

Woke Up Dead

Honky

Last night I had a dream that I woke up dead
A motherfucker put some money on my head
 Cold sweat, wide awake in my bed
 I guess I shoulda' took my meds
 I'm so sedated, self medicated
Hoping that the threats on my life are never predicated
 If this is the price of fame, I should of hesitated
 I don't wanna die in the streets, I'm too educated
 The type of shit you need a vest for
The type of shit that can't be fixed with high test scores
 Getting pressed more, as the fame builds
 But my shrink keep prescribing me the same pills
 Can't kill a motherfucker just for lookin' at me
Even though I know his ass is plottin' when he lookin' at me
 Statute of limitations on a murder is
Non-existent, if I hit him, I'll be serving yearsThis morning I woke up dead, comatose, two shots to the head
 Finally got me, that's what they said, this morning I woke up dead
 This morning I woke up dead, comatose, two shots to the head
Finally got me, that's what they said, this morning I woke up deadFor years I've been having dreams that I get
 shot
 Then them niggas go runnin' up the block
 Me and Terry just chillin' at the spot
 They pull up in the cutlass, start bustin', then I drop
 Start running, I collapse on the corner
 Neighbors start yellin', somebody call the coroner
 Standing over me, blood on my denim
 Kinda like Omar did Snoop when he hit 'em
 Wreath wrapped up in blue ribbon
 Nobody at the funeral, knew that I was crippin'
 Well I'm not, but on the block, who isn't?
If you kick it' on the spot, then it don't make a difference
 You can get shot just because you with em'
 And every cop thinkin' that you fit the description
 Gettin' older as my life get's shorter
Livin' with Post Traumatic Stress DisorderThis morning I woke up dead, comatose, two shots to the head
 Finally got me, that's what they said, this morning I woke up dead
 This morning I woke up dead, comatose, two shots to the head
Finally got me, that's what they said, this morning I woke up deadI asked my Momma not to move up out the
 hood

She fucked around and she moved to Inglewood
And to her, everything is all good
'Cause she doesn't understand, if she never understood
Niggas lookin' at me all crazy
I'm standing on the corner with my baby
Ready for whatever, 'cause that's how the streets made me
Ain't a fuckin' thing changed in this city since the '80s

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