

Wc And Maad Circle

"Wet dream"

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Snorin like a motherfucker, stretched on the couch

Slobbin on my pillow and I'm droolin at the mouth

And now I'm havin dreams cause I'm in a deep sleep

But I ain't Dream About no motherfucker named
Jeannie

Shit was intense, it had me sweatin like crack

Sorta like a horror flick for every motherfucker who
dissed the black

People was gettin done, we had em on the run

Killin em all, one by one

Cause niggaz in the hood was finally gettin together

No more set trippin, with cappin each other

Brother to brother, hand in hand

Thirty thousand motherfuckers deep, ready for action
and

all you seen was niggaz and ?-kickers

Bailin on this mission, ?hesta? coalition

Checkin through the vicinity, for enemies

and if we find any they gon' get treated like Reginald
Denny

Oooh, the shit was cooler than a motherfucker

Never thought the day'd come when I could wear the
other color

without gettin hit up, sweated or shot on the scene

Sparked up, it had to be a dream

But anyway, back to the - story

that I'm, tossin - listen up when black folks are talkin

Niggaz was in the streets runnin wild

and tied to this car it was Officer Colonel Colin Powell

And bein that bitch-made's was the first to go

Pete Wilson was on the side stripped out his clothes

Tied to the back of a six-fo'

and it was draggin his ass up and down the Segundo

Uhh, now whassup nigga with the shit that you was
poppin

You ain't bannin shit, motherfucker!

Then told Colonel Powell to turn his ass over, and from
the back

they placed both of they hands down on his shoulder

Surrounded by a gang of niggaz he screamed loud

"I'm sorry for bombin Iraq!" but they still fucked him
doggystyle

And that's when my dream started gettin good

My dick was rising and rising ready to break wood

Cause now we lookin for the residence

Thirty thousand gang members on our way to
Washington

And the National Guard couldn't fuck with us

cause in my dream we had guns blowin up the
helicopters

Bailed in the White House, deep

Caught you-know-who in his motherfuckin sleep

You comin back with us to South Central that's what we
told him

before we stuffed him in the back of the lo-lo

Got to the hood, now it'sssssON!

Now it's time for him to pay the piper, for doin us wrong

Cause now the tables was turned and on the top we
stood

Robbin motherfuckers for they manhood

And even the old folks was down, fuck em up, hang em
high

is what they screamed out the crowd

And that's when I heard a gunshot

and his body fell back and his brains went SPLAT

Now here's where I finally woke up

Sittin in a puddle full of nut

Heard a loud siren then I ran to the front

Hopin ain't nobody I know; they got the fuckin yellow
tape up

Damn, they laid my homey in the street

Another victim of gang violence, created by the beast

And to think just a minute ago

Yo I was dreamin this bullshit ceased, we killed the real
devil

But I guess it was just my, imagination

that one day we can all live as one

Man fuck it, no matter how real it all seemed yo

The shit was only a wet dream..

.. fuck this is back on again

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