

Statik Selektah f/ Bun B, Wale, Colin Munroe

"So Close, So Far"

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(Statik Selektah) [Verse 1 - Bun B] Wouldn't it be nice if life was sort of like a dream (like a dream) And everything wasn't really what it seemed? What if everything you ever wished for was in reach (reach) And you could learn everything your school didn't teach? (teach) Wouldn't it be nice if the banks didn't fuck up the loans And people ain't have to move out they homes? (homes) With no GM or AIG And for that matter no cancer or A-I-D Yes, I'm sure we could all agree That the world I'm talkin about is where we would like to be (be) Worried about debts, recessions and foreclosure Too much stress, somebody pass me the doja (the doja baby) So I could just float (float) And not have to worry about payin my car note (note) But once the smoke clears, you right back where you was But it's still cool just to dream man because [Break - Colin Munroe] - w/ ad libs I'm high for sleep, I'm high for work (I'm high for work) It always seems so real, then fades away (away) I know I sold my soul, I ? I guess these major deals ain't all they seem Not quite what I was (dreamin of) [Chorus - Colin Munroe] One world, one heart (not quite what I was dreamin of) So close, so far (not quite what I was dreamin of) No tears, no scars (not quite what I was dreamin of) We're so close, so far (not quite what I was dreamin of) I need more than sixteen, Stat' [Verse 2 - Wale] We was lookin for change 'til Barack came Sooner lookin for change but these rocks ain't Movin, eyelids low 'cause my bills too high And my kids growin quick and my lady's growin tired So my outlook's dim and my house is eventually without any heat Unless it's comin out of me See, wages is minimum The race that I run feels Usain quick and I'm in ankle weights and Timberlands Life's tryin to lap you Them hustlers fast but life is a three course meal, let them fast foods Have it for now Quick money never stays, get your money, stay patient, outlast it for now Before I lay down, I thank God for the blessings Every bit of success, as well as my imperfections 'Cause ain't nobody perfect, everybody searchin For happiness, we livin like every day's urgent Every day's harder, ain't nothin here promised To live as Will Smith,

you must endure the Chris Gardners Wale, we good
[Chorus] - 2X Dreamin on a lullaby

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