

# 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

