

# 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