

Buddha Monk

"In the Land of My Dreams"

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[Intro: Sampled singer, (girl)]
ooohh.. ooohh... (You go girl)
If they could only be real (Buddha, Buddha, wake up)
If they could only be real (Buddha, baby, wake up)
If they could only be real (Buddha! Buddha, get up!)
If they could only be real (Buddha, what's the matter!?)
Get up!)
If they could only be real (Buddha! K-Blunt, Spiritual, he
won't wake up!
What's the matter with him!?)

[Buddha Monk]
In the land of the dreams I visualize to stay alive
Thirty-six brides and a mansion that stands high
Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough
Diggin in my stash, shit is movin too slow
Time to re-up, so I could live up, the lap of luxury
Thirty-two g's and a beam, that's a man's dream
There's gonna be a lot of cuttin ass tonight
Knowin that you might be that nigga that has to pay
that price
The desire of my trust, it was just a fuckin lust
(In the land of my dreams) there's ashes to ashes and
dust to dust
In there any shape of figure we could ever trust?
{No! only in the land of the dreams.}

[Chorus: sampled singer]
In the land of my dreams (If they could only be real)
In the land of my dreams (If they could only be real)
In the land of my dreams (If they could only be real)
In the land of my dreams (If they could only be real)

[Buddha Monk]
Life's a scheme, false covenants and shattered
dreams
Crack fiends, my third eye's seen
Now this is Hell, now beyond us, thinkin Jeffery Domer
If that ain't the devil, Brooklyn must be the Bahamas
My drama's my crazy encounters with eight-five guys
If I take his life, then he'll take mines

Powerful mills for blood spills and spine chills
Chicks fuck for crack deals, when they can't pay bills
That's real, like the AIDS epidemic kills
Good for burnin sensation, but you get no fire chills
Just back drafts, you could learn a lot from a dummy
The brother that pasted is that brother that will last
Relax, black, focus your mind on refinement
Only then will your powers just be climbin
(If they could only be real)
Sisters, don't be so quick to put your shit
lettin everybody hit it, equality's your limit
(If they could only be real)
Reserve the best part for you and me in the bed scenes
{Why?} You're in the land of the dreams

[Interlude: Man, (Woman)]

Umm.. excuse me, Miss Chambers? (Yes, Mr.
Chambers?)

How you doin, my love? I got remorse, I ain't feelin it.
I can't feel that. The son is Allah. He's in the sub-
conscious
state of consciousness. (For real?) You know what I'm
sayin?

He's livin, as he's prayin it, as recorded by my head
nurse.

He has a lot of core system brainal activity. He restored
a life.

(What is this?) He's doin it, but he got shot by it. There's
nothin more that we can do about it. Let me assure you
that there

is a team of specialists, by his side at all times. (Please,
Jesus,

don't take my baby.) If he can't, we've gave him the
best we've got.

(Please, don't take my baby)

chorus x3 in background of interlude

[Buddha Monk]

Nightmares of bein gunned down by fast foes

Shows no escape, I awake before my fate

Take precaution, when walkin the streets I can't
slumber

Knowin somewhere lies a bullet with my number

Paranoid, can't avoid, what my life is due

My mind is strapped, monitored as ICU

Flashes of purses, I'm runnin wild, hearin nurses

Conversin my mental state with my Old Earth

and I can't assure, here baby boy's gonna be fine

Stuck in a coma, only speakin with one mind

The dream reoccurs, no sight of my assassins

in this mug, bloody visions of a gat and a slug
Schemin for cream, in a reality it seems
to be my mind, duckin death, in that land of dreams
echos

[Chorus x2]

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