Ghetto Dreams (feat. Nas)

Common

[Hook]
Ghetto dreams
Ghetto ghetto dreams
Ghetto niggas' dreams
Ghetto ghetto dreams
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Ghetto niggas' dreams
From the hood
[Verse 1: Common]
I want a bitch that look good and cook good
Cinderella fancy, but she still look hood
Butt naked in the kitchen flipping pancakes
Plus she tricking from the dough that her man makes
We got our own handshake
Her titties ain't fake
F-cking in the car cause we just can't wait to get home
Early in the morn' getting stoned
Pretty with her eyes low, runny by Bible
The type of bitch that BIG said he would die for
Is the type that I would rather stay alive for
Tatts on her back, looking all tribal
She know shoes like she know survival
Well put together, she weathers the storm
Seen her brother die so forever she's strong
Hear Beyonce's song and she gotta perform
Whether f-cking or fighting: we getting it on!
[Hook][Verse 2: Common]
I don't even say shit, she can feel it
I toss the realest, sold nails acrylic
Ass is a weapon and it's hard to conceal it
Baby in one arm, the other is a skillet
Frying chicken, macaroni
Raise on the?
Ghetto press, she's my apolonni like
Tony, Montana
Reminded me of mio ma or my mama
Knowing the drama like she know when to joke
Steal a nigga's squares, not wanting me to smoke
I poke my head out of Benzes
My beats is the streets and I know who my friends is
In this love for the money, power and clothes

My ghetto housewife watch reality shows
She might get to snapping if the canvas aint closed
When the cameras snap snapping, she's ready to pose[Hook][Verse 3: Nas]
I notice all my flaws when it comes to writing rhymes
Subject matter be changing too quickly at times
So I keep it strictly 'bout dimes and stick to the story
Call me a pro in the p-ssy category
Had explicit experiences I shouldn't mention
For me, getting women turn from sport to addiction
Powerful women playing the roles of submission
Lawyers on leashes
Congress women inflicting pain onto my game
Warned that I'm sadistic
They liked it, they diked it, devices twisted
Til I get a nice chick, to get me on some nice shit
Crib raising kids, slap a door behind a white fist
But I'm still single, looking for Cleopatra
African Queen, yo look at me, I'm a bachelor
Y'all niggas in trouble, keeping girls behind closed doors
Cross your fingers, be happy I haven't chose yours
She loves glamour bought Vera Wang sandals
Valentino bags is my etiquette
My man is half hood half class
Photographers cameras caught us out there
The spotlight, I hope she can handle
She can join me, red carpet at my next non-profit
Event having sponsored by some alcohol product
Jumping out a Bentley with some fresh red bottoms
You live the dream with me when you are just in the projects[Hook]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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