

Nightmare on My Street

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Now I have a story that I'd like to tell
About this guy you all know him, he had me scared as hell!
He comes to me at night after I crawl into bed
He's burnt up like a weenie and his name is Fred!
He wears the same hat and sweater every single day
And even if it's hot, outside he wears it anyway!
He's gone when I'm awake but he shows up when I'm asleep
I can't believe that there's a nightmare on my street! It was a Saturday evening if I remember it right
And we had just gotten back off tour last night
So the gang and I thought that it would be groovy
If we summoned up the posse and done rushed the movies
I got Angie, Jeff got Tina
Ready Rock got some girl I'd never seen in my life
That was all right because the lady was chill
Then we dipped to the theater set to ill
Buggin! Cold havin a ball
and somethin bout Elm Street was the movie we saw
The way it started was decent, ya know nothing real fancy
bout this guy named Fred and this girl named Nancy
But word, when it was over, I said, "Yo! That was def!"
And everything seemed all right when we left
But when I got home and laid down to sleep
That began the nightmare, but on my street! It was burnin in my room like an oven
My bed soaked with sweat, and man, I was buggin
I checked the clock and it stopped at 12:30
It had melted it was so darn hot, and I was thirsty
I wanted something cool, to quench my thirst
I thought to myself, "Yo, this heat is the worst!"
But when I got downstairs, I noticed something was wrong
I was home all alone but the TV was on!
I thought nothin' of it as I grabbed the remote
I pushed the power button, and then I almost choked
When I heard this awful voice comin' from behind
It said, "You cut off 'Heavy Metal' and now you must die!"
Man, I ain't even wait to see who it was
Broke outside my drawers and screamed, "So long, cuz!"
Got halfway up the block I calmed down and stopped screamin'
Then thought, "Oh, I get it, I must be dreamin'"
I strolled back home with a grin on my grill

I figured since this is a dream I might as well get ill
I walked in the house, the Big Bad Fresh Prince
But Freddy killed all that noise real quick
He grabbed me by my neck and said, "Here's what we'll do.
We gotta lotta work here, me and you.
The souls of your friends you and I will claim.
You've got the body, and I've got the brain."
I said, "Yo Fred, I think you've got me all wrong.
I ain't partners with NOBODY with nails that long!
Look, I'll be honest man, this team won't work.
The girls won't be on you, Fred your face is all burnt!"
Fred got mad and his head started steamin'
But I thought what the hell, I'm only dreamin'
I said, "Please leave Fred, so I can get some sleep;
or gimme a call, and maybe we'll hang out next week."
I patted him on the shoulder said, "Thanks for stopping by."
Then I opened up the door and said, "Take care guy!"
He got mad, drew back his arm, and slashed my shirt
I laughed at first, then thought, "Hold up, that hurt!"
It wasn't a dream, man, this guy was for real
I said, "Freddy, uh, pal, there's been an awful mistake here."
No further words and then I darted upstairs
Crashed through my door then jumped on my bed
Pulled the covers up over my head
And said, "Oh please do somethin' with Fred!"
He jumped on my bed, went through the covers with his claws
Tried to get me, but my alarm went off
And then silence! It was a whole new day
I thought, "Huh, I wasn't scared of him anyway."
Until I noticed those rips in my sheets
And that was proof that there had been a nightmare, on my street

Songwriters

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