

Million \$ Dreams (feat. Vince Staples)

Joey Fatts

Million dollar dreams, hundred dollar nightmares
Stomp him 'til he bleed, my nigga don't fight fair
It's OPB, I promise I was right there
With my heart on my sleeve and my gun in my hand
It's jumpin' when the day end, your block gon' look like Space Jam
My momma wasn't prayin' for no reason, scared her baby was deceased
Out here runnin' from police, it's playin' grown up in these streets
But I'm a problem and no nigga breathin' stoppin' that, cock it back
Ridin' with my niggas 'til the tires flat
Ride where you ain't welcome at
Born for this shit I think cause ain't nobody takin' action
Gotta make it big or I'll be here if I don't make it happen
Plus my mama sick and medication cost her Cadillac
Likely that she'll die before we straight and I ain't havin' that
Niggas never had it all so don't show it off, I'm grabbin' that
Sippin' [?], I'm just here to get the green
Tryin' to make a hundred thousand off these million dollar dreams
Every dream chasin' figures, late night runnin' the streets
It's just me and my niggas with these million dollar dreams
And these my niggas 'til the end, no matter how it seems
And I'm gon' ride for them cause I know they gon' ride for me
(Me and my niggas) with these million dollar dreams
(Me and my niggas) Gotta get it by any means
(Me and my niggas) with these million dollar dreams
(Me and my niggas) with these million dollar dreams
Ride for my niggas cause I know they'll ride for me and I will
Die for my niggas cause I know they'll die for me and I'm a
Ride for my niggas cause I know they'll ride for me and I will
Die for my niggas, I'm a ride for my niggas
My brother just got four years for two gun charges
And still fuck a case I'm strapped regardless
Run up on me, I'm sparkin', out here sellin' drugs cause niggas is starvin'
Slangin' trees like Tarzan so hit my phone for the bargain
Told my momma I'm crippin', she said don't call for a visit
If you'll ass do a sentence go right in somebody's prison
But I'm thuggin' with my niggas 'til my clock stop on seventh street
The poppy block, everybody know how the naughtys rock
We fight for what's ours cause all we got is the streets
Cause the streets filled the pot when we ain't have shit to eat
Out here grindin' 'round the clock, the rent due next week
I got two halves, a nigga need at least two eighty for these
I'm tryin' to turn these beats into a hundred thousand

Damned if I let my mama die up in that public housin', gotta get it
Cause forever all my niggas been without and do whatever for the cheddar
Catch me lackin', bitch I doubt it

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