

## Changing Faces F/ R. Kelly "Ghetto Dreams"

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Ghetto dreams baby  
That's what we talking bout..

[Hook]

Ghetto dreams, diamond rings  
Money hoes and clothes and all those, fancy things

[Fat Pat]

Money hoes, fancy clothes  
Heavy in the game, so I'm hot as cold  
For paper, wake me up I think I'm dreaming  
Back in the game, I thought I'd never have these things  
Bitches want a ring, Rolls and plenty green  
Black lacquer screens, three story dreams  
House on a hill, fantasies are built  
Private jet sip Moet, Sacci set now a Vette  
Doing bout a hundred-five, down the highway  
Yellow bone on my side, sitting sideways  
Independent women, should I say franchise  
Right before your eyes, I'm going nationwide  
Baguettes in my mouth, smoked like a cloud  
Make my mama proud, cause ain't no holding out  
On my dreams, yeah I'm gon get it  
Win it like the Lotto, dressed in Amavado  
Alligator shoe, when I smash on the throttle  
Angry super model, paparazzi follow  
Money hoes and clothes, it make my head hollow  
I'm drinking out the bottle, to ride on my sorrow  
A better day tomorrow, is all I wish for  
A millionaire dream, plus a whole lot more  
The country I'll explore, navigator  
System guides my way, for the lyrical AK

[Hook - 2x]

[Fat Pat]

Stacks to be made, in the world gon get it  
Opportunities come, a mile a minute  
From start to finish, have big dreams baby  
Coming down Mercedes, everybody's angry  
Rapper or emcee, whatever you wanna call it

Credit cards or cash, we balling in the mall and  
Hauling, three T.V.'s in my load  
Marble on my dash, got wood on my do's  
Who knows, what the world unfold as it go  
Round and round, I'ma keep putting it down  
Endo pounds, getting sent from out of town  
Me and my partna, in the kitchen breaking chickens  
down  
Making plastic fried, whoa look at me now  
I'm shining like the sun, Rolex dimaonds  
Here I come here I come, top down in my Bentley  
All my enemies looking, but come on get me

[Hook - 2x]

[Fat Pat]

This just the beginning, of a next episode  
The game unfold, down a 24 karat road  
To success, no settling for less  
Strive to be the best, if I'm broke I can't rest  
Mind full of stress, so I break for my dream  
Like I'm running a marathon, and capalon hustle for me  
And my son, my job is never done  
It's like I'm one on one, me against the world  
And it's hard to hold on, but I keep a tight grip  
Write another song, drop it like it's hot no time to  
prolong  
Get out the hood, was something like a dream  
Whoever thought, Fat Pat would rap sing  
Have all these things, I'll be just like a king  
In your face one more time, just to let you know  
Coming up is impossible, if you don't hustle  
Trust no info, coming from the back  
Cause haters come in all size and forms, and that's a  
fact  
When I was growing up, I never got no slack  
No handouts for Pat, had to grind for it black  
I let my nuts hang in the game, pumped hard for it  
mayn  
When it sleets no rain, I wanted big thangs  
Plus a whole lot of what, pocket change  
Don't knock Pat, coming down the boulevard true  
Fantasies and dreams, I just came through

[Hook - 4x]

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