

CASKET DREAMS

Ramirez

Aye, I'm seeing nothing but them closed caskets in my dreams
I keep protected by my banger, paranoia running in my dreams
Everything ain't really what it fucking seems
Got me looking in my rear view mirror, losing all my self-esteem
But I'm a playa, fuck all them haters
Them pussy niggas tryna break us and take my paper
The game is fucking full of traitors, collaborators
You'll shake a hand and meet the razor, watch imitators
I'm always puffin in my chest and standing on my toes
These streets are cold and I get down inside 'em, and they fold
Quit all your bitching and lead, need that bullshit right up out the door
I come in, geekin' thru the front, kick it with Rami, hoe
Now cock it back and give me space, this not your place
Why would I wait? When I can take, what's in my way
I'm on my time, so keep the pace, so let's get this straight
You falling down and losing race, ain't nobody safe

Peeling off the Chevy, dodgin [?]
I see the reaper reaching out, I made a close escape
These fucking suckers wanna put me in a early grave
They tryna' see me take a fall, I'm falling down with grace
Just rip the halo off my head and fill me with lead
Leave me to take my final breath and lay me to rest
Send me a slug right trough my chest
And I shall accept, the early invitation to my eternal bed
You can hear the streets are crying, it's coming quiet
Everybody really frightened by the deadly silence
I'm feeling lost in these [?], 'cause I'm in a crisis
I feel my mind just steady slipping and my body lifeless
'Cause I can hear my angel telling me
That sometimes life can be filled with betrayal
Make sure that you watching who be eating at the table
You can shake a partners hand, but that one could be fatal
Always keep your head up, when this shit feeling too painful

Night, another day, don't need another worry
Why do I feel like the reaper is in a hurry
To take me to the other side
I might put a 9 millimeter between my eyes, yeah
Baby Bone, I've been running game for a decade
Get paid, what I'm bout', true playa from the south
My Cadillac had break it down, me and Rami got this thing on lock
All I got is my brothers, my word and plastic Glock
Yeah, I been suffering, crying, hoping the pace stops
Took an Ativan, it made my brain rot
So sick and tired of the fame, take me back to the days
When I used to sleep on the couch and get faded
Yeah, I wanna change my route
Sometimes, I wish I never made it out
Wanna be easier, ducking out some [?] on social media
Yeah, I been living but I'm not breathing
I've been dealing with all my demons gotten' in my head
I'm looking for a reason, yeah