

# American Dreaming

Mr. Probz

Light a match, let it burn  
Smell the essence of exquisite herbs  
We are all products of the earth  
Just to grow we need a little dirt  
When you're winning they pay attention  
When your're walking through the struggle they'll never mention  
ya  
Keep the grass real low so you can see the snakes  
Now that you've been through the fire you know what it takes

Count em out, line em up, knock em down  
Even when they expect you to fall  
A flag at a half stand means nothing at all  
Stare through my Balenciaga, sipping on Henny  
I swear to God nothing can break or bend me  
What you know about Basquiats or riding Bentleys

Who are you to judge  
In this city of love  
When were only just American dreaming  
When were only just American dreaming  
When were only just American dreaming

What's giants when you know you've got just one stone to throw  
You gotta fight  
When you're hungry for it all  
You know you got an appetite  
Nothing's fair when you play in this game of war  
Can't be scared, face it, head on, buckle up  
Want my position, then prepare for the collision

Count em out, line em up, knock em down  
Even when they expect you to fall  
A flag at a half stand means nothing at all  
Stare through my Balenciaga sipping on Henny  
I swear to God nothing can break or bend me  
If you're not with me now  
Then you're against me

Who are you to judge  
In this city of love  
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