

Rick Ross

"Triple Beam Dreams"

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It's time to take it to the other side
The side you gotta watch A&E cable television for
homie
But we live this shit

I'm not a star
But that's a lie
I've seen a man raise his hand on the stand he testify
Spoke on a homicide
AMongst other things
Even shared my triple beam dreams

[Nas]

A project minded individual criminal tactics
Us blacks kids born with birth defects, we hyperactive
Mentally sex-crazed dysfunctional they describe us
They liars, the end of the day, we fucking survivors
I remember watching Scarface the first time
Look at that big house, that Porsche paid for by crime
How could I sell this poison to peoples in my mind
They dumb to destroy themselves is how I rationalise
In a bastardised nation, Magnum 4.5 carrying
Where I'm from, aint far from Washington Heights the
cop Aryan
A rookie boy the cookie didn't make no profit
A stranger to the block I damn near had to make them
cop it
It only took a fiend to taste it once to say it's garbage
I brought it back to poppy, aint tryna take no losses
He focuses on my emotionless young dealer face then
pauses
He gives me powder he has faith in Nases
Ambition's to distribute coke
Had additions to gold chains, Mercedes Benz hopes
But I'm again broke
This shit aint cut for me, other dealers they up their
orders
Barely at 62â€²s they already up they quotas
They out there everyday, some true hustlas for ya
I'm at it halfway, none of my customers are loyal
Picturin' piping out the seats of a Pathfinder
Powerful pursuit for pussy cash, the flash diamonds

My junior high school class, wish I stayed there
Illegal entrepreneur I got my grades there
Blaming society, man it wasn't made fair
I would be Ivy League if America played fair
Poor excuse and so I was
Throwin' rocks at the pen just for the love
Evil the secret life of G's
You seeing my blurry, triple beam dreams

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

Pocketful of money, parking lot full of them haters
Triple beam dreamin', crib with 2 elevators
20 flat screens they got cameras every angle
Dope been coming so you know the income major
Rule number 1 I can't do business with a stranger
Contract killers coming when I feel in danger
Early nineties reminiscing when I had a pager
Triple Beam Dreams now Pat Riley my neighbour

[Rick Ross - Verse 2]

Fuck boy talking outta turn nigga
In a court room spraying like a germ nigga
25 on a line, them niggas dropping dimes
Cooperation got them red necks dropping time
Khaki suits and them niggas got to acting cute
We was all cool stacking them Acura coupes
More accurately we acted as if jackin' was cool
Snatching niggas out they shoes then wear their
jackets to school
Fuck boy you caught up in my dream
Countin' cream on the cover of a magazine
I'm the Source, got the plug with the uncut
Jay-Z blue magic nigga, what! what!
Brand new S Class with a meal ticket
Nigga cocaine white as Tommy Hilfiger
Ralph Lauren Blue Label as I'm gettin' high
Triple beam dreamin' as the cream multiplies
Fuck boy talking outta turn nigga
'Fore you sell dope there's shit you gotta learn nigga
Home invasions, ducktape
Fornicating, counting money with a fuck face
Fucking bitches that be giving up your whereabouts
Slow leaks, gotta air 'em out
Kill 'em all, Rolls Royce Ghost nigga ball
Phantom drop head shit, I had to get 'em all
Niggas hate but they know they never get involved
Food on my plate, fuck 'em all like a
Triple beam dreams, the ghetto's my reality
I'm from where ya hustle determines ya salary
6 figure family member, nigga forget about it
Low income housing, nigga try to get up out it

I got a plan nigga just believe in me
Triple beam dreaming with this thing me

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

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