

Sean Falyon**"Maybachs and Lambos"**

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I say a nigger got Maybach dreams, Lamborghini nightmares,
I close my eyes, my future I see it quite clear,
Had some wins and some losses, but again,
I'm still here,
On the road to success, my exit right here.
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My og homie push that seven forward,
Women on top of women, he flasy, can't see it falling,
Out of those finer things, you're working hard to obtain,
With this salary you achieving, won't even happen in dreams.
So be American dream without awakening,
Meanwhile we climb on the scheme and we're trimming all attentions
Don't mind I bring out the righteous, the chose of paths are different,
Moving that work, suspended license, some risky business.
Nowhere to go but up, right bellow the bottle cups,
We envy that expensive stuff that TV keep on showing us.
Like it's in arms read, only that there's no pistol
And the line from right to wrong start to blurry in my mental.
Yeah, that Maybach said that you made it, that Lambo reason was greatest
The things you did to receive 'em got you down on your knees, praying
Saying "Lord, please forgive your favorite sinner",
But I lost so many times that they told me this was big.

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Big dreams, fewer options for the poor,
Talk the hustle, rob and kill, open doors.
When them doors close behind you when you lose,
Couple niggers want you dead, all you wanna do is floss
In that whip tennan, rim spinning, talk of the city
I'm so high in the clouds, got a nigo with no ceiling
Got no time for looking down, faith can turn you to a villain,
Lay your fresh up in the coffin, rest in peace, no resurrection,
Live a fast life, got so many dreams and then nightmares,
A tane of view is success, so what we're talking here?
I know for sure I took the road best travel,
Fuck reaching the finish line to seek my dreams on rebel,
And blood money got a nice tag on it,
Judge giving out town, put a life tag on it.
I'm just spitting out rhymes when I reach my moment,
Ain't nobody tell me shit, I deserve everything I get.

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