

Federal Nightmares

Foolio

(Dremar speakin' to the trenches, nigga)

Grrah, grrah

Buh, buh, buh

Thuggin' in the streets, this shit turned me to an animal
Funeral back to back, bro, my brain couldn't handle 'em (No cap)
Jail call talkin' to JB, this shit damaged him
He told me, "Stay dangerous, keep your gun, you not regular"
I told him, "Gettin' guap and poppin' opps on my schedule"
He said, "Bro, you trippin', you got a long road ahead of you"
I can't sleep at night, I'm havin' dreams of goin' federal
Runnin' from the reaper, I got dreams I'm tryna make it to
My mama caught corona, was my biggest fear (Damn)
Uh, ridin' with them demons, holdin' back my tears (No cap)
I can't leave without my Glock and that's just what it is (What it is)
I learned to watch what I say 'cause it affect my peers
My heart beatin' out my chest, I think I need a vest
Been through it all, asking God, "Is this my last test?" (No cap)
Uh, swervin' lane to lane, I hope I don't wreck (I don't wreck)
Havin' dreams of goin' fed, so I don't even rest
Who that is that hit your block? Just look at his neck
You know, 6 from the bricks, yeah, he rep the 'jects (6)
Got a bag and I moved my mama off the west (Off the west)
Thanking God 'cause I'm cursed, but I know I'm blessed (I'm blessed)

Last night, I had a dream, I saw Johnathan right there
I can't sleep, I'm havin' federal nightmares
I keep my gun 'cause the streets, they don't play fair
I'm from the north side where them jits'll cut your throat there

He thuggin' hard on Insta', man, his opps had caught up with him
Uh, bagged him like some groceries and broke them in the Swisher (No cap)
Uh, switches on them glickies, when they shot, it hit him quicker
His brother watched him die, so that shit fuckin' with his mental (No cap)
He was playin' sports, but that shit turned him to a hitter
He was a good kid, that shit turned him to a killer
Can't judge a book by its cover, everybody shootin' pistols
My brother look just like a baby, but he gon' blow just like a whistle
He got revenge, did 'em in, he felt a lil' better
His soul cold, and his heart, that bitch need a sweater
Ready to rob any nigga for they fuckin' bezel
And he with 6, he gon' shoot if I fuckin' tell him (No cap)
Just copped a fully, fuck a mask, bro, just grab the hoodie
He tryna hit the opps' block, tryna see what's goodie
He rollin' 'round with sixty shots like his name Tookie
That nigga out here catchin' bodies, but they think he pussy
I told him, "Chill, grab the wheel, jit, just use your brain
If you foul out, these niggas ain't gon' give you a thing" (No cap)
"You my lil' bro, I swear to God, jit, I feel your pain"
Nine days, jit shootin' just to get a name (Get a name)

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