

# Nightmare

## Original Game Soundtrack

[Intro] So, you tell me that everything just isn't going well  
Well, first off

[Verse 1] My only problem is death  
Fuck heaven, I ain't showing no religion respect  
Brain damage, therapy's the only thing I regret  
Talking to me is like a fucking body missing her neck  
But, I'm surprised I ain't pop off my top off  
Life is a bitch and my cock's soft, the Glock's cocked  
My hands trembled, my finger's slipped, the wall's red  
Her life is fucked, she sad now, her son is dead

[Hook] I told her I'm her worst nightmare  
This is hell, you don't ever gotta fight fair  
My spirit floats around in the night air  
Or in your day dreams, that's how death seems

2x

[Verse 2] When I was younger, I would smile a lot  
I'm getting older, getting bolder but a wiser top  
Now I'm drunk driving, lap's full of the Budweiser tops  
Life is a movie and you're just a prop  
They begged me to stop but I listen like death drones  
Love? I don't get none, that's why I'm so hostile to the kids that get some  
My father called me to tell me he loved me  
I'd have a better chance of getting Taylor Swift to fuck me  
Annoying and I'm ugly, most niggas wanna punch me  
I'm surprised the fucking doctor even touched me  
Feel like Humpty, you hoping that I'll fall? Fuck y'all  
I'm Ace, I'm parentless, I'm kinda arrogant  
Ignorant as fuck, defend people for the hell of it  
Because I am the devil, fucker get on my level  
Doughnuts and keys and kick-flips, Supremes and markers  
My life is Ms. Mo Unique Parker, but a little darker, I'll see you in a couple

[Hook][Interlude] Tyler, here's some water man  
You seem a little tense.. how is The baby?

[Verse 3] All because a nigga just don't give a fuck  
Parents wanna blame me all because their kid is fucking up  
But fuck that, you're shitty parents, face it, suck it up  
That's what you shoulda did before that nigga bust, huh  
Feel like I missed my little brother growing up  
Feel like my little brother missed his brother growing up

But this is Golf Wang, like he missed his family growing up  
I got a little taller since the last time you seen me, bruh  
Now I'm emo, so fuck it, I'm pouring up  
But I never had a drink, "Sydney, Tyler's throwing up!"

My nigga Jasper said if I drink and get drunk enough  
I won't feel the feeling I be feeling when I'm sobered up  
But that's a fucking lie, why would he say that I'm  
As emotionally strained as Travis when he's.. (Tyler, calm down)  
Don't look at me, I'm 6'5" about to fucking cry  
About another guy, but this is Golf Wang, do or die  
I finally had a family  
Domo's in another state, where the fuck is Riley?  
Now you niggas wanna be nice because the labels wanna sign me  
But before the co-signing and you fuckers couldn't find me?  
Fuck that! I hope you die in a fiery death  
One ear I got kids screaming "O.F. is the best"  
The other ear I got Tron Cat asking where the bullets and the bombs at  
So I can kill these levels of stress, shit  
They say that I'm shock value  
How about you hop off cock and turn volume down?  
I haven't got around to telling my mom shit  
Cause I don't know how to.. (Whoa)  
All I want is her support, whenever the fight's at home  
When mommy cusses out cousin, some knives get shown  
Now she's really fuckin' pissed, so the knives get thrown  
And hit her in her fucking neck, now her throat's all gone  
Looking like a fucking monster from the Twilight Zone  
Then they wonder why I stay at Travis pad with a backpack  
For the whole week full of plastic-wrapped black tees  
And deodorant like this house is my home  
I could live with the same hat  
And the same flat-screen TV watching Flapjack  
And the same bacon and waffles on a nice Saturday  
Where I skate with the same fucking friends at  
Didn't give a fuck about fame or a name, oh  
"Message from GZA, oh, another one from Plain Pat"  
Email full of emails, I never write back  
Ain't kill myself yet, now I already want my life back  
[Hook][Verse 4]One shot, two shots, one gun, two cops  
I'm blowin' them flu shots, couldn't kill me with two top rockers  
You're on the side of faggots and cock blockers  
I'm on the side of bad-ass kids and the top notches  
I'm Barney, dinosaur Harley of a human  
Cause I'm shrooming with the bangers and the carneys

You niggas can't harm me cause you all know that  
We at the fuckin' dirty lifer's laundry (Tyler, calm down) nigga get off me  
[Outro] Fuck off me man, fuck (What's got into you?)  
I don't know, it's like I'm a different person at times  
Sometimes I'm fucking mad, sometimes I'm not (Yeah, you..)  
As though I got a fucking voice in my head  
Telling me to do all this fucked up shit, man (Yeah, what's this?)  
I don't fucking know, man (What's this person named then, Tyler, huh?)  
He tells me to do this shit that I don't wanna fucking do (What's his name?)  
Tron Cat

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>