

Jay

"Wishing on a Star"

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Chorus: Gwen Dickey

I'm wishing on a star to follow where you are

I'm wishing on a dream to follow what it means

Verse 1: Jay-Z

Check it out, you can catch me on top now, playin a club

Throwin a shot down, tryin to stay above

Ground, another ground-breakin day in the club

Surrounded by my home thoughts, playin a cut

Reminesin on days I didn't have a pot to piss in

No watches to glisin, no V's with hot systems

Missin my homies that passed right in front of my eyes

Due to the fast life we told wonderful lies

On how we would live forever, time proved us wrong

Had to get our shit together and move it along

Had dreams of being Big niggas, Jig niggas

Drivin the hottest cars, movin out with our moms and
I'm

Chorus: Gwen Dickey

Wishing on a star to follow where you are

I'm wishing on a dream to follow what it means

Verse 2: Jay-Z

Was interrupted by this chicken that I used to cluck wit

Back in the days when I was movin much shit, "What up chick?"

Maintanin, it's the same old thang

A little stress, a little bullshit, ain't too much changed

I see you kept it movin, you see I kept improving, she nodded her head in

agreement

Remember when I used to walk up and down the cement, puttin it down

While the Streets is Watchin, stay hooded down

Just to earn a rep, but what good is it now?

She said "Damn I just stopped to say Hi.... Bye"

I was too deep for you from day one

Thats why we never had relations, continued in my own zone

Chorus: Gwen Dickey

I'm wishing on a star to follow where you are

I'm wishing on a dream to follow what it means

And I wish on all the rainbows that I see

I wish on all the people who really dream

And I'm wishing on tomorrow praying it will come

And I'm wishing on all the loving we've ever done

Verse 3: Jay-Z

Uh huh, We used to play tap-tap for rap tracks

Run, catch, and kiss in the back park until it got dark

Wanted to be like the older fellas, sneak and drink old Chample

Dangerous games we played on the third rail
Fiend for the summer breeze
Hopped out the Lee's Dungrares
Into the Hawaiian shorts, with line on sports
To take us away from here, but I cut too much
So I had a plan B used to rhyme with a brush
My sinners used to back me up
Like Doug E. Fresh and Ricky D., Eric, Mickey and Me
All my niggas is you with me, each of ya'll
Best reach for the stars now... Jigga!!
Chorus: Gwen Dickey
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And I wish on all the rainbows that I see
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