

Meek Mill

"Dreams and Nightmares Intro"

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Ain't this what they've been waiting for? You ready?

[Verse 1]

I used to pray for times like this, to rhyme like this
So I had to grind like that to shine like this
In a matter of time I spent on some locked up shit
In the back of the paddy wagon, cuffs locked on wrists
See my dreams unfold, nightmares come true
It was time to marry the game and I said, "Yeah, I do"
If you want it you gotta see it with a clear-eyed view
Got a shorty, she try'na bless me like I said, "Achoo"
Like a nigga sneezed, nigga please before them
triggers squeeze
I'm gettin' cream, never let them hoes get in between
Of what we started, lil' nigga but I'm lionhearted
They love me when I was stuck and hated when I
departed
I go and get it regardless, draw it like I'm an artist
No crawling, went straight to walkin' with foreigners in my
garage
Got foreign bitches menaging, fuckin', suckin', and
swallowin'
Anything for a dollar, they tell me get 'em, I got 'em
I did it without an album
I did shit with Mariah
Lil' nigga I'm on fire
Icy as a hockey rink, Philly nigga I'm fly-er
When I bought the Rolls Royce they thought it was
leased
Then I bought that new Ferrari, hater rest in peace
Hater rest in peace, rest in peace to the parking lot
Phantom so big, it can't even fit in the parking spot
You ain't talkin' bout my niggas then what you talkin'
bout?
Gangstas move in silence, nigga and I don't talk a lot
I don't say a word, I don't say a word
Was on my grind and now I got what I deserve fuck
nigga
Hold up wait a minute, y'all thought I was finished?
When I bought that Aston Martin y'all thought it was
rented?

Flexin' on these niggas, I'm like Popeye on his spinach
Double M, yeah that's my team, Rozay the captain, I'm
the lieutenant
I'm the type to count a million cash then grind like
I'm broke
That Lambo, my new bitch, she'll ride like my Ghost
I'm ridin' around my city with my hand strapped on my
toast
Cause these niggas want me dead and I gotta make it
back home
Cause my momma need that bill money and my son
need some milk
These niggas tryna take my life, they fuck around get
killed
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around,
get smoked
Cause these Philly niggas I brought with me don't fuck
around, no joke
All I know is murder, when it comes to me
I got young niggas that's rollin' I got niggas throwin' b's
I done did the DOAs I done did the KODs
Every time I'm in that bitch I get to throwin' 30 G's
Now I'm hanging out that drop head, I'm riding down
on Collins
They like, my nigga back home that young nigga be
wildin'
We young niggas and we mobbin' like Batman and
we're Robin
This 2-door Maybach, with my seat all reclinin'
I'm that real nigga what up, real nigga what up
If you ain't about that murder game then pussy nigga
shut up
If you diss me in yo' raps, I'll get your pussy ass stuck
up
When you touchdown in my hood, no that tour life ain't
good
Catch me down in MIA, at that Heat game on wood
With that Puma life on my feet, like that little engine I
could
Boy I slide down on your block, bike on twelve o'clock
And they be throwing dueces on the same nigga they
watch
And I'm the king of my city cause I'm still calling them
shots
And these lames talking that bullshit the same niggas
that flopped
I'm the same nigga from Berks Street with them nappy
braids that lock
The same nigga that came up and I had to wait for my
spot
And these niggas hating on me, hoes waiting on me

Still on that hood shit, my Rolls Royce on E
They gon' remember me, I say remember me
So much money have ya friends turn into enemies
And with these beef I turn my enemies to memories
With them bricks they go from 40 ain't no 10 a key,
hold up
Broke nigga turn rich, love the game like Mitch
And if I leave you think them pretty hoes gon' still suck
my dick?
It was something 'bout that Rollie when it first touched
my wrist
Had me feeling like that dope boy when he first
touched that brick
I'm gone

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