

## Wet Dream

WC

Snorin like a motherfucker, stretched on the couch  
Slobbin on my pillow and I'm droolin at the mouth  
And now I'm havin dreams cause I'm in a deep sleep  
But +I+ ain't +Dream About+ no motherfucker named  
+Jeannie+  
Shit was intense, it had me sweatin like crack  
Sorta like a horror flick for every motherfucker who  
dissed the black  
People was gettin done, we had em on the run  
Killin em all, one by one  
Cause niggaz in the hood was finally gettin together  
No more set trippin, with cappin each other  
Brother to brother, hand in hand  
Thirty thousand motherfuckers deep, ready for action  
and  
All you seen was niggaz and knick-kickers  
Bailin on this mission, hesta coalition  
Checkin through the vicinity, for enemies  
And if we find any they gon' get treated like Reginald  
Denny  
Oooh, the shit was cooler than a motherfucker  
Never thought the day'd come when I could wear the  
other color  
Without gettin hit up, sweated or shot on the scene  
Sparked up, it had to be a dream  
But anyway, back to the - story  
That I'm, tossin - listen up when black folks are  
talkin  
Niggaz was in the streets runnin wild  
And tied to this car it was Officer Colonel Colin  
Powell  
And bein that bitch-made's was the first to go  
Pete Wilson was on the side stripped out his clothes  
Tied to the back of a six-fo'  
And it was draggin his ass up and down El Segundo  
Uhh, now whassup nigga with the shit that you was  
poppin  
You ain't bannin shit, motherfucker!  
Then told Colonel Powell to turn his ass over, and from  
the back  
  
they placed both of they hands down on his shoulder  
Surrounded by a gang of niggaz he screamed loud  
'I'm sorry for bombin Iraq!' but they still fucked him  
doggystyle  
And that's when my dream started gettin good  
My dick was rising and rising ready to break wood  
Cause now we lookin for the residence  
Thirty thousand gang members on our way to Washington  
And the National Guard couldn't fuck with us  
Cause in my dream we had guns blowin up the helicopters  
Bailed in the White House, deep  
Caught you-know-who in his motherfuckin sleep  
You comin back with us to South Central that's what we  
told him  
Before we stuffed him in the back of the low-low  
Got to the hood, now it'sssson!

Now it's time for him to pay the piper, for doin us  
wrong  
Cause now the tables was turned and on the top we stood  
Robbin motherfuckers for they manhood  
And even the old folks was down, fuck em up, hang em  
high  
Is what they screamed out the crowd  
And that's when I heard a gunshot  
And his body fell back and his brains went SPLAT  
Now here's where I finally woke up  
Sittin in a puddle full of nut  
Heard a loud siren then I ran to the front  
Hopin ain't nobody I know; they got the fuckin yellow  
tape up  
Damn, they laid my homey in the street  
Another victim of gang violence, created by the beast  
And to think just a minute ago  
Yo I was dreamin this bullshit ceased, we killed the  
real devil  
But I guess it was just my, imagination  
That one day we can all live as one  
Man fuck it, no matter how real it all seemed yo  
The shit was only a wet dream..  
.. fuck this is back on again