Triple Beam Dreams (feat. Nas)

Rick Ross

[intro]

its time to take it to the other side
the side you gotta watch a&e cable television for homie
but we live this shiti'm not a star
but thats a lie

i've seen a man raise his hand on the stand he testify spoke on a homocide amongst other things even shared my triple beam dreams [nas]

a project minded individual criminal tactics us blacks kids born with birth defects, we hyperactive mentally sex-crazed dysfunctional they describe us they liars, the end of the day, we fucking survivors i remember watching scarface the first time look at that big house, that porsche paid for by crime how could i sell this poison to peoples in my mind they dumb to destroy themselves is how i rationalise in a bastardised nation, magnum 4.5 carrying where i'm from, aint far from washington heights the cop aryan a rookie boy the cookie didn't make no profit a stranger to the block i damn near had to make them cop it it only took a fiend to taste it once to say it's garbage i brought it back to poppy, aint tryna take no losses he focuses on my emotionless young dealer face then pauses he gives me powder he has faith in nases ambition's to distribute coke had additions to gold chains, mercedes benz hopes but i'm again broke

this shit aint cut for me, other dealers they up their orders barely at 62?s they already up they quotas they out there everyday, some true hustlas for ya i'm at it halfway, none of my customers are loyal picturin' piping out the seats of a pathfinder powerful pursuit for pussy cash, the flash diamonds my junior high school class, wish i stayed there illegal entreprenuer i got my grades there blaming society, man it wasn't made fair i would be ivy league if america played fair poor excuse and so i was throwin' rocks at the pen just for the love evil the secret life of g's

you seeing my blurry, triple beam dreams [rick ross - chorus]

pocketful of money, parking lot full of them haters
triple beam dreamin', crib with 2 elevators20 flat screens they got cameras every angle
dope been coming so you know the income major
rule number 1 i can't do business with a stranger
contract killers coming when i feel in danger
early nineties reminscing when i had a pager
triple beam dreams now pat riley my neighbour[rick ross - verse 2]

fuck boy talking outta turn nigga
in a court room spraying like a germ nigga
25 on a line, them niggas dropping dimes
cooperation got them red necks dropping time
khaki suits and them niggas got to acting cute
we was all cool stacking them acura coupes
more accurately we acted as if jackin' was cool
snatching niggas out they shoes then wear their jackets to school

niggas out they shoes then wear their jackets to a fuck boy you caught up in my dream countin' cream on the cover of a magazine i'm the source, got the plug with the uncut jay-z blue magic nigga, what! what! brand new s class with a meal ticket nigga cocaine white as tommy hilfiger ralph lauren blue label as i'm gettin' high triple beam dreamin' as the cream multiplys fuck boy talking outta turn nigga

'fore you sell dope there's shit you gotta learn nigga home invasions, ducktape fornicating counting money with a fuck face

fornicating, counting money with a fuck face fucking bitches that be giving up your whereabouts slow leaks, gotta air 'em out kill 'em all, rolls royce ghost nigga ball phantom drop head shit, i had to get 'em all

niggas hate but they know they never get involved food on my plate, fuck 'em all like a triple beam dreams, the ghetto's my reality i'm from where ya hustle determines ya salary 6 figure family member, nigga forget about it low income housing, nigga try to get up out it

i got a plan nigga just believe in me
triple beam dreaming with this thing me[rick ross - chorus]
pocketful of money, parking lot full of them haters
triple beam dreamin', crib with 2 elevators
20 flat screens they got cameras every angle
dope been coming so you know the income major
rule number 1: i can't do business with a stranger
contract killers coming when i feel in danger
early nineties reminscing when i had a pager

triple beam dreams now pat riley my neighbour

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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