

# 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

[Ne-Yo]

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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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