

# Tricky, Bad Dream

[martine:]

This is a matter of utmost urgency  
You might even call it a police emergency  
Suckers got ill when they finally heard the G  
Wasn't sellin' out, they tried to murder me  
Reached for my jammy like a troop's supposed to do  
Never let a sucker get too close to you  
Heard 'em comin', ducked behind the wall  
Then saw the whites of his eyes, the first one had to fall  
Another bug crept up the fire escape  
Trying to sneak, I guess he snuck too late  
Lookin' like a scene from Real Life Vice  
The way his head fell apart like a block of solid ice  
Uzi does it, come to think of it  
Dude had a nine, but his wasn't as fast as mine  
I heard the phone ring, should I answer?  
This is gettin' serious as terminal cancer  
And that is the final stage, my primal rage  
Began to rise and I started to fantasize  
How many more might try to rush the door  
And blast their way in, hell, I ain't stayin'  
I opened the back door and felt the summer night heat  
Saw a bunch of bugs wearin' white sheets  
What else could it mean? I know it ain't Halloween  
The cross in the background burnin' made a ill scene  
First I was panicky, then I was angry  
One creep even had a rope ready to hang me  
Now who am I supposed to be? Eddie Spaghetti?  
You come and vic Rob G any time you're ready?  
Fuck that, they had me trapped so I rushed back  
They tried to bust me but they don't have enough caps  
I dipped, dived, slipped, slid, they missed me  
I had to move quick or they was bound to get me  
One bullet grazed me, that didn't phase me  
What could I say? I was havin' a fucked up day  
Stood up and took aim, my finger on the trigger  
I shouted "Now let me hear you say nigger!"  
Well anyway, nobody spoke or went for broke  
The place was all clouded up from gunsmoke  
And everything got quiet, I don't buy it  
Just a second ago we had a riot  
They must be plannin' attack or settin' a trap  
Whatever the case you won't get this black  
Now I'm on the edge and there's no denyin' it  
Whatever the hell might work I'm tryin' it  
Thought I was a target that they could get right quick  
But I ain't goin' out like no statistic  
Another number, made me wonder  
How many other brothers they've put under  
I sat in the dark real still for a long time  
Didn't make a sound cos I've got a strong mind  
Made my way to the street, it was daybreak  
Must've fallen asleep, but for Pete's sake  
I didn't see the enemy tryin' to put an end to me  
The night before, my finger trigger was sore  
I went in the house to get a fresh clip  
And then I woke up an' shit...  
(It's a bad dream, man. That's all, man, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Guess I was just buggin' or somethin', man...)