

# Woke Up Dead

## Murs

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 years  
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 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 dead  
For 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 Disorder  
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 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 dead  
I 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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