Ne-Yo, Dream (ft. Sam Scarfo)

[Ne-Yo]
Good life is a fantasy
Trouble is reality for me
I just wanna live that dream
Spend that paper
Push that pen
Right now I'm just trying to pay this rent
Gotta make them in me
But trust me one day I'm gonna live that dream

[Sam Scarfo]
You hear my soul just bleeding through the speakers
Like an old school system
Whistling the tweeters
The world wanna touch us
And the streets wanna see us on TV
And these little kids wanna be us
The next thing?s in full swing
And I ain?t partnered up with P. Diddy, Mark Pitts or
Lance Andeas
Not a chance in the leases
You could take a man from the streets
If he beats and transform him into Jesus
Blowing on the reefer
Laying on the track thinking back when I used to sell
crack off my beeper
They calling me a sleeper
A keeper
Now they believe us
Saying I?mma fill up arenas
Living like an outlaw
In and out of Beamers
With a broad on my hip
With a butt big as Trina?s
Moving through the game with the whips of a cheetah
Through the eyes of a soldier
Rip into Nina

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[Sam Scarfo]
Struggle and the hustle
Coming from a hovel in
The shit from the streets from a splash in the puddle
The weight on my shoulders that?ll make Shaq buckle
Now bring back double
I?m strapped up trouble
Beating on the door with my scratched up knuckles
Playing hard so I don?t get lost in the shuffle
Everything?s a double
Things ain?t the same
Now it?s two of everything from the chain to the bubble
Homie I?m the muscle
Anybody want it
And these punk ass rappers make me sick to my stomach
I know you niggas love it

From the king fish and that big shit
To the skip mobbing in the bucket
We can get it popping when you see me in the public
Why do rappers carry guns if they ask and they dump it
I ain?t shit to fuck with
I?m building a rep
I?m the wrong one to thump with
What you niggas wanna spit

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[Sam Scarfo]
Homie I?m a rider
Riding till the end
When it?s all said and done I?ll probably wind up in
the pin
Or wind up on the pin
Pinning up that Huey Lewis fuck the world shit
Please try me on the chin
Find me in the win
With leather on my skin
With wings on my back like I never did a sin
Floating in the air like I?m moving on the whim
And I can see who?s soft by looking at their grin
If you can?t swim
Find you a boss and a cross and some hope and try to
get a win
Like the rush that the bass head get from it?s spin
And I?m real till I lay there for fending for my end

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