

American Dream (feat. J. Cole & Kendrick Lamar)

Jeezy

[Intro]

(Cryin', cryin', cryin')

Ye what's up (Ye, what's up)

Road to America baby

[?] make a dream

Ye, ye, ye, ye

Let's go [Chorus: Jeezy]

I just want a bag ol' of money, when I see my jeweler

Get a hard-on when I'm counting up that mulla

Scarface, picture living life like a king

Everday eating good with my team (the American Dream)

They said I wouldn't, but I knew that I would make it

Caught my first pie, yeah I knew that I could bake it

Scarface, picture living life like a king

Everday grinding hard with my team (the American Dream)

[Verse 1: Jeezy]

You either good or you great

You either real or you fake

Let's watch they spitting the real

Because the real ones relate

Ya'll niggas was raised by some haters

You niggas go head and hate

Four car garage for the Rari, that bitch came with the estate

That's why the streets get so tricky, glad I ain't fall for the bait

So focused and I'm determined to see that shit in my face

You niggas go head and face it

Lil bitch ain't shit, mami basic

Hit a lick on them bitches and win an iced out bracelet

Never let my flaws and my past come get the best of me

Turn into 250 to a half, I got the recipe

First my President was black, now my President is wack

I ain't never going broke, what's American in that

[Chorus: Jeezy]

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Everday grinding hard with my team (the American Dream)[Verse 2: J. Cole]

Got money to make, blow out the candles then cut up the cake
Then I put it on plate, I'm running the game, you running in place
Still a youngin at heart, but mentally, bitch I'm a hundred-and-eight
Like running the late 90s, my niggas is juggling weight
Running from state to state, gunning up ways to safety
I'm on a paper chase, whatever it takes to make me
A millionaire, silly cause how many really get there?
I mean, how many niggas is Jeezy?
Ya'll make this shit sound so easy

Breezy, turn on the TV, see these niggas that trap on the CD
Meanwhile, back home, my niggas sell crack in the BP
Hoping one day they can [beat the?]

Niggas is there on the screen
Cause that's the American Dream
Now here go the thing, listen

Hysterical screams, coming from mothers that buried their kings
Or the unbearable pain of watching them walk out with the sheriff in chains

Becoming a number, they no longer care bout the name
White folks been getting rich off of cocaine

Through some underhanded methods, I don't got time to explain
I done fear that I won't reach 'em in since reaching ain't my thing

I just drop a gem or two within a few verses I sing
For all my real niggas trapped inside the game
You know that already[Chorus: Jeezy]

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Everday grinding hard with my team (the American Dream)[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

These streets made for [balling?]

Ten toes ain't for falling

I hear the world calling

Tell me if you're all in (tell me if you're all in)

I gotta eat, I gotta, make money with

I gotta feast, I gotta re-ly on what is known to the traveling man

Set his own, got my bible and my rifle in my hand, oh yeah

I gotta eat, I gotta, make money with

I gotta feast, I gotta re-ly on what is known to the traveling man

Set his own, got my bible and my rifle in my hand, oh yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>