## 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 braclet 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] 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 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] 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 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.

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