

Nas, Street Dreams (Bonus Verse)

"Uh. What?! What?! Uh."
Street dreams are made of these
Thugs drop Beemers wit' three-hundred E's
A drug dealer's destiny is reachin' a ki
Everybody's lookin' for somethin'
Street dreams are made of these
Shorties on they knees for playas wit' big cheese
Who am I to disagree?
Everybody's lookin' for somethin'
[Noise and a gun shot]
My man put me up for the share, one-fourth of a square
Headed for Delaware wit' one change of gear
Nothin' on my mind but the dime sack we blazed
wit' 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 get filthy, purchase a club and start up for realty
For real, G, I'ma fulfill my dream
If I conceal my scheme, then precisely I'll build my C.R.E.A.M.
The first trip without the clique
Sent the bitch wit' the quarter brick, this is it
Fresh face, NY plates, got a crooked eye for the Jakes
I want it all, ArmorAll Benz and endless papes
F' God sake, what a nigga got to do to make a half million
without the FBI catchin' feelin's
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From fat cat to papi, niggas see the cat
twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back
Holdin' gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back
Livin wit' 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 it
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 B-M.
"Word is bond, son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this."
("Uh. What? What? Word?")
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Ill designer fleece, studded marquise,
a letta L on my car keys- Thuggin' hard on Cavarse
'Posters be Franchesco and all these bets
Mobile phones in the armrest, ladies be the bombest
I creep tinted, parked the whip and grabbed the rented

Seems like I'm changin' my location every minute
like a plague is on my head, son- I vision red rum
Warrent squads knockin' at the same time the Feds come
Pandemonium got me puffin' Cambodian
Grand openin's of barber shops and stock
My jew-el rock, tokin' pronto- Livin' like a pablo
Papi like a poncho until the state patrollers pulled us over
found the guns and the good
Had a nigga like 'Nas had to run through the woods'
Sneakin' out the next mornin'- Looked up to God,
guess in all this was a fuckin' warnin'
Took my diamonds in for the pawnin'
Now I'm back on the climbin'
Movin' consigned through rain, sleet, whatever climate
So many ups and downs shiftin', I was twisted minded
'Mazed on top, all the hoes and pussy had me blinded
Big lip bitches, suckin' dick ridiculous
GS'es and vest-es, larger rays lookin' sentious
Back on the block buggin', how the fuck I been through this?
Nearly caused my life but now I can't show a cent from it.
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