

Bad Dreams

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo me and my niggas and my clique be getting mad cream
Ballin' the club, now I'm drunk having a bad dream
This motherfucker tried to greet me with wealth
I never knew that I would see that day that I would meet the devil himself
This nigga was eagerly waiting to prove it
Astonishingly, already dancing to his own burial music
Well anyway, he plottin' to do it to me
In a certain kind of way, and started off directly popping shit to me
While he spoke a couple of fires would spark
While he sat in the shadow talking his shit we watch the sky getting dark (he said)[Devil]
Where it hurts
I'll leave you in a straight up leaking in the back of a church
Let a ghosting crib and haunt you like a ghost in your home
Leaving you old and crippe like them ruins in Rome
Watch your body shrivel up and turn your asses to smoke
Fuck your flesh don't get yo blood sucked, the blood of ya foes
I be that nigga that'll torture your spouse
And leave a thousand body bags like truth.com in front of your house[Busta]
Got me bugging on a whole another level
Tell me how the fuck a nigga really end up having beef with the devil
Shit bomb the whole effect the nigga had on my dreaming
Body reacting mentally, going to war with the demon
Seem like the typical storm
So embellished in the dream a nigga felt it in the physical form
The dream got my nose runny and shit
Eyes watery, shorty watching my body twitch funny and shit
Giving shorty sleeping with me the creeps
She bugging off how a nigga just sweating and breathing so hard in his sleep
Determined to conquer this nigga so let it begin
Absolutely focused on killing the demon within
So now we fight in the name of my brethren
And every blow connect during the fight you can hear the thunder roll into heaven,
Ain't hell a deep breath of fresh air
The devil's presence blows a cold draft leaving a scent of death in the air
While my mind was reassembling now
Simultaneous wifey watching a nigga body trembling now
Couldn't conquer me so now the devil wanted me dead
Stabbing a nigga with the same bone he ripped from his head

Yo its funny how the devils'll test us
But if fully select, niggas bless with something some'll raggle with impressions
Til I'm dead I'm always battling through
You can't believe you cut my main vein that all my blood be traveling through
Somebody gotta die, settle the score
Because it's me or this nigga, I'm fighting to the death, I'm ready for WAR

Songwriters

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