

Dj Khaled

"Sleep When I'm Gone (feat. Busta Rhymes, Cee Lo Green and"

Visit "[Sleep When I'm Gone \(feat. Busta Rhymes, Cee Lo Green and](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: DJ Khaled]

About to change the game

DJ KHALED!

WE THE BEST FOREVER

Cash Money, Young Money

I'm for real about this shit

Let's go

[Hook: Cee-Lo]

I'm countin' my time, cause my time is my money

The sun goes down but I won't stop for nothing

I close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone (Gone)

I'm lookin' at the clock like yay yay

Naps to my treasure, yay ay

(Time's on the side, whoa)

I close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

[Verse 1: Game]

They say sleep is the cousin of death, guess we related

Cause I'm the most slept on, and the most hated

Hated, hated by niggas with no hustle

Starin' at me in the club like I won't bust you

In the face with the spades, life is a card game

And I'm playin' spades, gamblin' with y'all change

Fuckin' basketball wives, while you at away games

Really fuckin' basketball wives, ain't gotta say names

Whole body tattered like a New York City freight train

Niggas get to barkin', put a bullet in the great dane

Try me, end up like why me?

Team full of animals, like I coach the heat

Four floor mansion, close to the beach

6 car garage, that's how I'm supposed to eat

In Miami, rolling up kush on boat decks

Flaggin' down the waitress, wavin' my Rolex

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Busta Rhymes]

Yo, I don't survive the test of time doin' this shit so long
And only rest to rise again homie, I sleep when I'm
gone

Look, a legend while I'm prime, and so current and
they hate this

The streets classified me as another level of greatness
I don't fight for crowns at all, I let whack niggas bitch
And let 'em flip while they debate on who the king of
this shit

Listen, see I don't waste time debatin' over those
things

Because I'm God motherfucker, God create kings
Watch it, I'm hearin' that a lot of niggas mad through
the grapevine

The piano soundin' beautiful and sad at the same time
The feelin' of a funeral, so study you niggas
Khaled, provide the theme music while I bury you
niggas

See now there's no escaping the God, you better find a
get away

'Fore I start wilin' like Haitians and Jamaicans when it's
Labor Day

Khaled, every time you know we gotta make 'em love it
And realize every thing is hotter when we touch it

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Game]

Ayo Khaled, let this shit breeze

It's poor lil' rich nigga, that's me

Smoke comin' out the sunroof, blowin' on hasheesh

Can't stop now, cause I'm in too deep

1.5 wide, every 2 weeks

Niggas wanna kill me, let the shells fall out

Life is short, then please, my kids gon' ball out

They kids gon' ball out, 20 years from now, pullin' cars
out

You gon' think cocaine gettin' hauled out

Ass gettin' chipped in, crystal meth gettin' dipped in

All cause you let a nigga slip in

Aftermath, '05, G-Unit, '06

Everything else is gymnastics, watch the dough flip

Sittin' on the couch, smokin' up memories

Pourin' Jack Daniels, toast to my enemies

Fuck beef, nigga I ain't got the energy

Take the last shot to the dome, John Kennedy

[Hook]

