

# Little Brother, Dreams

Real story, like I was  
I was playin this, this record  
For a friend of mine y'knahmsayin we was just chillin  
I was just playin her the album and like  
She was like, "Yo I love the record, record is incredible  
But y'know something's different  
Y'knahmsayin somethin it just ain't the same"  
I said nigga that's the point~!

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

My momma told me that this music was cool  
All she ever wanted from me was to graduate from school  
But I, had other plans so I bid school adieux  
I called Food Lion, had to tell 'em I was through  
No more stockin peas and corn  
I was born for a much greater purpose, do you this service  
Margie got nervous, but timers don't sweat  
8 years, I ain't been back yet  
Lack of time on your TV sets, no radio spins  
Momma askin her son, what he doin for ends  
Spendin weeks on the road, ma this ain't for pretend  
Unheard to the creme de la creme, keep bouncin  
On beats pouncin, cat reflexes  
Had yo' attention when I pulled up in Lexus  
Big like Texas, G's on the checklist  
You ain't gotta ask ma I'm bringin home the breakfast  
Gotta respect this

[Chorus:]

(Momma I got dreams, but dreams don't keep the lights on)  
I'm a make money money  
And if I can't make it I'm a take money money  
What you say buddy buddy?  
(Momma I got dreams, but dreams don't keep the lights on)  
Bills paid, bank account ensured  
Top of the world screamin fuck that, get yours!

[Phonte:]

I still go the crib and see my niggaz on the corner  
Chillin with the pounds on they waist, gettin old  
Gettin round in the face and when I hang with them  
They ask me if "The Minstrel Show" means I'm ashamed of them  
Well - I can't say that I'm proud, but only sayin  
Can't say I'm allowed to judge, I'm just glad to see you  
Cause truth be told, if my records never sold  
And I wasn't raised this bold, nigga I would probably be you  
I've been God blessed with the gift to make music  
It took me all over the continent  
But still got boys on the block and fam, smokin rock  
So please, miss me with that conscious shit  
I spent many a sleepless night because of it  
Until I had to shake that shit off and reach the conclusion  
That every now and then you gotta axe yourself  
Do you really wanna win or just look good losin?  
It's no illusion, yes yes

[Chorus]

[Outro: singing]

La la la la la LAHHHH!  
Momma I got dreams... [music slowly fades out]  
Momma I got dreams...

crbt2('Little Brother','Dreams')

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