

Kris Kross

"A Real Bad Dream"

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I went to sleep kinda early on a Friday night
Tryin' to catch me some Z's instead of caught me a
fright
I fell into a dream of me bring deep in the gang
Slangin', gang bangin', you know what I'm sayin' right
I'm stayin' on the corner with amount full of guns
Fresh from the store, countin' my bankroll
Every day I'm in a doogie suit taking a look
And if I had to, it ain't nothin' for me to shoot
Boom, boom, boom. In the game that's how you with it
13, now I'm 14, I'm a kingpin
I'm tossin' and turnin' sayin' mad what will it be then
And if I don't, I'll probably chokin' on a Mack 10
Somebody hit me on the phone
[Telephone rings, picks up] Hello?
(Hey yo, Chris, man, Guess who's got smoked? Yeah,
man)

Man, now I'm tossin' and turnin' up more
'Cuz somebody told me that my homie just got smoked
I'm glad this ain't the real deal 'cuz if it was
A nigga like the miggida Mac would've took weeks
comes
And I ain't with a stealin' of chillin' of getting a tag
I never, ever have to come close to a body bag
I'm glad we didn't get caught up and did the right thing
But that life's a nightmare, a real bad dream
A real bad dream
A real bad dream
A real bad dream
Break 'em off some

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