

## Slum Village "Nightmares"

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Featuring T3, Illa J and Young RJ

(Intro)

Yea

No me habla

(Verse)

I had a dream that I was falling off a cliff  
I was left so my life fled out  
It's like a dark colorless slow motion moving backwards  
like a action scene  
Imagine this yo, imagine how a ten starts runnin quick  
Out of my mind, out of my shit  
Wondering how I just jumped into this movie clip, flip  
Like Truman I'm on drop  
Did a sprint then I ran like a quarter of block  
Headed to a restaurant, it was the opposite way  
It was a chinese mob boss, eating chicken chow ming  
When he saw me, his face turned as red as a flame  
I told him eat the dick, flip the table, dashed in the  
opposite way  
Wish I could've told you macks didn't spray  
But they did like Aerosol, saw bearing two's with a pair  
of guns  
I was gone  
Hit the window, crashed  
Landed on the back, full of trash  
You suckas gotta catch because I'm fast  
Bumped into a old lady, excuse me she said

(Verse)

I was dreaming when I wrote this  
So forgive me if it goes astray  
When it started I was drowning in the ocean  
But my girlfriend saved my day  
For a second saw my life fade away  
And all of a sudden had a hand full of razorblades  
The grenades and the rainbow with it  
Throwing the fucking gay parade  
But a Chris box turned for the firm wearing finger wax  
At a ice-cream stand, selling lemonade for days

Now I'm on Youtube, looking for ways to blast  
Now I'm in the studio, tryna change the fraze

Mind playin, tricks on me  
Like I'm, insane  
Cold sweats, in the nighttime  
Dreaming of my life, dreaming of the pain  
Nightmares isn't really real  
Nightmares

(Verse)

I was dreaming when I wrote this  
When this real talking quote this  
Marijuana thoughts, cocaine dreams  
Devil to the world, god to the fiends  
I rose and the voice not  
Peanut butter seats with the top down  
Jewelries so exclusive  
Think I never get caught, so elusive  
Break bread daily, never stale  
Weigh money, can't count it, put it on a scale  
Ballin like Rondo, triple double  
Didn't listen to the wisdom, keep it subtle  
Got greedy, forgot the folks roostalini  
You lose your soldiers if they ain't eatin  
Ambush on my ride, 20 shots  
Is that a heaven for a G? My last thoughts

Nightmares

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