

DL Incognito f/ Tara Chase

"What Dreams are Made Of"

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[Verse 1: DL Incognito]

DL Incognito on the low clever
always and forever tough like shot leather
niggaz is all featherweights, I break bread and cake
I rape crates, got twenties if the beats made
I've paid my dues now I'm waitin for change
waitin for planes waitin for the four point six range
it's outta my league, you must be ill in the brain
Yeah yeah I'm underground but I'm sayin
I need shoes and food I'm tellin you dudes
I'm not tryin to rob the train I'm wanna cruise in the
Land
Let loose on an island were my skin can tan
Drink juice find trans for my campered fam
I wanna house, grass, garage, a hardwood floors, a
sports car
is that too much to ask for?
A place to lay my head when I'm back from tour
A Brita filter so my water can be pure, like yours

[Chorus]

Yeah it's kinda bug but moneys what we love
And that be the stuff that dreams are made of
Yeah we in the clubs but moneys what we love
And that be the stuff that dreams are made of
Yeah sometimes we thug but moneys what we love
And that be the stuff that dreams are made of
Yeah it's all because it's money that we love
And that be the stuff that dreams are made of

[Verse 2: Tara Chase]

Yeah, I'd like to eat good too
been starvin for years
passed through time to get meat on my bones
And cell phones
time to pay creditors back and school loans
man listen, been in the kitchen an eternity
cookin, dishin, who deserves to be more than me
vanity is keepin me from livin happily
got images on BET breakin my sanity
long live hip hop

but whats wrong with gettin cash for my crop
at the end of the day I want more than memories
brown and green leaves for my family trees
That's right.. I wanna get a house for moms
A tat sayin rich bitch down both of my arms
A broke picket fence and a bag of kids
so I can teach 'em how to dominate the music biz

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: DL Incognito]

Yo it's a joke bein broke this this
Hopin my numbers in the lottery get picked real quick
Tryin to work a nine to five but they pay me like shit
Ten an hour ain't enough to get a six
Yo ten an hour ain't enough to get shit
I need my own place, a home with no roommates
Where we only eat great, lobster and steak
Yo white grapes, a bottle of chardonay
I want my wife in a gown, a pool in the ground
Not fuckin around my gear academically sound
I wanna frown cause the sun's in my face
I wanna spend pounds in a birthplace a drum and bass
Don't ever wanna stress abnout money and papes
I wanna travel like Magellan in his day
I wanna sit in the front row of Fantasia
A two-way pager, and escalade or a Navigator

[Chorus - 2X]

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