

50 Cent "Nightmares"

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(Feat. Mobb Deep)

[Hook: 50 Cent]

I have nightmares, nightmares, all the time
I wake up, I look up, shook up, say fuck, put my hands
on my nine
Niggas I cut, or we stuck, and they move, so we buck,
they come back, in my dreams at night
I have nightmares, nightmares, all the time

[Verse 1: Prodigy]

Last night I had a vision of my dead friends in my
sleep, they showed my things, I aint really wanna see
They showed me flashbacks of murder scenes, bodies
bubblin, in acid tubs, with they feet head and hands cut
off, oh shit, I had woke up buggin, sweatin bullets,
checkin for my gun, I gotta stop smoking that haze or
something, I kno I aint crazy, I'll go outside for some
fresh air maybe, it's 3 oclock in the night, the block is
on fire, took my nigga bottle for a swig oh the fire, he
told he just had seen the bitch ass nigga, must be god
that's keeping me from seein this nigga, wanna crawl
on me, and creep on me, cuz they kno better then to let
me see him in front of me, outside the car, away from
the police, I'll turn him into dreams, demons in my
sleep

[Hook]

[Verse 2: 50 cent]

Everytime I go to sleep it's like I stroll down memory
lane and see the dirt I've done before, how I accuired
the fame, if you can see what I see, you see me poppin
the chain, or you see me scrappin, I pull out and pop
off that thang, I'm usually hustlin, bubblin, slingin that
'caine, no matter the weather it's sun snow sleet or it's
rain, see fiends got a habit, it hurts so they feedin they
vein, and I gotta habbit of havin grahams of it mayne,
I'm chasin the paper, it' simple I'm bout my bread, I
cock it and pop it your white tee will turn red, see
niggas that know me, who owe me, they see me, they
run, they know if I catch em I cut em for feed em my

gun, it's real in the field, nigga front and get yo cap
peeled, with that nina, that check, that? on that mack
meal, unload and reload, I live by the streets code, and
pray to lord have mercy on my soul

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Havoc]

Keep havin these dreams, I think I'm just losin my
brain, I wake up in sweat, my girl think I'm sniffin that
'caine, I try to remember, but none of them ever the
same, I dream of my brother, but never since he
passed away, he talk to me, and I can't hear nothing he
say, fuck it, go along with it, just be happy to see him, I
think that nigga tryna tell me something though, when I
see him I forget to ask him, fuck I wanan know
Probably tryna to tell me, your gun, it better blow, when
you in the street, can't react slow, cuz niggas in this rap
game, think shit sweet, getting disrespectful like I
won't push meat, should be poppin off in my dream but
then I get caught, is he tryin to tell me so my soldiers
cuz you a bust, niggas wanna see my down, I aint 'fraid
of getting poked, damn if I ever go broke

[Hook]

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