

## The Iveys

# "Your Worst Nightmare"

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

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

(Hey yeah  
Hey, hey yeah)

Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger

(Funkyeee... 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 (funkeee) 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

(Funkyeee... yeah)  
Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger

A shoe-shine nigga I never will be  
When you gonna ever let a brother be free?  
What up with that (funkeee) 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

(Funkyyyy... yeah)  
Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger

(Sucker)

(Funkyyyy)  
(Hey yeah)  
(Funkyyyy... yeah)  
(Hey yeah)

(Funkeee)

(Bust a funky rap)

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

(Funkeee)

(Hey yeah)

(Your worst nightmare is a young gangbanger)

(Funkeee)

(Hey yeah)

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