

2pac "Sleep"

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Quit starin' at me like a infa red nigga

Don't fall to sleep
You can get ya cash on nigga if ya peep
Other niggaz close they eyes seein' dreams in they
sleep
But don't fall asleep

Don't fall to sleep
You can get ya cash on

Pictures of penny, sippin' my glass full of henny
Hands on my semi-automatic kill for pennies
Approach for contact 'cause I'm live I multiply
Soon as I open fire niggaz die wit' open eyes

Scare to take a nap, it's a trap a long maze
Dreamin' of gettin' stacks, makin' scratch the wrong
way
What the song say we murder motherfuckers daily
Black out blow the crack out, my lyrics neva fail me

I inhale strong weed then release the stress
Deliver the bomb shit from the east to west
Like yay-yo niggaz pull out when I say so
Commence to poppin' motherfuckers copy it fatal

'Ficiently I delete then flee
The art of war
Livin' sucka free, get wit' me
Motherfucker don't sleep

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I'm starin' thru my rear view doin' 'bout 90
The petal to the metal so I can see what's behind me
Buckle up your seat belt eyes on the road
They know we ridin' dirty gotta play it how it go

They close down the projects the clubs been closed
And then they wonder why niggaz breakin' down O's
I'm a run away slave, ya get it nigga off the chain
I got that thug life shit runnin' thru my viens

And now they scare, they know that I been heaven sent
And yeah we know the dope comin' from the president
But look at us, we ain't got shit to lose
Feel like we ballin' if we got a new pair of tennis shoes

In the ghetto or better yet home sweet home
This is the land of the free but to me that's wrong
I'm on my way to the White House strapped wit' my
heat
So don't fall asleep, come on niggaz

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They say that the moe they hate ya the moe that it
motivate ya
My mind set on grind my mental set on the paper
62 hours and countin' and I'm still awake
And they slippin' me sleepin' pills wit' the will I break

Broke nigga always tellin' ya how to make ya cash
adjust
So I just stop listenin' and now my cash is up
Red dotted the media 'cause they always mad at us
I don't see 'em tryin' to mediate when we get gats and
bust

They just instigate and as soon as the get the tape
It's dropped from my nigga life just as soon as they get
the case

Personally I ain't trippin' on all this rappin' stuff
I'm takin' back my money counter 'cause it wasn't fast
enough, yep

I got a couple problems and none of 'em is money
Just those that love me to pretend to love me and say
they buddies
Sometimes I want to maneuver with the ruger
To live like Freddie Krueger these nightmares just ain't
as buddy

In meetings they always askin' what my passion is
And money talks so I always have words to answer this
I can't relax 'cause it's like I'm a fetti activist
Might see me on TV never a mattress

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