

Eminem; DMX; Obie Trice

"Go To Sleep"

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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 bein' hurt, this ain't gonna work

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

There ain't gonna be, no reasonin', speakin' wit me
You speak on my seed, then me, no speak-a ingles
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 gangster 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 seein' 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 of you, Ja, you'll get it too!

Now go to sleep bitch
Die, motherfucker, die
Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
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 motherfucker die
Bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!
Go to sleep bitch, what?

Why are you still alive?
Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah
(We got you niggaz, nervous)
Go to sleep bitch

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'?
When lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when
You fuck with a label overseeing 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 desk
Use not your chest nigga, use a vest
Before two's choose ya rest, you chose death
Six feet deep, nigga, that's the debt

Now go to sleep bitch
Die, motherfucker, die
Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
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 motherfucker die
Bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!
Go to sleep bitch, what?
Why are you still alive?
Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah
(Hey dog, I'ma walk like a beast)
Go to sleep bitch

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 sleet, what?

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 gon' bite
Tried to show him the dog shit, it's dog for life
Grand champ and my Blood Line is tight, what?
'Cuz it's all good, yeah, it's all right, come on

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?

Now go to sleep bitch
Die, motherfucker, die
Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
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 motherfucker die
Bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!
Go to sleep bitch, what?
Why are you still alive?
Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah
Go to sleep bitch

All you motherfuckers, take that
Here, take this too, bitch, uh, uh, uh, uh
We're killing all you motherfuckers dead, all of you
Fake ass gangsters, no more press, no more press!

Rot, motherfuckers, rot! Decay
In the dirt, bitch, in the motherfucking dirt!
Die nameless, bitch, die nameless, no more fame!
Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go

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