Nightmare

The Willard

[Intro]So, you tell me that everything just isn't going well
Well, first off
[Verse 1]My only problem is death
Fuck heaven, I ain't showing no religion respect
Brain damage, therapy's the only thing I regret
Talking to me is like a fucking body missing her neck
But, I'm surprised I ain't pop off my top off
Life is a bitch and my cock's soft, the Glock's cocked
My hands trembled, my finger's slipped, the wall's red
Her life is fucked, she sad now, her son is dead
[Hook]I told her I'm her worst nightmare
This is hell, you don't ever gotta fight fair
My spirit floats around in the night air
Or in your day dreams, that's how death seems
2x
[Verse 2]When I was younger, I would smile a lot
I'm getting older, getting bolder but a wiser top
Now I'm drunk driving, lap's full of the Budweiser tops
Life is a movie and you're just a prop
They begged me to stop but I listen like death drones
Love? I don't get none, that's why I'm so hostile to the kids that get some
My father called me to tell me he loved me
I'd have a better chance of getting Taylor Swift to fuck me
Annoying and I'm ugly, most niggas wanna punch me
I'm surprised the fucking doctor even touched me
Feel like Humpty, you hoping that I'll fall? Fuck y'all
I'm Ace, I'm parentless, I'm kinda arrogant
Ignorant as fuck, defend people for the hell of it
Because I am the devil, fucker get on my level
Doughnuts and keys and kick-flips, Supremes and markers
My life is Ms. Mo Unique Parker, but a little darker, I'll see you in a couple
[Hook][Interlude]Tyler, here's some water man
You seem a little tense.. how is The baby?
[Verse 3]All because a nigga just don't give a fuck
Parents wanna blame me all because their kid is fucking up
But fuck that, you're shitty parents, face it, suck it up
That's what you shoulda did before that nigga bust, huh
Feel like I missed my little brother growing up
Feel like my little brother missed his brother growing up

But this is Golf Wang, like he missed his family growing up
I got a little taller since the last time you seen me, bruh
Now I'm emo, so fuck it, I'm pouring up
But I never had a drink, "Sydney, Tyler's throwing up!"

My nigga Jasper said if I drink and get drunk enough
I won't feel the feeling I be feeling when I'm sobered up
But that's a fucking lie, why would he say that I'm
As emotionally strained as Travis when he's.. (Tyler, calm down)
Don't look at me, I'm 6'5" about to fucking cry
About another guy, but this is Golf Wang, do or die
I finally had a family
Domo's in another state, where the fuck is Riley?
Now you niggas wanna be nice because the labels wanna sign me
But before the co-signing and you fuckers couldn't find me?
Fuck that! I hope you die in a fiery death
One ear I got kids screaming "O.F. is the best"
The other ear I got Tron Cat asking where the bullets and the bombs at
So I can kill these levels of stress, shit
They say that I'm shock value
How about you hop off cock and turn volume down?
I haven't got around to telling my mom shit
Cause I don't know how to.. (Whoa)
All I want is her support, whenever the fight's at home
When mommy cusses out cousin, some knifes get shown
Now she's really fuckin' pissed, so the knives get thrown
And hit her in her fucking neck, now her throat's all gone
Looking like a fucking monster from the Twilight Zone
Then they wonder why I stay at Travis pad with a backpack
For the whole week full of plastic-wrapped black tees
And deodorant like this house is my home
I could live with the same hat
And the same flat-screen TV watching Flapjack
And the same bacon and waffles on a nice Saturday
Where I skate with the same fucking friends at
Didn't give a fuck about fame or a name, oh
"Message from GZA, oh, another one from Plain Pat"
Email full of emails, I never write back
Ain't kill myself yet, now I already want my life back
[Hook][Verse 4]One shot, two shots, one gun, two cops
I'm blowin' them flu shots, couldn't kill me with two top rockers
You're on the side of faggots and cock blockers
I'm on the side of bad-ass kids and the top notches
I'm Barney, dinosaur Harley of a human
Cause I'm shrooming with the bangers and the carneys

You niggas can't harm me cause you all know that
We at the fuckin' dirty lifer's laundry (Tyler, calm down) nigga get off me
[Outro]Fuck off me man, fuck (What's got into you?)
I don't know, it's like I'm a different person at times
Sometimes I'm fucking mad, sometimes I'm not (Yeah, you..)
As though I got a fucking voice in my head
Telling me to do all this fucked up shit, man (Yeah, what's this?)
I don't fucking know, man (What's this person named then, Tyler, huh?)
He tells me to do this shit that I don't wanna fucking do (What's his name?)
Tron Cat

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/