

Nas, Street Dreams

Uhh, what, what, uhh..

Chorus: Nas (set to Eurythmics "Sweet Dreams")

Street dreams are made of these

Niggaz push Beemers and 300 E's

A drug dealer's destiny is reachin a key

Everybody's lookin for somethin..

Street dreams are made of these

Shorties on they knees, for niggaz with big G's

Who am I to disagree?

Everybody's lookin for somethin..

[Nas]

My man put me up for the share, one-fourth of a square

Headed for Delaware, with one change of gear

Nothin on my mind but the dime sack we blazed

with the glaze in my eye, that we find when we crave

dollars and cents, a fugitive with two attempts

Jakes had no trace of the face, now they drew a print

Though I'm innocent, til proven guilty

I'ma try to filthy, purchase a club and start up realty

For real G, I'ma fulfill my dream

If I conceal my scheme, then precisely I'll build my cream

the first trip without the clique

Sent the bitch with the quarter brick, this is it

Fresh face, NY plates got a Crooked I for the Jakes

I want it all, ArmorAll Benz and endless papas

God sake, what nigga got to do to make a half million

without the FBI catchin feelings

Chorus

[Nas]

From fat cat to papi, niggaz see the cat

Twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back

Holdin gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back

Livin with moms, gettin it on, flushin crack down the toilet

Two sips from bein alcoholic

Nine hundred ninety nine thou from bein rich but now I'm all for it

My man saw it like Dionne Warwick

A wiser team, for a wiser dream we could all score with

The cartel Argentina coke with the nina

Up in the hotel, smokin on sessamina

Trina got the fishscale between her

The way the bitch shook her ass yo the dogs never seen her

She got me back livin sweeter, fresh Caesar

Guess, David Robinson's, Walle' moccasins

Bitches blow me while hoppin in the drop-top BM

Word is bond son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this

Chorus

[Nas]

Growin up project-struck, lookin for luck dreamin

Scopin the large niggaz beamin, check what I'm seein

Cars, ghetto stars pushin ill Europeans

G'n, heard about them old timers OD'n

Young, early 80's, throwin rocks at the crazy lady

Worshippin every word them rope rockin niggaz gave me

The street raised me up, givin a fuck

I thought Jordan's and a gold chain was livin it up

I knew the dopes, the pushers, the addicts everybody

Cut out of class, just to smoke blunts and drink naughty

Ain't that funny? Gettin put on to crack money

With all the gunplay, paintin the kettle black hungry

A case of beers in the staircase I wasted years

Some niggaz went for theirs, flippin coke as they career

But I'm a rebel stressin, to pull out of the heat no doubt

With Jeeps tinted out, spendin never holdin out

Chorus 2X

