

Wu-Syndicate

"I Can't Go To Sleep"

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[Ghostface Killah]

Technique is I'll son, watch how I spill one
Peace to Biggie Tupac Big L and Big Pun
Havoc on the streets of Staten, snitches
House niggaz children watch as they produce the same
pattern
Somebody raped our women, murdered our babies
Hit us with the cracks and guns in the early 80's
FOR THOSE THAT MURDERED ME SHALL STAND BEFORE
GOD
TO FALL AT THE HANDS OF FATE, THEN OUT COMES
THE ROD
Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back,
Bring it back, bring it back.. [*record run backwards*]

What the fuck is goin on? I can't go to sleep
Feds jumpin out they jeeps, I can't go to sleep
Babies with flies on the cheeks, it's hard to go to sleep
Ish bowled two sixes twice, I couldn't go to sleep
Aiyyo we deep in the stairs, we carry (?) guns
(?) got, hit up with the big shit, bam-bam
Stop at the cheeba spot, then pass the leak spot
So past y'all niggaz again, you took a cheap shot
Not knowin FUCKIN WITH ME, you get your meat
chopped
YOU THOUGHT WE FELL ON OUR FACE? YOU NEED TO
BE STOPPED
CALL ON THE CHARIOTS, CALL ON AN AMBULANCE
YOU BETTER SMILE MY NIGGA, YOU ON CANDID CAM
Gangsta broad, these be the laws, walk with big balls
Nigga motherfuckin eunuch, I even take which was
yours
I'm the nigga that made you man
When your rap wasn't doin well, I'm the nigga that gave
you a hand!

[Isaac Hayes]

Don't kill your brother, let's love each other
Don't get mad.. cause it ain't that bad
Just be who you are.. you've come so far
It's in your hands, just be a man

Get the jelly out your spine!
Cobwebs, out of your mind

[RZA]

I can't go to sleep, I can't shut my eyes
They shot the father of his moms, killed him seven
times
They shot Malcolm in the chest front of his little seeds
Jesse watched, as they shot King on the balcony
They spat at Marcus, Garvey cause he tried to spark us
With the knowledge of ourselves, and our forefathers
Ohh Jacqueline you heard the rifle shots cracklin
Her husband head in her hair, you tried to put it back in
AMERICA'S WATCHIN, BLOOD STAINED INK BLOTCHES
MEDGAR TOOK ONE TO THE SKULL FOR INTERGRATING
COLLEGE
WHAT'S THE SCIENCE? SOMEBODY? THIS IS TRICK
KNOWLEDGE
THEY TRY TO KEEP US ENSLAVED AND STILL SCRAPE
FOR DOLLARS
Walkin through Park Hill, drunk as a +FUCK+
Lookin around like, these +DEVILS+, I'm ready to break
this world down
They got me trapped up in a metal gate, just stressed
out with hate
And just, give me no time to relax, and use my mind to
meditate
What should I do? Grab a blunt or a brew?
Grab a two-two and run out there AND PUT THIS FUCKIN
VIOLENCE IN YOU?
I can't go to sleep, I can't shut 'em son.. l..

[Isaac Hayes - overlapping RZA at the end]

Don't like the game, nigga use your head
You should be callin the shots instead
The power is in your hands..
Stop all this cryin, and be a man

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