

# it's a bad dream (feat. Good Charlotte)

## 93PUNX & Vic Mensa

I hide behind my madness  
Outside, inside, I'm damaged  
Suicide, it might get tragic  
Maybe it's a bad?dream, ?maybe it's a?bad dream  
Every time I look at?me  
I try so hard but I can't seem  
To find a shred of decency  
But maybe it's a good thing, it's a good thing  
Addicted to my sadness  
Just another of my bad, bad habits  
This s--- gets hard to manage  
Manic-depressive, sociopathic  
I attract mistakes like a magnet  
Chase p---- like I'm playing in traffic  
Till I crash it, end up in a casket  
Maybe it's a good thing, is anybody listening? (yuh)  
Double fisting, driving like I'm drifting, yuh  
Drunk, spinning on a couch, b----, I'm Rick James, yuh  
Half demon, half saint, that's a split-screen  
Glad to be insane, mad for existing  
I'm giving up 'cause I don't believe  
I'm never gonna find a better part of me  
I'm showing out, only what they see  
I'm always running circles when I try to leave  
This broken soul, but I can't let go  
And I lose control when I'm on my own again  
My childhood never lasted  
My pain is everlasting  
I'm flying, but I'm crashing  
Maybe it's a bad dream, maybe it's a bad dream  
When it's all in front of me  
I make a mess of everything  
I f--- it up in spite of me  
Maybe it's a good thing, it's a good thing  
There's a hell at the bottom of the well  
Where I drown to myself and the drugs won't help  
Swimming in my troubles but I'm not Michael Phelps  
Ain't no medals for the double, ain't no winning so I dealt  
Strapped to a kamikaze plane, killing nazis  
Decking paparazzi, the cops can't stop me  
Not even the government want problems with my posse  
Sixteen shots, got 'em shook like mob deep  
Send a SWAT team, I'm too fly to swat me, yeah  
Let the block beat, swinging like I'm Rocky, yeah

With my back against the wall, you couldn't box me  
Live fast, get cash, car crash, die free I'm giving up 'cause I don't believe  
I'm never gonna find a better part of me  
I'm showing out, only what they see  
I'm always running circles when I try to leave  
This broken soul, but I can't let go  
And I lose control when I'm on my own again

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