

## Brother El "Broken Dreams"

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I'm tired of {motherfuckers} plain and simple, bitin my  
{shit}  
They don't feel that, nope

One quarter of a century old  
Bold, mentally, physically, massive  
Visually, altenate, passive  
Hope my crafts are tight, heh  
I'll be aight, solo, all fresh dolo  
And day and night, I write (I write)  
And when the wind blows I fight, I show and prove  
Aerodynamics, molded from ceramics (yeah)  
Theory, let loose now gigantic  
And move way past stress, don't regress  
I got way too much finesse, heh..  
.. son take hold of your bootstraps, when your shoes  
ran over  
Talkin bout how you clap, I don't respect that  
Nor shall I wet that  
The streets is tough, time is rough  
I don't forget that (I don't)  
See yeah, cause when I fell out of the scene  
.. heh, nobody cared  
I wasn't prepared, and no one shared  
any information, still patient  
Waitin for a time to hear my rhyme  
.. all I had was broken dreams, anger, stagnation  
Pacin the streets, chasin, scraps to eat  
The more you gave, the more I ate  
The more disease, the more disease, the more disease  
Manifested - please please - in my belly  
Floatin like jelly, you can't tell me  
no stories of rough seasons  
I've been through a lot, huh, and I'm still SCREAMIN..  
.. I'm not dreamin.. hah, countdown

Ten.. nine.. eight  
Like this, well {fuck} it

Broken dreams, anger, stagnation  
I'm pacin, but I'm still patient  
Aww man {fuck} that let's get it together

In my time!

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