

# Nightmares of the Bottom

Lil' Wayne

Sleepin' at the top,  
Nightmares of the Bottom  
Everybody wanna be fly til you swat 'em  
But who am I to talk? Ain't shittin' roses  
We in in the same picture but we all got different poses  
Now I'm looking in my rear view, I see the world in it  
I try to slow down, and I get rear ended  
Pause!  
Like a red light, I'm dead right!  
Highway to heaven, God do you see my headlights?  
They say  
"You don't know what you're doing till you stop doing it"  
Well call me Clueless cause I do this  
Attention all shooters, I'm a shooting star  
Life is a course and I'mma shoot for par  
Searching for today instead I found tomorrow  
and i put that shit right back like i'll see what i find tomorrow  
Young Money CMR, blood like a scar  
Weezy F. Baby and the F. aint for flaw. Uhh!

Uhh! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

It's like I have it all  
But i don't have to worry  
Married to the money, a true love story  
Only God can judge me, I don't need a jury  
Nothing standing in my way, like nothings my security  
Back to my journey, that bullshit don't concern me  
If knew I was going to jail I would have fucked my attorney  
If you sleeping on me nigga, than I hope you toss and turning  
I'm so cold I'm hypothermic, ask yo bitch she will confirm it.  
Yeah!  
Now what we doing with it  
Keep opening ya grill, I'm barbecuing with it  
I know my shit already tight, so I aint screwing with it  
Some say this game is a joke well I hope they get it  
Ok, I'im walking on needles, sticking to the point  
Yeah the streets is talking, I'm familiar with the voice  
Imma gangsta by choice I hope my son's choose wiser  
And don't call me sir, call me survivor. Uhh!

Yeah! Uhh! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Uhh, Call me killer 'cause I make a killing  
I got this shit wrapped up, bow and a ribbon  
That's them twin glocks, you can call 'em siblings  
And them bullets travel, better hope I keep dribbling  
I touch the sky, get clouds out my fingernails  
These bitches think they fly, like Tinkerbell  
But they all on my wire, like Stringer Bell  
I let 'em be 'cause you know how that stringer feel  
Know how to whip, that white girl, I can spank her tail,  
And I fuck up any track; Train Derail  
Know how to roll, never need train wheels  
And when the truth hurts, I pop pain pills.  
Uhh, all or nothing, or nothing else,  
I bleed reality, I shoud cut myself.

Just had a bowl of riches, and a cup of wealth,  
And the F. is for fuck yourself!  
Uhh!

Yeah!

And I aint doing nothin' but getting my share  
Breathin' this air  
If Mack mum's told me she gonin' keep me in her prayers  
So I'm feeling alright I'm tryna stay aware  
And if you wanna trip than I'mma meet ya there  
To my niggas in the game, keep the game fair  
Players play, coaches coach and cheerleaders cheer  
I'm tryna keep spirit when the ghost disappear  
Weezy F. Baby and the F. ain't for fear  
Uhhh!