Dream

Popcaan

[Intro]Hey...hey
Hey...hey
Hey...hey
Hey
[Verse 1]Who the hell is this, paging me at 4:56 in the morning
Crack of dawning, now I'm yawning, wipe the cold from my eyes
See whos this paging me, and why
Its my girl Yvonne from the hair salon
Told me she was down the club last night
Shit wasn't seemin too right
These bitches hoppin out of Honda's and Gallat's
talkin greasey out they lips as if they won't get popped
I'm the same bitch from ninety eight
with the twenty two in the boot
Tape wrapped around the butt of the gun
Heat about as hot as the sun
Leave you tangled in my flow like a web spun
Plot on me? You askin for a casket
Your snotty-nose-ass son bout to be a bastard
I gotta have it, for fuckin those who try to fuck me
Ms. Jade, wolf in the dress
Got them things waitin never the less
[Bridge BIG (Woman)](Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey)
Gonna be a lot of slow singin and flower bringin
if my burglar alarm starts ringin

[Verse 2]Keisha, Tracy and Lisa in the bathroom
while Yvonne was in the stall
Play hushin, heard the door
They was talkin 'bout how they was gonna get me
Gonna dip with the fifth or just to slip a micky
They said I was gettin too much shine how I came up
How I switched from the Lum' to the Benz truck
How I fucked wit Lisa's ex and I got 'em stuck
Linked up with Timbaland but it was pure luck
They said they know where I rest at, in Nicetown
Livin home with mommy, gonna make us both lay down
Big knifes, one pound, I'm tellin y'all now
If them bitches chump, then they better bounce

Top story, Daily News, three bodies found
Family mournin over lost ones, it ain't fair
Don't wanna but I gotta do it like a pap smear
Keisha lockin the door to a broke Delta
soon as I seen her put the bitch in a Full Nelson
Kicked her in the back and shot her in the knee caps
Went up in the pockets while askin her where the weed at
Hopped up in the Delta, saw Tracy and Lisa
Popped they ass one by one while I was puffin Reefa
Now I'm lookin for that bitch Yvonne
Cause when them hoes was talkin it
she didn't say shit, punk bitch
Them hookers got me goin out my mind
I'm all stressed and weed sweatin, gotta take my time
Settin me up, everybody schemin
Telephone woke me up, the whole time I was fuckin dreamin

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