

Nightmares of the Bottom

Lil' Wayne

Sleepin' at the top, nightmares of the bottom
Everybody wanna be fly til you swat 'em
But who am I to talk? I ain't shittin' roses
We in the same picture but we all got different poses
Now I'm looking in my rear view, I see the world in it
I try to slow down, and I get rear ended
Pause! Like a red light, I'm dead right!
Highway to Heaven, God do you see my headlights?
They say "you don't know what you're doing till you stop doing it"
Well call me clueless cause I do this
Attention all shooters, I'm a shooting star
Life is a course and I'm a shoot for Par
I'm searching for today instead I found tomorrow
And I put that shit right back man I'll see what I find tomorrow
Young Money CMR, blood like a scar
Weezy F baby and the F ain't for "Flaw"
It's like I have it all
But I don't have to worry
Married to the money, a true love story
Only God can judge me, I don't need a jury
Nothing standing in my way, like nothings my security
Back to my journey, that bullshit don't concern me
If I knew I was going to jail I would have fucked my attorney
If you sleeping on me nigga, than I hope you toss and turning
I'm so cold I'm hypothermic, ask yo bitch she will confirm it, yeah,
Now what we doing with it
Keep opening ya grill, I'm barbecuing with it
I know my shit already tight so I ain't screwing with it
Some say this game is a joke well I hope they get it
OK, I'm walking on needles, sticking to the point
Yeah the streets is talking, I'm familiar with the voice
I'm a gangsta by choice I hope my son's choose wiser
And don't call me sir, call me survivor,
Call me killer 'cause I make a killing I got this shit wrapped up, bow and a ribbon
That's them twin Glockes, you can call 'em siblings
And them bullets travel, better hope I keep dribbling
I touch the sky, get the clouds out my fingernails
These bitches think they fly like Tinkerbell,
But they all on my wire like Stringer Bell.

I let 'em be, 'cause you know how that stinger feel.
Know how to whip that white girl, I can spank her tail
And I fuck up any track; train derail
Know how to roll, never need training wheels
And when the truth hurts, I pop pain pills
Uh, all or nothing, or nothing else
I bleed reality, I should cut myself
Just had a bowl of riches and a cup of wealth
And the "F" is for fuck
yourself
And I ain't doing nothin' but getting my share
Breathin' this air
And Mack's mom told me she gonna keep me in her prayers
So I'm feeling alright I'm tryna stay aware
And if you wanna trip than I'm a meet ya there
To my niggas in the game, keep the game fair
Players play, coaches coach and cheerleaders cheer
I'm tryna keep spirit when the ghost disappear
Weezy F baby and the F ain't for fear
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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