

T.I. "Follow Your Dreams"

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Follow your dreams don't give up
Don't ever listen when they tell you you're gonna be a failure
Follow your dreams don't give up
Remember anything is possible, believe is all you gotta do
Please don't give up
Don't ever let them tell you what you can't do just because they ain't you
Believe in yourself that's enough
The sky is the limit if you want it all you gotta do is get it homie

This is a message to the youth
Remember you can do anything you pursue
Look at me, I'm living proof
It's a piece of me in you, it's not a lot that's different bout us
Nobody ever thought I'd live to see a million dollars
Remember I was hustlin just to fix up my Impala
And now you ought to see the rides I hop up outta
Convertible Mercedes, look at haters like holla
Reclining terra cotta, I don't owe you guys notta
All they get is second hand as I pass by
I'm that fly, so they go hatin I don't ask why
Hey nevermind, keep your head to the sky dog
Remember nothing beats a failure but a try dog
Don't listen to them when they say it can't happen
Let it go in this ear and right out that one
Just keep mashing on them, laughing
Soon you'll be passing all they broke asses
Better than you imagined

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Same message on the second, continued from verse one

You let them trick you out of your dreams the worse done

The only purpose for some is to take your eyes off the prize

And to keep you from succeeding see they willing to die

Let's say one day you cross paths end up killing a guy

Never make it, go to the penn now you letting him win

Man now here he is with a big ass grin

Laughing at you from the grave cause you ain't get paid

The same ones that call you a sucka today

Laugh at you tomorrow when the feds take you away

Listen, once upon a time there was a guy name Jay

He will never make managing TI they say

He'd quit right then if they had they way

Instead he quit his job, hustled hard, night and day

Dropped an album on his artist although no one ever heard of him

Minus sales but the mixtapes murdered em

Got on a label, sent the hatas home inspired

Turned Grand Hustle into an empire

And poof, out the hood he blew

If not me Jay Jeter, that could be you

Remember

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