

Chris Rock

"Bad Dreams"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Yo - me and my niggas and my clique be gettin mad
cream
Ball in the club, now I'm drunk havin a bad dream
This muh'fucker tried to greet me with wealth
I never knew that I would see that day that I would meet
the devil himself
This nigga was eagerly waitin to prove it
Astonishingly, already dancin to his own burial music
Well anyway, he plottin' to do it to me
In a certain kind of way, and started off directly poppin
shit to me
While he spoke a couple of fires would spark
While he sat in the shadow talkin his shit we watched
the sky gettin dark - he said

[Devil]

Well isn't you (?) where it hurts, I'll leave you in a rock
sample
Straight up leakin in the back of a church
Then I ghost ya crib and haunt you like a ghost in your
home
Leavin you old and decrepit like them ruins in Rome
Watch your body shrivel up and turn your ashes to
smoke
Fuck your flesh don't get yo blood sucked, the blood of
ya foes
I be that nigga that'll torture your spouse
And leave a thousand body bags like truth.com in front
of your house

[Busta]

Got me buggin on a whole' nother level
Tell me how the FUCK a nigga really end up havin beef
with the devil
Shit bugged the whole effect the nigga had on my
dreamin
Body reactin mentally, goin to war with the demon
Semi-chaotic like a typical storm
So embellished in the dream a nigga felt it in the
physical form

The dream got my nose runny and shit
Eyes watery, shorty watchin my body twitch funny and
shit
Givin shorty sleepin with me the creeps
She buggin off how a nigga just sweatin and breathin
so hard in his sleep
Determined to conquer this nigga so let it begin
Absolutely focused on killin the demon within
So now we fight in the name of my brethren
And every blow connect durin the fight you can hear
the thunder roll into heaven
Inhale a deep breath of fresh air
The devil's presence blows a cold draft leavin a scent
of death in the air
While my mind was reassemblin now
Simultaneous wifey watchin a nigga body tremblin now
Couldn't conquer me so now the devil wanted me dead
Stabbed a nigga with the same bone he ripped from his
head
Yo it's funny how the devils'll test us
But it's only select, niggaz blessed with somethin so
miraculous and precious
Til I'm dead I'm always battlin through
You disbelieve then cut my main vein that all my blood
be travelin through
Somebody got to die, settle the score
Because it's me or this nigga, I'm fighting to the death
I'm ready for WAR!!!!!!

(*devil laughing fades*)

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