

# Nightmares Of The Bottom (Prod. Snizzy & Kenoe)

## 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 killingI got this shit wrapped up, bow and a ribbon  
That's them twin Glocks, 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 myselfJust had a bowl of riches and a cup of wealthAnd the "F" is for fuck  
yourselfAnd I ain't doing nothin' but getting my shareBreathin' 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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