

## Nas "Street Dreams"

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(nas)

Low profile, rap style  
Slick as new now  
Give the crew pounds  
Every time we cover them grounds  
Still surviving but there's a few down  
Back in the essence  
I'm asking questions on the phone  
With jail adolescence  
Crying confession, the system's supplying the pressure  
My mind is guessing  
Is living and dying a lesson  
But not to be obliged with the mirage  
Of cars taking you off track  
From with the gods focus on hard  
Laid up smoking cigars  
Motioning maids to bring me toast and eggs  
Kosher, ice chokers and wolves to smoke ya  
My wisdom culture lives in ultra madness  
Devoted coach bag bitch  
Broke the average nigga's hopes to get mad rich  
But what's the purpose  
Only the gods can watch the earth twist  
I'm physically trapped down on the surface  
With all the crack merchants  
Snakes and serpents  
Foul jakes the searches  
Clowns with four pounds this ain't a circus.

Chorus (r. kelly)

Street dreamer  
Oh mercy mercy me  
Ain't nothing i got for ya  
Situations get heavy  
Heavy, heavy  
Trying to be a gangster.

(nas)

The black clouds over the hood

I'm on the corner with the thugs  
Late night under the moon  
As they assume i'm slanging drugs  
Cause i'm hooded up  
Thought a g a night wasn't good enough  
Pushed my luck  
Yo they had a brother put in cuffs  
Luckily, made it out of court comfortably  
Judge said i need a job ain't nothing coming free  
Could've got a one to three  
I try to school these shorties under me  
But they can't see  
From life to death  
So know we back to where we never left the ghetto  
It's a damn shame  
Knowing it's a man's game  
Shorty thinks it's time to make ya plans change  
All that running round trying to chase  
What's already here - been there  
It's going no where  
Pops told me knuckle up - no fear  
I wish some of these killings  
They could be prevented  
Whatever happens it was written  
Meaning god meant it  
But during ya life you put ya heart in it  
Even though it seems we being targeted  
Let that brother r hit it

Chorus (extended)

(nas)

Sort of wild, since a child  
Hope was all we had  
Drip the bust out past  
Complaning the mental straining  
How many in my crew is into gaining  
Subtract the weak links about the chaining  
Rise it start raining  
Blasphemy using nas name in vain  
Some plain supreme being  
Yet they lied in his name  
I tried to learn the game  
And the only thing i found incredible  
Everything i tried to learn  
See, i already knew  
And it's embedded in my heart now  
So i can sit back, count a stack  
And play my part now  
I saw my life flash in front of my eyes

He wore disguise  
Put a gun to me hungry he  
Went on to chastize  
That's nas ain't it  
Made it rich from entertainment  
Fresh wally's painted  
As he told the kid he came with  
My first thought was how the game flip  
Yo perhaps it was somebody i smacked  
Drunk in a party on yak  
Or was i marked for a contract  
For some foul act  
A little while back or beyond that  
You got me laying face flat  
Saying my grace black  
Woke up in a cold sweat  
Yo, i hate that  
My air like i lost in the battlefield  
That's why i hit the mic with mad appeal  
Grab ya shield and meet ya maker  
Queens niggas die for paper  
These the things the street dreams will take ya.

Chorus

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