

## Ace Hood

### "Closer To My Dreams"

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yea good morning people  
see im here to speak to the world today  
im a firm believer in dreams and all that there  
since my dream came true  
so you know how they tell you the sky is the limit?  
well so many people reach for the sky  
and they can't really grab nothin  
people like it ain't nothin in the sky Ace  
you can't see nothin but if you close your eyes  
and you just imagine and you believe  
that your dream is in hands reach as long as  
you believe it  
it dont matter what nobody else gotta say  
home boy  
and ladies and gentlemen you will be closer to your  
dream regardless of what they say  
speak to em

it go cold winters and hot summers as im lookin  
through  
that window can see that it might thunder  
the clouds start to huddle  
the rain hit the shutters  
i start to see a puddle with loud sounds of clutter  
was tought when i was younger when rain fall poors  
its god givin tears as it poors from above  
so i stand and i soar with my knees to the floor  
and my head to the sky like go i am yours  
whether not i see tomorrow and i got on my tour  
swear to raise your name high like the libertarian torch  
was smart train to thought as i pass by the parks  
i just stop and i park like this is my city  
i emmerse from the blocks an stay from the cops  
bein judged by the locks wit a pocket full of rocks  
an a mouth full of gold diggers urgin to stop  
an any nigga fitted that disturb on the block  
i hear it all day that my niggas gettin caught  
i just hold my head down we already in a drought  
my cousin in the fears cause she took a different  
rought  
an my homie in the bed cause he bout to lose his house

see our president is black we should never keep a  
doubtin  
never keep em out man show a nigga how  
ya and i can feel it in the air though  
these niggas mad but i vision them like scarecrows  
i can hear em when they whisper me to die slow  
but i dont fear em cause my breed just like a cyclone  
either move or get easily stepped on  
im in my own race sprint not a cell phone  
hard body mind frame like a shell toe  
rookie of the year now im tryin to sell more  
im gettin closer to my dream MLK  
tryin to be the best at it each and every day  
i told my niggas that i got us each and every way  
and Broward county don't worry cause i pave way  
never listen to a can't gotta get paid  
mind frame left earth but it wont change  
seven os in the bank is my first aim  
so i do claim that when i do pray  
super stars who'd a thank not a lupe  
but i do pay homage i promise  
any nigga comin outta Broward i got em  
even tho i wasn't so honored  
my mind frame stuck to the commas beside all the  
drama

chea lifes all great except when my nigga passed away  
it was nothin i could do nor say  
i felt like i was stuck in a cage as i suffer for days  
an i stared an i gazed reminisce when we hang  
like i can't be blamed and please god change that  
time on the clock and his place on the block  
an hold that shot as it blast from the glock  
just to re-wind times so the pain it can stop  
and i just refuse see my dawg in a box  
and i know he lookin down as he gaze from the top  
and he send me that love so i aim for the top  
he would tell me go hard and never ever stop  
he would probably take a picture thats my dawg  
even though a nigga miss ya i love my dawg  
an even through these tears gon fall  
i promise i will never ever fall  
i promise i will stick to my dream and ride for the team  
as you rode it for me chya now im free  
and every day i keep you closer to me  
your mind and your soul im approachin my dream  
and im closer to where i wanna be r.i.p. my nigga  
i love ya home boy ya

