

Nas "Sweet Dreams"

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Sweet, sweet, dreamer X2

from your boy escobar and big R

check it, low profile, rap style, slick as new nile
give the crew pounds everytime we cover new grounds
still survivin but theres a few down back in the essence
im asking questions on the phone with jail adolescents
quiet confessions, the systems applying the pressure
my mind is guessin is livin and dyin a lesson
but not to obliged by the mirrage of cars
take me off track from which the gods focus on hard
laid up smokin cigars, motion and maids
to bring me toast and eggs coture, ice choker and
worlds to smoke ya
my beauty bitches lives in oochie madness
devoted coach bag bitch
up the average niggas hopes to get mad rich
but whats the purpose only the gods can watch the
earth twist
i'm physically trapped down on the surface
snakes and serpants,... clowns with four pounds that
save the circus

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