

Nightmare

Juice WRLD

808 Mafia

This little mind of mine has a tendency to get a little dark and violent, ay
y
This little life of mine is a nightmare (Ha)
I feel
Medicated, elevated, too sedated
Thank God that a nigga made it
Fucked three brides, they was all faded
Oh my God, now I feel famous
New gun, can't wait to aim it
Mama on the phone, saying, "Chill baby"
I'm way too rich to go and risk it all
Fuck it, I'm finna risk it (Uh, huh)
Catch me .30 clippin' (Uh, huh)
Shoot like Scottie Pippen (Uh, huh)
Like, "Get the fuck away from my ride"
I'm finna rob a nigga (Uh, huh)
I hang with robbers, they gon' go
I got a hundred with me like damn, don't they look like G.I. Joe
I'm watching your shit like Fee-fi-fo
Run up on me, to your head, I'll blow
I'm running to the bank like ready-set-go
I don't trust you, they'll shoot, I'm Metro
Back-back in the days, I was out robbing for Jay's
Looking through their clothes
Stacking my ways, keep me a Glock in the safe
You know I'ma go

Ha, yeah, ain't that the truth
Uh, tried to run up, ain't he a fool
Ayy, load that choppa, vamanos
Ayy, I feel like I'm Dennis (Huh), put a bullet in his tooth, uh
Knocked that out of the park, uh, pussy like Babe Ruth, uh
I'm finna hang a nigga, uh, somebody grab me a noose, uh
Feel my wrath as I stomp 'em in my Raf
Shoot up your crib, see you dead, then I laugh
Walk to the bank, then I laugh again
Fire on me, no dragon, ayy
Off of the Percs, I'm dragging
Count up the money and stacking, ayy
.40 on me no lacking
Run up, I get shit backing, ayy
Thot on my line, she wanna fuck on the low (Huh, uh)
I don't pay for pussy, but yeah, I'll fuck you on the low (Huh, uh)
In other words, I won't let nobody know
But I'm Kobe with that torch, pass me, I'ma scope
Yeah, smash her, then I go (What?)
Then I set another plate
Pass her, pick and roll (What?)
Brodie fucked the same day
Put that on my soul, oh, you know lies ho
Hope you realize, you're fucking with some real guys

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