

Point Blank, Prone to Bad Dreams

(Voice)

Hah... hell, what's up, fool?

It's me, your conscience, motherfucker...

You been making some fucked up moves...

I understand you live your life in a journey but if ya dreams try to fake me you better wake your ass up...

What's your motherfuckin problem, nigga?

Yo, I'm prone to bad dreams so I sleep in a straight-jacket

Society labels me as mentally reactive

So they put me in the halfway home

And for 10 long years doctors fucked with my dome

Shooting dope in my arm just to calm me

Strapped to the bed cause I'm scared that nurses might harm me

Capable of doing almost anything

Tearin holes in my mattress just to play with the box springs

I can't eat the certain food cause it hypes me

It types me full of negative energy; I feel funny

Something must be wrong with my clothes

Either my shoes' too tight, either I got too many toes

Man, I don't know when my mind lingers

Haven't ate all day but yet and still I'll eat my fingers

Damn, I know I see my homeboy right in front of me

But the staff laughed you see

they think I was talkin to myself and asked:

"Can we meet your homeboy?" I say it's too late: he just left

But we can catch him if we look out the window

"What window?" God damn it, can't you see that damn window?

"Calm down, Point Blank... okay, he went home, now look..."

I turned around and the window was gone

Then I dropped to my knees and I cried

Touched the wall, the window was gone, I could've died

Slowly but surely I look up

Now I know that they know I know that my mind's fucked up

Please, if ya can't cure me, Doc

Just put me to sleep and run a knife through my body, Doc

Steady having flashbacks of homicide scenes

So I sleep in a straight-jacket cause I'm prone to bad dreams...

"...at night I can't sleep..." -> Scarface

Wake your ass up...Wake your ass up...

"...at night I can't sleep..." -> Scarface

Wake your ass up...Wake your ass up...

Prone to bad dreams so I sleep in a straight-jacket...

"...at night I can't sleep, I toss and turn..." -> Scarface

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Waking from a deep sleep jumping to my fucking feet

Reading in the paper: 5 deads found in the street

Did I kill'em? Was it me? Am I a killa? Can it be? I think it was

But fuck that shit, it call come back...

Bit by bit, burning bodies at the stake

Watch them bleed, watch them shake

Smell the smoke, hear the pain

I bet you think that I'm insane

I was born stillborn but my mama didn't mourn

I fell out in a field so I'm a child of the corn

Triple-six is in my head, the number of the beast

I react murder acts, therefore they keep me on a leach

So I nail them on the wall and stab them in the face

I'm definitely insane so it's no murder case

Left em in the house and on the wall they rotted

You ask about the bodies? Should I say the rest?
They got it but fuck them, I won't sweat it, I live and I forget it
Nigga got away with a murder, caught a habit and I fed it...
To the fullest in this verse, his blood is what I thirst
Punk bitch, fronting like you are hard, fuck it, kill him first
Even tho' I got mood swings it's not what it seems
Point Blank's just a motherfucka prone to bad dreams...

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