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## XTC

## "Street Dreams"

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"Uh. What?! What?! Uh."

Street dreams are made of these Thugs drop Beemers wit' three-hundred E's A drug dealer's destiny is reachin' a ki Everybody's lookin' for somethin' Street dreams are made of these Shorties on they knees for playas wit' big cheese Who am I to disagree? Everybody's lookin' for somethin'

[Noise and a gun shot]

My man put me up for the share, one-fourth of a square

Headed for Delaware wit' one change of gear Nothin' on my mind but the dime sack we blazed wit' the glaze in my eye that we find when we crave dollars and cents- A fugitive with two attempts Jakes had no trace of the face, now they drew a print Though I'm innocent 'til proven guilty,

I'ma try to get filthy, purchase a club and start up for realty

For real, G, I'ma fullfill my dream

If I conceal my scheme, then precisely I'll build my C.R.E.A.M.

The first trip without the clique Sent the bitch wit' the quarter brick, this is it Fresh face, NY plates, got a crooked eye for the Jakes I want it all, ArmorAll Benz and endless papes F' God sake, what a nigga got to do to make a half million

without the FBI catchin' feelin's

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From fat cat to papi, niggas see the cat twenty-five to flat, push a thousand feet back Holdin' gats wasn't making me fat, snitches on my back Livin wit' moms, gettin it on, flushin' crack down the toilet- Two sips from bein' alcoholic Nine-hundred-ninety-nine thou from bein' rich but now I'm all for it My man saw it like Dionne Warwick A wiser team for a wiser dream, we could all score it The cartel, Argentina coke with the nina Up in the hotel smokin' on sessamina Trina got the fishscale between her The way the bitch shook her ass, yo, the dogs never seen her She got me back livin' sweeter, fresh Caesar, Guess, David Robinson's, Walle' moccasins Bitches blow me while hoppin' in the drop-top B-M.

"Word is bond, son, I had that bitch down on my shit like this."

("Uh. What? What? Word?")

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Ill designer fleece, studded marquise, a letta L on my car keys- Thuggin' hard on Cavarse 'Posters be Franchesco and all these bets Mobile phones in the armrest, ladies be the bombest I creep tinted, parked the whip and grabbed the rented Seems like I'm changin' my location every minute like a plague is on my head, son- I vision red rum Warrent squads knockin' at the same time the Feds come

Pandemonium got me puffin' Cambodian Grand openin's of barber shops and stock My jew-el rock, tokin' pronto- Livin' like a pablo Papi like a poncho until the state patrollers pulled us over

found the guns and the good Had a nigga like 'Nas had to run through the woods' Sneakin' out the next mornin'- Looked up to God, guess in all this was a fuckin' warnin' Took my diamonds in for the pawnin' Now I'm back on the climbin' Movin' consigned through rain, sleet, whatever climate So many ups and downs shiftin', I was twisted minded 'Mazed on top, all the hoes and pussy had me blinded Big lip bitches, suckin' dick rediculous GS'es and vest-es, larger rays lookin' sentious Back on the block buggin', how the fuck I been through this? Nearly caused my life but now I can't show a cent from

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[Noise and a gun shot]

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