

# Dreams (feat. NLE Choppa)

## Birdman & Juvenile

(D-Rock, D-Rock...)I let the jewelry hit the sun and let shit bling  
I see a nigga having fun like I was 16  
I can't believe it's really happening, it was just dreams  
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I remember I was young with them hoop dreams  
I remember hittin' licks when I was 15  
Now I'm on the road, catchin' flights at 16  
Now a nigga gettin' money, what the fuck you mean?  
(What the fuck you mean?)  
Used to walk to school, now I hop out a Sprinter  
Got that heater on me, in the fall, in the winter  
I'm the king of the jungle, got me feelin' like I'm Simba  
Choppa make 'em get low like a nigga doin' limbo  
Remember rainy days and stormy nights  
Now I'm gettin' paid, I'm shining like a light  
My diamonds lemonade with a lot of ice  
And if that bitch play with me, he gon' pay that price  
I let the jewelry hit the sun and let shit bling  
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I can't believe it's really happening, it was just dreams(Rich Gang)  
16 and I'm on the cape (I'm on the cape)  
18 caught my first body (Caught my first body)  
Me and my round niggas stayed in the shallows  
We was thuggin' out with no guidance (With no guidance)  
Flipped the script, got a new whip (Got a new whip)  
My old head gave me my first brick (My first brick)  
Line 'em up and we split that shit (And we split that shit)  
Gave him the lick and I took the hit (And I took the hit)  
I gave him money but it came with fame (It came with fame)  
Accept the struggle, no pain no gain  
Run it up, nigga remain the same (Remain the same)  
We got the money, nigga stuntin' on planesI let the jewelry hit the sun and let shit bling  
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I can't believe it's really happening, it was just dreams(Rich Gang)  
(D-D-D-Rock, D-Rock, D-Rock...)

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>