

## Woodie

### "Dreamin' A Life"

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[Sang]

Dreamin a life dreamin a life  
Where the money ain't tight

[Verse 1: Woodie]

For my....click to succeed how many soldiers must  
bleed?  
We just wanna live comfortable spread our seed and  
carry on our breed  
Each of us need ..an old school indeed  
Candy paint, drop-top, gold thangs call it greed  
So it be, we also want a Benz 500 se laced with chrome  
S.u.v for the family, 7 bedroom 4 bath home  
Floors made out of marble stone, swimmin' pool wit a  
waterfall  
Record company checks pay the bills nobody's gotta  
ball  
Plus we'll take a dime from every dollar that we make  
so  
We can pack and stack up more artillery than waco  
Ain't no fits like the ones we got  
I'm talkin' dickies and cortez in colors they don't stock  
And every homie got a pit bull, refrigerator packed full  
Plus a bar with every liquor imaginable  
Snoop would be out of the hole back with his folkz livin'  
the finer ways  
With hand painted portraits of dead homiez above the  
fire place  
We won't let money change us but still beware of  
strangers  
Remainin' soldiers, streets have showed us jealous  
men are dangerous  
Right now a 4 car garage is just a mirage  
But just the thought of such a life keeps me strugglin'  
for the cause

[Chorus]

Dreamin a life  
Where the money ain't tight  
And every ride's dipped in candy  
Triple gold reflections shine bright

We all got a house on a hill  
Everybody got a crop of the kill  
As we smoke, drink, kick back and chill  
We divide up another million dollar bills

[Verse 2: B-Dawg]

[Chorus]  
Dreamin a life  
Where the money ain't tight  
And every ride's dipped in candy  
Triple gold reflections shine bright  
We all got a house on a hill  
Everybody got a crop of the kill  
As we smoke, drink, kick back and chill  
We divide up another million dollar bills

[Verse 3: Shadow]

[Chorus]  
Dreamin a life  
Where the money ain't tight  
And every ride's dipped in candy  
Triple gold reflections shine bright  
We all got a house on a hill  
Everybody got a crop of the kill  
As we smoke, drink, kick back and chill  
We divide up another million dollar bills

[Verse 4: Woodie]

Can we?... hop on a flight... and touch down in Tahiti  
Or even the Caribbean, Hawaii or Fiji  
Just make it tropical with lots of blue water and white  
sand  
We wanna be greeted by native beauties when the  
flight lands  
Check into a five star hotel, rent the top floor  
With ocean views to die for, no thoughts about what  
cost more  
We'll meet down on the beach homeboyz throw your  
cut off cacks on  
There's hundreds of notches in bikinis to get your mack  
on  
Then we'll slide on up to some bar they call the island  
hut  
Sittin' on the oceanfront roll a blunt and light it up  
Order up margaritas, coconut coolers wit tequila  
Appetizers to feed us topped off with lobster fajitas  
Now that would be the....life, my angers at ease  
You can hear the ocean breeze blowin' through the  
palm trees

As the sun sinks slowly and the stars ignite  
Bikini models talkin' about let's rendezvous tonight  
Who would believe? we outlaws had a trick up our  
sleeve  
That would allow us to live and enjoy life's luxuries  
We started in the streets gutter bound puttin' in work  
prepared for jail  
And ya'll just got broke off a piece of a Nortenos  
fairytale

[Chorus]

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