

Nightmares (Feat. Bilal And Ph

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 me I'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 know These 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 crib I 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 seedlings So 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 I'm so scared!

Now it's inchin' closer, trouble is near But nothing's there

When I look nothing's there

I'm out of my mind

I'm runnin' from guilt But it's right by my side

There's nowhere to hide

I'm out of my mind

I'm runnin' from guilt But 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 me Hopin' 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 Hydroxy Spend money like Happy Days
I'm the real Fonzi
Top off the coop that's how JFK got shot be
Can't let niggas roll up aside me and Tupac me Holla 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 me Got a 4'4, hope your body got strong kidneys
OH! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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Dennis, Willie / Fayette-Mikano, Frederic Published by

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