

UGK "Shattered Dreams"

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[Intro: Pimp C]

UHH...

Dedicated to all the underdogs, knahmtalkinbout?

Muthafuckas told me I wasn't gon be shit...

Told me I was gon be able to do this rap shit...

Knahmtalkinbout? My own family talked down on me,
knahmsayin?

[Chorus:]

You can't let no bitch shatter yo' dreams... (My uncle
told me I wasn't gon be shit)

It might not be all bad as it first seems... (I used to walk
around with a bag full of rappers)

You might not have all the things you need, yeah-heh...
(Motherfucker told me, a nigga from Texas couldn't
make no record)

But all you got to do is believe...

I got to get my money-hey, yeah-eah...

(Then after I made the record, muh'fuckers said they
would never give us no respect)

I got to get my money-hey, yeah-eah... (But now they
tryna rap like us)

You got to get yo' money-hey, yeah-eah... (Tryna be like
us, tryna smell like us)

(Knahmtalkinbout?)

I got to get my money-hey, yeah-eah... - you got to get
yo' money... (Check this out)

[Pimp C:]

Man I refuse to let the bitches take away my pride
Them hoes can lock my body up, but they can't lock my
mind

See I'm a young street flame, I got them fire eyes
I mean that Eyes of Fire, the Tiger, the Black Pride
I call some women bitches and I call some women
whores

A bitch a dirty boar, a hoe open up the pussy store
Now what's the difference between the two? Man, I just
told you that

But that don't mean that every woman I know is down
with that

If you a bitch and wanna switch, it ain't too late to

change

It's all about how you carry yo'self and how you handle
thangs

Some say that hoes and pimps is born, I don't believe
that shit

Cause anytime you wanna stop, it ain't too late to quit
Just cause you sold your body don't mean you a hoe for
life

I got to speak it right for all the one that paid the price
But if ya in it to win it, go head and live the life
But baby, if you ain't in it, you still can do it right
(right... right...)

[Chorus:]

You can't let no bitch shatter yo' dreams... (hmm...)

It might not be all bad as it first seems... (hmm...)

You might not have all the things you need, yeah-heh...

But all you got to do is believe...

I got to get my money-hey, yeah-eah...

I got to get my money-hey, oh-ho...

You got to get yo' money-hey, yeah-eah...

I got to get my money-hey, yeah-eah... - you got to get
yo' money...

[Pimp C:]

To all the babies havin babies on ya' own

I know you feelin fucked up and feelin all alone

I know ya people tellin you, "Ya fucked up your life"

Ya only fucked up if you lay down and don't continue to
fight - uh!

And to the young nigga out there tryna sell dope

I know ya family fucked up and it's your last rope

In your heart, I know ya cold with this rhyme shit

But ain't nuttin hap'nin but this twenty and this dime
shit

And you the daddy with lil' mama that's bout to have
the baby

You wanna own ya team but niggaz tellin you, "Ya
crazy"

"What you thankin? You too young to have a family"

But all the moves ya makin, look like you a man to me!

When you get caught up man them niggaz ain't gon
ride witchu

But get down with that girl and she gon keep it live
witchu

But she gon help ya put your money up and save
somethin

Cause right now ya run it, th'ew it back and you ain't
made nuttin

It's time to change sumthin...

[Chorus]

[Pimp C:]

If you a ballplayer, man go 'head and play ball
Don't let nobody steal your dream if you ain't came to
fall
I know they say, "It ain't enough room in the NBA"
You tell them haters, "Save that bullshit for another
day"
If you a sanger, lil' mama go 'head and sang ya song
Them hoes say, "You ain't gon make it", the funky bitch
is wrong
You ain't got to get butt-naked on stage in a thong
Just sang your records to show the people you got it
goin on
I see a whole lotta motherfuckers come and go
I know young niggas sold they soul for the dirty dough
They want a rapper, I understand go 'head and chase
ya dream
But chase to hog it up, the lawyer end up like a fiend
Some people gay, what can I say? The only judge is
God
But don't be shame and try to hide cause then you livin
fraud
Cause everythang done in the dark, gon' come to the
light
So do yo' thang, cause cain't no man tell you what's
wrong or right
Right, right, right, right...
So do yo' thang, cause cain't no man tell you what's
wrong or right
... (Uh!)

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