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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