

Eminem

"Go To Sleep Bitch"

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I ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep
Ain't gonna breathe 'til I see, what I wanna see
And what I wanna see, is you go to sleep in the dirt
Permanently, you just being hurt, this ain't gonna work

For me, it just wouldn't be, sufficient enough
'Cuz we are just gonna be, enemies
As long as we breathe, I don't ever see either of us
Coming to terms where we can agree

There ain't gonna be, no reason speakin' wit me
You speak on my seed then me, no speakin' Englais
So we gonna beef and keep on beefin' unless
You're gonna agree, to meet with me in the flesh

And settle this face to face and you're gonna see
A demon unleashed in me, that you've never seen
And you're gonna see, this gangsta pee on himself
I see you D-12 and thanks but me need no help

Me do this one all by my lonely, I don't need fifteen of
my homies
When I see you, I'm seeing you, me and you only
We never met but best believe you gon' know me
When I'm this close to see you exposed as phony

Come on bitch, show me, pick me up, throw me
Lift me up, hold me, just like you told me
You was gonna do, that's what I thought, you're pitiful
I'm rid of you, all you, Ja, you'll get it too!

So go to sleep bitch!
Die, mothafucka, die! Time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
(Unh)
Go to sleep, bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say,
close ya eyes?
And go to sleep bitch!
(What?)

Die mothafucka die, motherfucker

(Bi bi, bi bi)!
Go to sleep bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive?
Why die, die mothafucka, ah, ah, ah, go to sleep bitch!

We got you niggaz, nervous
On purpose to hurt your focus, you're not MC's, you're
worthless
You're not them G's, you're a circus, you're no appeal,
please
You're curtains, you use words, cool heard
Slurred in two thousand third

You're purpin', you're no threat, who's ya servin'?
We lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when
You fuck with a label overseein' the Earth
Shady muthafucka, O. Trice's birth

And as I mold, I become a curse
So we can put down the verse, take it to the turf
Cock and squeeze and he who reach the hearse is he
who
Depicts fiction in his verse

And as I breathe and you be deceased
The world believe you deceived just to speak
You're not the streets, you're the deaths
Use not your chest nigga, use a vest

Before two's choose ya rest, you chose death
Six feet deep, nigga, that's the depth

So go to sleep bitch!
Die, mothafucka, die! Time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
(Unh)
Go to sleep, bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say,
close ya eyes?
And go to sleep bitch!
(What?)

Die mothafucka die, motherfucker
(Bi bi, bi bi)!
Go to sleep bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive?
Why die, die mothafucka, ah, ah, ah, go to sleep bitch!

Hey dog, I'ma walk like a beast, talk like the streets

I'ma stay blazin' New York wit the heat
Stalk on the beat, walk wit my feet
Understand my pain, the rain ain't sweet

Peep how I'm moving, peep where I'm going
Shit don't seep, then sleep not knowin'
But I'ma keep growing, getting larger than life
Easy-going with the same one that started the fight

He be knowing how dog get when dog gone bite
Tried to show him the dog shit, it's dog for life
Grand champ and my Blood Line is tight
'Cuz it's all good, it's all right

Niggas tried to holla but couldn't holla back
Now they gots to swallow, everything in the sac
Blood Line, and, we can go track for track
Damn dog, why'd you have to do them niggas like that?

So go to sleep bitch!
Die, mothafucka, die! Time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
(Unh)
Go to sleep, bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say,
close ya eyes?
And go to sleep bitch!
(What?)

Die mothafucka die, motherfucker
(Bi bi, bi bi)!
Go to sleep bitch!
(What?)
Why are you still alive?
Why die, die mothafucka, ah, ah, ah, go to sleep bitch!

All you motherfuckers! Take that!
Here, take this too, bitch! Uh, uh, uh, uh, waaahoo!
We're killin' all you motherfuckers dead, all you!
Fake ass gangsters! No more press! No more press!

Rot, motherfuckers, rot!
Decay, in the dirt, bitch, in the motherfucking dirt!
(Unhn)
Die nameless, bitch, die nameless! No more fame!
Ahh! Hahahaha
Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go, haha

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