

## Nevada

### "Project Dreams"

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(Boondox)

Rent thirty days late, gotta be gone by Saturday  
Tired of sellin' cocaine, folks tryna' trap me  
Every night dreamin bout livin life lavish  
A watch full of karats, a candy coated Caddy  
Off the show flo', sittin on fo' Vouges  
Oak wood gear shift, ??? dash door  
Choppin on seventeen inch Enki's  
Bling bling from my mouth to my pinky  
Enough about my jewelry, grill, and my Fleetwood  
Tryna still live stable so my folks can eat good  
House sittin out on the hill to sleep good  
Livin peaceful, just like we should  
Money legal, no more sellin reefer  
No more FEDs tryna' stick me like a needle  
When it's cold outdo' come in I heat ya  
He ain't gotta walk in the sun, I A.C. ya  
Bump worryin 'bout that burgular comin to creep ya  
Get trapped by alarms and the millimeter  
I'm a do or die playa for my people, follow the leader  
I'm my brotha's keeper, for real

(Chorus-both)

I'm a have me a big nice Caddy  
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy  
Live life happy and I'm still nappy  
Makin legal money, no FEDs tryna' trap me  
I'm a have me a big nice Caddy  
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy  
Live life happy and I'm still nappy  
Nigga, legal money, no FEDs tryna' trap me  
If you ever been broke put your hands up  
You been broke put your hands up, put your hands up  
If you ever been broke put your hands up  
You been broke put your hands up, put 'em up

(Kalage)

What ya know 'bout havin no dough, no coat for the  
winter  
Remember, we poor folk  
Most cut yolk and smoke coke, cut throats in ya dope,

hoe

Talk about they wanna 'Lac with four do's, no Vogues

Wood kit and Momo's

I gets Polo, pockets so swol', Jenny Craig

Naw, Escalade hog, in the yard

Breakin all ya folks too, belly full a soul food

Chittlens, greens, pork chops, green beans

Yeah I pray for that, each and every day I rap

I rap with guard, 'cause I feel you ain't really safe with  
gats

We escape slacks, the government help and welfare

My folk cries to the Lord, ain't no help there

We ain't have much, or less to brag about, but mo' to  
lose

I ran the street, mama told me go to school

But now I got a chance to change things and maintain

Mo' so, I ain't gotta slang 'caine anymore

Hell yeah boy, you really understand dirt

Well I'm a rap if you gon' clap until your hands hurt

I ain't the only person feel like I feel, that there live like I  
live

And wanna chill, for real

(Chorus)

(Boondox) Now put your hands up if you're broke, folks  
tried

to spoil ya

With fried bologna sandwiches and sugar water

(Kalage) Put ya hands up, if you feel my hurt

Have you ever bathed with soap the size of a Cert

(B) Don't disguise the dirt did 'cause we all know rocks

It's the real reason furniture go to the pawn shop

(K) 'Cause ya crackhead cuz smokin the car antennas

(B) Understand see...

(K) It's a junkie in every family

(B) Them my hand-me-down, tight pants, lookin slim in  
'em

If they too big...

(K) What you do?

(B) Put a hem in 'em

(K) 'Member talkin over the loud sounds when the wind  
blow

'Cause the trash bag's replacin yo' car window

(B) Man, I been poor

(K) I been poor

(Both) Man, we been poor!

That's how it is in the Field, for real

(Chorus) 2x

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