

## 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 make  
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'