

## Lil Wayne

# "Nightmares Of The Bottom"

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Sleepin' at the top, nightmares of the bottom  
Everybody wanna be fly til you swat 'em  
But who am I to talk? I ain't shittin' roses  
We in the same picture but we all got different poses  
Na I'm looking in my rear view, I see the world in it  
I try to slow down, and I get rear ended  
Pause! Like a red light, I'm dead right!  
Highway to Heaven, God do you see my headlights?  
They say "you don't know what you're doing till you  
stop doing it"  
Well call me clueless cause I do this  
Attention all shooters, I'm a shooting star  
Life is a course and I'mma shoot for Par  
I'm searching for today instead I found tomorrow  
And I put that shit right back man I'll see what I find  
tomorrow  
Young Money CMR, Blood like a scar  
Weezy F baby and the F aint for "Flaw"  
uhhh...  
uhhh...  
yup! yup! yup! yup!

It's like I have it all  
But I don't have to worry  
Married to the money, a true love story  
Only God can judge me, I don't need a jury  
Nothing standing in my way, like nothings my security  
Back to my journey, that bullshit don't concern me  
If I knew I was going to jail I would have f-cked my  
attorney  
If you sleeping on me n\_gga, than I hope you toss and  
turning  
I'm so cold I'm hypothermic, ask yo bitch she will  
confirm it  
Yeah,  
Now what we doing with it  
keep opening ya grill, I'm barbecuing with it  
I know my shit already tight so I aint screwing with it  
Some say this game is a joke well I hope they get it  
Ok, I'm walking on needles, sticking to the point

Yeah the streets is talking, I'm familiar with the voice

I'm a gangsta by choice I hope my son's choose wiser  
And don't call me sir, call me survivor  
uhhh,  
Yeah  
uhhh  
and it

Call me killa cuz i make a killing  
I got this shit wrapped up...bowin and ribbon  
That's them twin Glocks, you can call em siblings  
and them bullets travel, better hope i keep dribbling  
I touch the sky, get the clouds out my fingernails  
These bitches think they're fly like Tinkerbell  
but they all on my wire like string of bell  
I let the Bee, you know how that stinger feels  
know how to whip that white girl, I can spank her tail  
and I fuck up any track, train derail  
know how to roll, never need training wheels  
and when the truth hurts, I pop pain pills  
uhhh, all or nothing, or nothing else  
I bleed reality, I should cut myself  
just have a bowl of riches, and a cup of wealth  
and the "F" is for Fuck yourself  
uhhh, yeah

And I aint doing nothin' but getting my share  
Breathin' this air  
If Miss Rochelle told me she gon keep me in her  
prayers  
So I'm feeling alright I'm tryna stay aware  
And if you wanna trip than I'mma meet ya there  
To my niggas in the game, keep the game fair  
Players play, coaches coach and cheerleaders cheer  
I'm tryna keep spirit when the ghost disappear  
Weezy F baby and the F aint for fear  
Uhhh

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