

Robert Palmer

"Your Worst Nightmare"

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(*sound of heart beating*)

Yo man
Yo man, what's up?
What's your worst nightmare?
Is this it?

(*steps are heard *)

- Yo hus, I like the 8Ball jacket
- Yeah yo, it's dope, give it up, sucker
- Nah man... nah man

(*brawl ensues
shots are fired
body drops
heartbeat sounds stop
flatline is heard*)

(Hey yeah
Hey, hey yeah)

Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger (3X)

(Funkyyyy... yeah)

I said peace to a brother and then I shot him
I pulled away, I know that I got him
Then I rolled up the cheeba-cheeba
That's all a brother like me really needed
Why I did it, or really why I done it?
I don't know why, but the game, I run it
Thinkin way back how the story was told
Gettin (funkeeee) when I was 12 years old
I didn't give a damn about tyin no tether
All I needed was the nine millimeter
All my homies has been some thugs
To make a little money we sold a little drugs
PSK, just makin that big green
A rough brother at the age of 16
But nowadays I'm a dope rap singer

Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger

(Funkyyyyee... yeah)

Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger (4X)

A shoe-shine nigga I never will be
When you gonna ever let a brother be free?
What up with that (funkeeeee) that I see
When I turn on my TV?
Cause if you think a young brother really care
About a brother livin in Bel Air
Hell no, I'm straight from the ghetto
Smoke a little weed just to stay a little mellow
A Asiatic blackman, you understand
Because I'm rich you think that I'm a dopeman
I hear your laughter everytime that I say that
But you won't laugh when I pull on the git-gat
You rather see me pickin yo cotton
Than a young blackman clickin and clockin
G's, cause I'm a dope rap singer
Your worst nightmare a young gangbanger

(Funkyyyyee... yeah)

Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger (4X)

(Sucker)

(Funkyyyyee)

(Hey yeah)

(Funkyyyyee... yeah)

(Hey yeah)

(*scratching of *)

(Funkeeeee)

(Bust a funky rap)

[guest rapper]

Listen up, hard teachin go down from the wild side
School didn't do it, so what, gotta try
Crime - in this game yourself that's all you got
If you're soft, hard, the most times end up smooth shot
So now you're deep, you're down
Clear the line one time to trip and slip
And when you slip you're slidin right to a grave
You shoulda learned at school cause the drugs made
you a slave
(Yeah) sucker

(*scratching of *)

(Funkeeeee)

(Hey yeah)

(Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger)

(*scratching of *)

(Funkeeee)

(Hey yeah)

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