

Poi Dog Pondering "Prone To Bad Dreams"

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[Voice]

Hah...Hell what's up fool?

It's me your conscience mothafucka...

You been making some fucked up moves...

I understand you live your life in a journey but if ya

Dreams try to fake me you better wake your ass up...

What's your mothafucking problem nigga?

Yo I'm prone to bad dreams so I sleep in a straight jacket

Society labels me as mentally reactic

So they put me in the halfway home

And for 10 long years doctors fucked with my dome

Shooting dope in my arm just to calm me

Strapped to the bed cause I'm scared that nurses might harm me

Capable of doing almost anything

Teared holes in my mattress just to play with the ??????

I can't eat the certain food cause it hypes me

And ties me full of negative energy, I feel funny

Something must be wrong with my clothes

Either my shoes' too tight, either I got too many toes

Man, I don't know when my mind lingers

Haven't ate all day but yet and still I'll eat my fingers

Damn, I know I see my homeboy right in front of me

But the staff laughing me

They think I was talkin to myself and asked:

(Can we meet your homeboy?), I say it's too late: he just left

But we can catch him if we look out the window

(What window?) God damn it, can't you see that damn window?

(Calm down, Point Blank...Ok, he went home, now look...)

I turned around and the window was gone

Then I dropped to my knees and I cried

Touched the wall, the window was gone, I could've died

Slowly but surely I look up

Now I know that they know I know that my mind's fucked up

Please, if ya can't cure me, doc

Just put me to sleep and run a knife thru my body, doc
Steady having flashbacks of homicide scenes
So I sleep in a straight-jacket cause I'm prone to bad
dreams...

"...at night I can't sleep..."
Wake your ass up...Wake Your ass up...
"...at night I can't sleep..."
Wake your ass up...Wake Your ass up...

Prone to bad dreams so I sleep in a straight-jacket...
"...at night I can't sleep, I toss and turn..."
Prone to bad dreams so I sleep in a straight-jacket...
"...at night I can't sleep, I toss and turn..."

Waking from a deep sleep jumping to my fucking feet
Reading in the paper: 5 deads found in the street
Did I kill'em? Was it me? Am I a killa? Can it be? I think it
was
But fuck that shit, it call come back...
Bit by bit, burning bodies at the stake
Watch them bleed, watch them shake
Smell the smoke, hear the pain
I bet you think that I'm insane
I was born stillborn but my mama didn't mourn
I fell out in a field so I'm a child of the corn
Triple-six is in my head, the number of the beast
I react murder acts, therefore they keep me on a leach
So I nail them on the wall and stab them in the face
I'm definitely insane so it's no murder case
Left them in the house and on the wall ??????
You ask about the bodies? Should I say the rest?
They got it but fuck them, I won't sweat it, I live and I
forget it
Nigga got away with a murder, caught a habit and I fed
it...
To the fullest in this verse, his blood is what I thirst
Punk bitch, fronting like you are hard, fuck it, kill him
first
Even tho' I got moose wings it's not what it seems
Point Blank's just a mothafucka prone to bad dreams...

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