

# Dreams and Nightmares

## Meek Mill

Ain't this what they've been waiting for?  
You ready?  
I used to pray for times like this, to rhyme like this  
So I had to grind like that to shine like this  
In a matter of time I spent on some locked up shit  
In the back of the paddy wagon, cuffs locked on wrists  
See my dreams unfold, nightmares come true  
It was time to marry the game and I said, "Yeah, I do"  
If you want it you gotta see it with a clear-eyed view  
Got a shorty, she try'na bless me like I said, "Achoo"  
Like a nigga sneezed  
nigga please before them triggers squeeze  
I'm gettin' cream, never let them hoes get in between  
Of what we started, lil' nigga but I'm lionhearted  
They love me when I was stuck and hated when I was departed  
I go and get it regardless, draw it like I'm an artist  
No crawling, went straight to walkin' with foreign cars in my garage  
Got foreign bitches menaging, fuckin', suckin', and swallowin'  
Anything for a dollar, they tell me get 'em, I got 'em  
I did it without an album  
I did shit with Mariah  
Lil' nigga I'm on fire  
Icy as a hockey rink, Philly nigga I'm Flyer  
When I bought the Rolls Royce they thought it was leased  
Then I bought that new Ferrari, hater rest in peace  
Hater rest in peace, rest in peace to the parking lot  
Phantom so big, it can't even fit in the parking spot  
You ain't talkin' bout my niggas then what you talkin' bout?  
Gangstas move in silence, nigga and I don't talk a lot  
I don't say a word, I don't say a word  
Was on my grind and now I got what I deserve fuck nigga  
Hold up wait a minute, y'all thought I was finished?  
When I bought that Ashton Martin y'all thought it was rented?  
Flexin' on these niggas, I'm like Popeye on his spinach  
Double M, yeah that's my team, Rozay the captain, I'm the lieutenant  
I'm the type to count a million cash then grind like I'm broke  
That Lambo, my new bitch, she'll ride like my ghost  
I'm ridin' around my city with my hands strapped around my toast  
Cause these niggas want me dead and I gotta make it back home  
Cause my momma need that bill money and my son need some milk  
These niggas tryna take my life, they fuck around get killed  
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked

Cause these Philly niggas I brought with me don't fuck around  
no joke  
All I know is murder  
when it comes to me  
I got young niggas that's rollin' I got niggas throwin' b's  
I done did the  
DOAs  
I done did the KODs  
Every time I'm in that bitch I get to throwin' 30 G's  
Now I'm hanging out that drop head  
I'm riding down on Collins  
They like, my nigga back home that young nigga be wildin'  
We young niggas and we mobbin', like Batman and we're Robin  
This 2-door Maybach, with my seat all reclinin'  
I'm that real nigga what up, real nigga what up  
If you ain't about that murder game then pussy nigga shut up  
If you diss me in yo' raps, I'll get your pussy ass stuck up  
When you touchdown in my hood, no that tour life ain't good  
Catch me down in MIA, at that heat game on wood  
Puma life on my feet  
like that little engine I could  
Boy I slide down on your block  
bike on twelve o'clock  
And they be throwing dueces on the same nigga they watch  
And I'm the king of my city cause I'm still calling them shots  
And these lames talking that bullshit the same niggas that flock  
I'm the same nigga from Berks Street  
with them nappy braids that lock  
The same nigga that came up and I had to wait for my spot  
And these niggas hating on me, hoes waiting on me  
Still on that hood shit  
my Rolls Royce on E  
They gon' remember me, I say remember me  
So much money have ya friends turn into enemies  
And with these beef I turn my enemies to memories  
With them bricks they go from 40 ain't no 10 a key  
hold up  
Broke nigga turn rich  
love the game like Mitch  
And if I leave you think them pretty hoes gon' still suck my dick?  
It was something 'bout that Rollie when it first touched my wrist  
Had me feeling like that dope boy when he first touched that brick  
I'm gone

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

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