

Consequence

"I Hear Footsteps"

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[Hook]

This is a warning, that you need to take into
Otherwise the consequences that'll leads to
Cold sweats that'll feel like a steam room
And dark nights that you probably won't sleep through

[Verse 1]

Just when you think you about to call it a night
You get a funny feeling that something ain't right
Because all the way home with your son and your wife
You realize this game have to come with a price
So payback's a bitch when you caught in the life
And the Lost and the Damned cut you off with the bikes
That's how it goes when you caught in the hype
And now your worst nightmare's coming to life

Because they tip, toe, real, slow
And you can hear the screams through your window
How they even get up on your whip? Whoa!
Until you take it off like a strip show

[Chorus]

I hear footsteps, coming up the stairs
I turn around but no one there
I hear footsteps coming up the stairs
I turn around but no one there
I hear footsteps coming up the stairs
I turn around but no one there
I hear footsteps coming up the stairs
I turn around but no one there

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Just when you said you quit the game if you could
The homies won't holler that you left them for good
And you thought it would be calmer in this neck of the
woods
So if you could get a weapon and some armor you
should
Because now you got decisions that are hard to avoid

The good night sleep that you used to enjoy
Has been interrupted by a startle of noise
That lurks in the dark and won't respond to your voice

Because they tip, toe, real, slow
And lift up the screen to your window
How they even find out where you live? Whoa!
They want the best scheming from the get go

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Just when you thought you put the past behind you
News flash, it's right behind you
In a black mask breathing hard to find you
And that's when the feelings in your heart to find you
Is you going to let them run up in your crib?
And put the gun up to your kid?
Well if that's the way it is, you can push to the limit
Till something's got to give

Because they tip, toe, real, slow
And lift up the screen to your window
Guess who's waiting for them in the crib, whoa!
And his trigger finger's about to let the clip go

[Chorus]

I hear footsteps

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