Nightmares (feat. Bilal, Pharrell Williams)

Clipse

[Chorus: x2]
I'm havin' nightmares
My niggas say I'm p-noid
They say I'm just p-noid[Bilal]
I'm wakin' up in the middle of the night
My heart keeps pumpin' like somethin' ain't right
What's goin' on?
When I go outside I feel somethin' behind meI'm lookin' back but nothing's around me
(What's goin' on?)
Man I don't know
What am I trippin' on?There's somethin' in the room
It's lurkin' in the shadows
Staring through the darkness
Man I don't knowThese four walls are closing in
These voices ain't my friends
They hauntin' me
Those, those memories[Chorus: x2][Malice]
They comin' for me, they runnin' up
I'm on my balcony seein' through the eyes of Tony
They say we homies, but I see hatred
Do not they know brotherly love is sacred?Niggas catch feelings even contemplate killin's
When you see millions, there are many chameleons
You're not a gunner, forreal you just a runner
Haters, I spot you from afar and I'm the deer hunter
They be thinkin' nice car, nice cribI be thinkin' how long will these niggas let me live
I understand, 'cause people need things
And they will take it from you
And take you from your seedlingsSo even with the mumblest talk
I still walk the most humblest walk
And one day, they may even catch up with me, man
But 'til then, I'm Leonardo, catch me if you can[Chorus]Look over your shoulder, somethin' is there
And I'm so scared
When I'm alone IÃ¢??m so scared!
Now it's inchin' closer, trouble is nearBut nothing's there
When I look nothing's there
I'm out of my mind
I'm runnin' from guiltBut it's right by my side
There's nowhere to hide
I'm out of my mind

I'm runnin' from guiltBut it's right by my side
There's nowhere to hide[Pusha T]
I make big money!
Drive big cars!
Everybody know me!
It's like I'm a movie star!Virginia Nights
Selling hard white, to selling out shows
Every gangsta love my flows
Still I creep low thinking niggas tryna harm meHopin' my karma ain't comin' back here to haunt me
Was it that nigga I took his powder with a smile
Prayin' to lord, the gun ain't pop and hit the child, shit!
I peel niggas girls back like Alpha HydroxySpend money like Happy Days
IÃ¢??m the real Fonzi
Top off the coop thatÃ¢??s how JFK got shot be
CanÃ¢??t let niggas roll up aside me and Tupac meHolla if you hear me, tears flowin' sincerely
Checkin' up my block weekly, my health yearly
Somethin's wrong with me
Niggas don't get along with meGot a 4'4, hope your body got strong kidneys
OH![Chorus]

Songwriters
Williams, Pharrell L / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott / King, Doug / Jordan, Brian / Dennis, Willie / Fayette-Mikano, FredericPublished by
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