Wet Dream

WC & The Maad Circle

Snorin like a motherfucker, stretched on the couch
Slobbin on my pillow and I'm droolin at the mouth
And now I'm havin dreams cause I'm in a deep sleep
But +I+ ain't +Dream About+ no motherfucker named +Jeannie+
Shit was intense, it had me sweatin like crack
Sorta like a horror flick for every motherfucker who dissed the black
People was gettin done, we had em on the run
Killin em all, one by one
Cause niggaz in the hood was finally gettin together
No more set trippin, with cappin each other
Brother to brother, hand in hand
Thirty thousand motherfuckers deep, ready for action and
All you seen was niggaz and knick-kickers
Bailin on this mission, hesta coalition
Checkin through the vicinity, for enemies
And if we find any they gon' get treated like Reginald Denny
Oooh, the shit was cooler than a motherfucker
Never thought the day'd come when I could wear the other color
Without gettin hit up, sweated or shot on the scene
Sparked up, it had to be a dream
But anyway, back to the - story
That I'm, tossin - listen up when black folks are talkin
Niggaz was in the streets runnin wild
And tied to this car it was Officer Colonel Colin Powell
And bein that bitch-made's was the first to go
Pete Wilson was on the side stripped out his clothes
Tied to the back of a six-fo'
And it was draggin his ass up and down El Segundo
Uhh, now whassup nigga with the shit that you was poppin
You ain't bannin shit, motherfucker!
Then told Colonel Powell to turn his ass over, and from the back
they placed both of they hands down on his shoulder
Surrounded by a gang of niggaz he screamed loud
"I'm sorry for bombin Iraq!" but they still fucked him doggystyle
And that's when my dream started gettin good
My dick was rising and rising ready to break wood
Cause now we lookin for the residence
Thirty thousand gang members on our way to Washington
And the National Guard couldn't fuck with us

Cause in my dream we had guns blowin up the helicopters
Bailed in the White House, deep
Caught you-know-who in his motherfuckin sleep
You comin back with us to South Central that's what we told him
Before we stuffed him in the back of the low-low
Got to the hood, now it'ssssON!
Now it's time for him to pay the piper, for doin us wrong
Cause now the tables was turned and on the top we stood
Robbin motherfuckers for they manhood
And even the old folks was down, fuck em up, hang em high
Is what they screamed out the crowd
And that's when I heard a gunshot
And his body fell back and his brains went SPLAT
Now here's where I finally woke up
Sittin in a puddle full of nut
Heard a loud siren then I ran to the front
Hopin ain't nobody I know; they got the fuckin yellow tape up
Damn, they laid my homey in the street
Another victim of gang violence, created by the beast
And to think just a minute ago
Yo I was dreamin this bullshit ceased, we killed the real devil
But I guess it was just my, imagination
That one day we can all live as one
Man fuck it, no matter how real it all seemed yo
The shit was only a wet dream..
.. fuck this is back on again
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