls and plenty green
Black lacquer screens, three story dreams
House on a hill, fantasies are built
Private jet sip Moet, Sacci set now a Vette
Doing bout a hundred-five, down the highway
Yellow bone on my side, sitting sideways
Independent women, should I say franchise
Right before your eyes, I'm going nationwide
Baguettes in my mouth, smoked like a cloud
Make my mama proud, cause ain't no holding out
On my dreams, yeah I'm gon get it
Win it like the Lotto, dressed in Amavado
Alligator shoe, when I smash on the throttle
Angry super model, paparazzi follow
Money hoes and clothes, it make my head hollow
I'm drinking out the bottle, to ride on my sorrow
A better day tomorrow, is all I wish for
A millionaire dream, plus a whole lot more
The country I'll explore, navigator
System guides my way, for the lyrical AK

(Hook - 2x)

(Fat Pat)
Stacks to be made, in the world gon get it
Opportunities come, a mile a minute
From start to finish, have big dreams baby
Coming down Mercedes, everybody's angry
Rapper or emcee, whatever you wanna call it
Credit cards or cash, we balling in the mall and
Hauling, three T.V.'s in my load
Marble on my dash, got wood on my do's
Who knows, what the world unfold as it go
Round and round, I'ma keep putting it down
Endo pounds, getting sent from out of town
Me and my partna, in the kitchen breaking chickens down
Making plastic fried, whoa look at me now
I'm shining like the sun, Rolex dimaonds
Here I come here I come, top down in my Bentley
All my enemies looking, but come on get me

(Hook - 2x)

(Fat Pat)
This just the beginning, of a next episode
The game unfold, down a 24 karat road
To success, no settling for less
Strive to be the best, if I'm broke I can't rest
Mind full of stress, so I break for my dream
Like I'm running a marathon, and capalon hustle for me
And my son, my job is never done
It's like I'm one on one, me against the world

And it's hard to hold on, but I keep a tight grip
Write another song, drop it like it's hot no time to prolong
Get out the hood, was something like a dream
Whoever thought, Fat Pat would rap sing
Have all these things, I'll be just like a king
In your face one more time, just to let you know
Coming up is impossible, if you don't hustle
Trust no info, coming from the back
Cause haters come in all size and forms, and that's a fact
When I was growing up, I never got no slack
No handouts for Pat, had to grind for it black
I let my nuts hang in the game, pumped hard for it mayn
When it sleets no rain, I wanted big thangs
Plus a whole lot of what, pocket change
Don't knock Pat, coming down the boulevard true
Fantasies and dreams, I just came through

(Hook - 4x)