

# Dreams & Nightmares

Lil' Wayne

Turn the music down in my headphones, (yeah) that noise in the background that  
ats my skateboard...that nigga Mack crazy..

I put my shooters on they feet  
I just give em' yo address and go to sleep  
The money turn my niggas into monsters  
The white don' turned my niggas into Nazi's lord  
The money turn my face into a stocking  
Don't make me Turn yo baby to a hostage boyyy  
Don't make me turn the kid to a Foster  
My Woman turn my dick into a mazda lord  
Body ports in the duffel, the bullets turn your body to a puzzle  
The money turn my bitch into a monster she know how to get a check and turn  
a 0 to a comma lord  
The money turn my niggas into killas  
The sugar turned the cocaine to Vanilla  
The money turned the bitches into hoes  
The money turned my niggas into foes lord...  
I put my shooters on they feet  
Give em' yo address and I go out to eat  
Had that Snowman in the hood like Jody Breeze  
She from the hood but look like she from overseas  
I say "Girl you know I Love You and I care for ya  
I got some new shoes and a bag of hair for ya"  
She say "Fuck these other niggas they ain't half of ya  
Just keep laughing to the bank, it's hilarious"  
I got a stay at home Gun and a Travel gun  
Boy we can sell white in Africa  
It's like I can't explain, yall asked me to spit  
Now I'm drooling on my chain what happened to Wayne?  
I'm like hold up wait a second, yall thought I was second?  
Hating on a champ throwing salt and not confetti  
We pull up and we shoot then we park the car and at it  
Watch me pull up with no roof that's cause I walk the dog and pet it,  
I'm like hold up wait a minute yall thought I was finished?  
Shoot you in your head then just walk off like I didn't  
Let my money talk so much put my jawbone outta business  
Doing numbers in this bitch I'm like a smart bone with the digits, Bitch!  
Riding round with the volume down, with the windows up and the choppers down  
Soon as we get to yo block it's the fucking other way around  
My bitch say I'm too wild she don't even know why she stay around  
I get home and I dick her down now she talking bout' exchange the vows  
If these bullets was paint balls I could fuck around and I could paint a house  
You could tell I pimpin' the way I hit the blunt with my pinky out  
I bring Wine to Amy House we smoke it out and we drank it out,  
and talk about these pussy niggas that ain't about what Wayne about  
I'm hanging out a mussane without a brain is outta his mind  
I pull over I push a button it change like Optimus Prime  
Speaking of change it's a shame how these lames dropping them dimes  
We aim at your grape knock it off now you just Vines  
Blood Gang red rain on these niggas hot if you dry  
My gang top of the line yelling out "Squad Take it outside!"  
Imma tax player, imma Axe player, getting in through the back wayer,  
Red double to the Blue collar unenvelope black mail  
Fed up with the Fed shit and Fed-ex lost my package  
My white girls say "Yeah nigga" my white homies act blackish

Ain't tall enough for the NBA, I ain't big enough for the NFL  
Should've been in N.W.A. fuck the police, 5-0 and 12  
One time If you don't mind bitch, never say nevermind bitch  
You a penny short of a dime bitch no nonsense outta nonsense [?] that was no  
n bitch, Yeah!  
Born to murder bank account on fat bustin' out the girdle  
Tellem boys and nothing sweet it's sauerkraut Ya heard me?  
They find ya body in New Orleans from Mardi Gras on Bourbon  
Like oh lord! Humphrey Bogart  
It's a bird it's a plane, it's a crowbar  
For the most part, I'm the southern coast guard...  
Ak-47 spitting flame like a blow torch  
Sorry 4 The Wait