

A Real Bad Dream

Kris Kross

I went to sleep kinda early on a Friday night
Trying to catch me some z's, instead of caught me a fright
I fell into a dream of me being deep in the game
Slanging, gang banging, you know what I'm saying, right?
Standing on the corner with a mouth full of gums
Fresh from the store, flashing my bankroll
Every day I'm in a Dickies suit, picking up loot
And if I have to, it ain't nothing for me to shoot
'Boom, boom, boom' in the game is how you win
Thirteen now, at fourteen I'm a kingpin
I'm tossing and turning saying, 'Man, when will this dream end?
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Cuz if it don't, I'll probably be choking on a MAC-10

Somebody hit me on the phone

[telephone rings, picks up the phone]

Hello?

(Hey yo, Kris, man. Casey's got smoked. Yeah, man...)

Man, now I'm tossing and turning for my moke

Cause somebody told me that my homie just got smoked

I'm glad this ain't the real deal 'cause if it was

A nigga like the miggity Mac woulda took weeks, cuz

And I ain't with a stealing, the killing and getting a tag

I never, ever hope I come that close to a body bag

I'm glad we didn't get caught up and did the right thing

Cause that life's a nightmare, a real bad dream

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Break 'em off somethin'