

# Raw Dreams

Styles P

I'm like f\*ckin' out of it, you know?  
High as f\*ck  
I fell asleep, I gotta wake up  
It's like I was just out of it, you know?

You could be the shooter, you could get shot  
Blood or a Crip, niggas slip, niggas get dropped (You know)  
Yeah, I'm headed to the top  
When you see in me in the slums just consider it a pit stop (Pit stop)  
Yeah, I'm always with the shifts but I don't see the trip  
Estate 'rounds in them flip flops (Nah)  
Shit, I'll be prayin' five times or holdin' five nines  
Let me tell you how I slipped, doc  
I was on a dean with a thirty-eight revolver in my size forty jeans livin' out the wrong dream (Wrong dreams)  
Crossed a lot of times, I ain't die on the stake so (I ain't die) what it's gon' take to see what the Lord see? (What it gon' take?)  
Know the path of Muhammad and the liquor and the chronic  
But I'm numb to the word like I'm a Thorazine (I'm numb)  
Everybody's a brother (Ayy) until they say they ain't  
Love is love, if it ain't then I let the four beam  
Ghost

I'm prayin' to the heavens and I'm talkin' to the Father  
But I'm high and I'm havin' raw dreams  
Yeah, I hope the prayer register  
I'm at the cash register and all I know is give me more cream (More cream)  
I'm prayin' to the heavens and I'm talkin' to the Father  
But I'm high and I'm havin' raw dreams  
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I'm at the cash register and all I know is give me more cream (More cream)

Lotta money to make, so let me get to it (Get to it)  
Lotta thoughts in my mind, let me sift through 'em (Sift through 'em)  
You ain't hip to it, forty-five got kick to it

Make music for dope boys, they love to whip to it (They love to whip to it)  
Tryna show 'em my growth, so don't stunt it, nigga (Don't stunt it)  
Sweatsuit got a couple thou of hundreds, nigga  
You thinkin' I'm frontin'? Nigga, 'scuse me, pardon my back (Pardon my back)  
Little homie got the uzi, he pardon your back (What up?)  
If you ask can you live then you can't (Can't)  
You do what you could and I do what I can (I do)  
All they said I couldn't do just to prove I'm the man (I'm the man)  
Not a werewolf or lion but the times are the sand  
My mind is advanced, put time in a trance  
Throw a sign to the sky just to line up a chin (What up?)  
Nigga, this is ghost talk, you hearin' the Ghost rhyme (You hear me?)  
Put you in a ghost trance, you are on Ghost time  
Out, nigga

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