

## The Game

### "Nightmares"

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[Hook: 50 Cent]

I have nightmares, nightmares, all the time  
I wake up, I look up, shook up, say fuck, put my hands  
on my nine  
Niggas I cut, or we stuck, and they move, so we buck,  
they come back, in my dreams at night  
I have nightmares, nightmares, all the time

[Verse 1: Prodigy]

Last night I had a vision of my dead friends in my  
sleep, they showed my things, I aint really wanna see  
They showed me flashbacks of murder scenes, bodies  
bubblin, in acid tubs, with they feet head and hands cut  
off, oh shit, I had woke up buggin, sweatin bullets,  
checkin for my gun, I gotta stop smoking that haze or  
something, I kno I aint crazy, I'll go outside for some  
fresh air maybe, it's 3 oclock in the night, the block is  
on fire, took my nigga bottle for a swig oh the fire, he  
told he just had seen the bitch ass nigga, must be god  
that's keeping me from seein this nigga, wanna crawl  
on me, and creep on me, cuz they kno better then to let  
me see him in front of me, outside the car, away from  
the police, I'll turn him into dreams, demons in my  
sleep

[Hook]

[Verse 2: 50 cent]

Every time I go to sleep its like I stroll down memory  
lane, and see the dirt I've done before I quite the  
flame, if you can see what I see, you see me poppin the  
chain, or you see me scrappin, I pull out and pop off  
that thang, im usually hustlin, bubblin, slingin that  
'caine, no matter the weather its sun snow sleet or it's  
rain, see fiends got a habit, it hurts so they feedin they  
vein, and I gotta habbit of havin grahams of it mayne,  
I'm chasin the paper, it' simple im bout my bread, I  
cock it and pop it your white tee will turn red, see  
niggas that know me, who owe me, they see me, they  
run, they know if I catch em I cut em for feed em my  
gun, it's real in the field, nigga front and get yo cap

peeled, with that nina, that check, that ??? on that mack  
meal, unload and reload, I live by the streets code, and  
pray to lord have mercy on my soul

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Havoc]

Keep havin these dreams, I think I'm just losin my  
brain, I wake up in sweat, my girl think im sniffin that  
'caine, I try to remember, but none of them ever the  
same, I dream of my brother, but never since he  
passed away, he talk to me, and I can't hear nothing he  
say, fuck it, go along with it, just be happy to see him, I  
think that nigga tryna tell me something though, when I  
see him I forget to ask him, fuck I wanan know  
Probably tryna to tell me, your gun , it better blow, when  
you in the street, cant react slow, cuz niggas in this rap  
game, think shit sweet, getting disrespectful like I  
won't push meat, should be poppin off in my dream but  
then I get caught, is he tryin to tell me so my soldiers  
cuz you a bust, niggas wanna see my down, I aint 'fraid  
of getting poked, damn if I ever go broke

[Hook]

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