

# Dreamin

Twisted Insane

Then why do I feel like I'm dreamin?  
Always surrounded by fiends that wanna bring bloody murder with the 15  
I walk up in the door, how to explain it to his mama when it's seven bullet  
holes up in his dickies?  
Smokin' on some mint green, take a hit of weed, Swisher Sweet and my brain i  
s always spinnin' when I take a dab  
Take another one and hit the freezer make a pizza with the munchies I'mma cr  
unch and now a nigga wanna take a nap  
Cannabis sativa, maybe I'm a fiend, I don't give a fuck I promise you that I  
will never leave her  
Scrapin' all the resin till it's gone cause I'm broke and I don't got enough  
to get another sack I need a re-up  
But I'm off of liquor liter, finna pop the millimeter, finna sit up on the c  
ouch and load the bong up with my feet up  
Alaskan Thunder Fuck, Obama Kush and the Cheva  
Top off with the wax, the edibles I love to eat up  
Bumpin' the Holistic Choice, they be off of smoking  
Medicated, feeling faded, marination of a mind  
I wake up and I load another bowl up in my pipe  
The only thing that people really go against is time  
Man I be up in the clouds vaporizing with the rest of 'em  
I wanna smoke a bowl with Tommy Chong but they arrested him  
I got to thinking all about the game and I said to them  
And why Eminem ain't never did a track with Tech and 'em  
And why I'm asking questions off of medicine  
I been rapping so long and the people know I can hang with the best of em  
You could to listen to the radio but when is you gon' compromise and realize  
that Twisted Insane's so much better than them  
Then why do I feel like I'm dreamin?

Dreamin of a day when I ain't gotta get so high  
To cope with all your lies, fuck you and your life  
Dreamin of a day when I ain't gotta hit these lines  
This game's killin' my mind, I'm dreamin' all you will die

I tell a motherfucker "Look  
Fuck a medicine I carry heavy metal  
In the ghetto and I'm hella frickin' hard  
Load up an AK-47 in the Chevy, ridin' heavy  
Fuck your petty beef, don't ever get involved"  
Cause I'm... severin' the head of him who had it  
Cause I'm ready to behead a nigga broad  
I never would'a thought that the devil would'a crawled  
In my head, givin' me thoughts of a rebel with a cause  
Take a trip to 42nd for a second  
Popped the trunk up got the weapon, then a shovel, then I toss...  
Another body in the cemetery while I'm eating ben and jerry's  
Your nigga, Tarrell is really off  
Gimme the blunt, nigga wassup? Finna go bust, enemies duck  
Nigga should'a never let me hit the sauce  
Poppin' a pump, poppin' the trunk, gotta be dumped?, follow me? swamps  
I'm in the slums if niggas ever want a problem  
I get to grippin' a Beretta, catch you slippin' for your cheddar  
Little nigga, it's whatever, fuck the law  
Flip with the Ruger to niggas 'bout to exhibit 'em  
Blew your medulla all over this stereo's on the wall  
Motherfuckers talkin' shit about the Brain

Like I'm not willin' to go ahead, and leave every nigga sprawled  
I'mma kill it with the rhetoric and all  
Catch a nigga at the red light, I'ma let the 15 off like...  
Fuck a diss track, nigga  
Rockin' for 'em and I'm checkin' for you mismatch niggas  
I pull up at your hood bustin' twin gats, nigga  
Turn your Rick Ross beard to a chinstrap, nigga  
It's klick-klack killa, did you get that, nigga?  
I'm 'bout to come and murder all you bitch ass niggas  
Your girl in the trunk and your kids at dinner  
Cause ISO is a Brainsyck-ass nigga!  
BANG

Dreamin of a day when I ain't gotta get so high  
To cope with all your lies, fuck you and your life

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