

Ludacris

"Go 2 Sleep(feat. Infamous 2-0, Lil' Fate, Three-6 Mafia)"

Visit "[Go 2 Sleep\(feat. Infamous 2-0, Lil' Fate, Three-6 Mafia\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook 3x]

GO TO SLEEP, hoe to sleep, GO TO SLEEP, hoe to sleep
IF YOU'RE TIRED BE QUIET AND GO TO SLEEP, hoe to
sleep

[Ludacris]

Maaan, I tell a hoe to go to sleep (go to sleep)
They turn around and frown, gotta make 'em six feet
deep
'Cause we knock 'em unconscious with that non-sense
Read inbetween that fine print, think about lyrical con-
tent
Then about where your time spent
Mess around get your guys hit; a ten HUUUT!
I send Three-Six ol' sheeyit, nigga WHAAAT?
If ya tired ya tired, if ya snooze ya lose
But'chu you won't wrap up ya bandages, or hell you
would

[Infamous 2-0]

Nigga I got shotty's and semi's - I love 'dro and Henne'
?
All brown and skinny, but I've fucked up so many
I got QP's and halves - if we beefin' I blast
You sleepin' I laugh, ask 'Cris, I'm off the rip
I had this hoe who talked too much; I had to off the
bitch
2-0, Mr. Crayola; niggas know what I mean
'Cause I slang brown, white, yellow, purple and green
And all you faggot-muthafuckas gotta know the routine

[Hook 4x]

[Crunchy Black]

Bitch it's me again, kickin' in your fuckin' doors
I look for div-idends - I ain't lookin' for you hoes
You bitch can't com-prehend; let me put one in your
boot
Let me put one in your boat, so you ? can go to sleep
So, lay down bitch; gimme all that you dreamed for
Gimme fancy cars, gimme bling-bling-bling, boi

It don't mean a thing, boi, for me that ain't gon' swing,
boi
Them god damn toys; do you know what I mean, boi?

[DJ Paul]

Now if you warrin' and runnin' from them Three-Six
niggas
This forty-five gon' give a reason to sleep, nigga
Or bustin' massive 'round some S.K.
My last trip to A-T-L I fucked yo' cascade
I'm strippin' bitches and I'ma ball fucker with a limp
They call me infer-stripper, sexy, red hoe's pimp
And quick to sink her on the nigga 'cause this what it's
'bout
We rob that trick and stick his dick off in his fuckin'
mouth
We Memphis niggas

[Hook 4x]

[Juicy J]

North, north, south, south, Westwood, Orange Mound
Nigga we be smokin' life; never shut ya Charlie Brown
Memphis niggas in this bitch; pockets full, ya know we
bail
Hooked up with my nigga 'Cris, then we head to A-T-L
Playas wild, throwin' bows, tellin' chickens, "Fuck you
hoe!"
Nigga rollin' up the moe, as long that white shit up they
nose
Mayn this town is like my town, so we stayed and hung
around
Juicy J be high as fuck; catch me in the lost and found

[Lil' Fate]

Better use common sense checkin' me out for bitch I
can stand for
And up, get yaself in this clique
Without my tongue licks, behind me gettin' handcuffed
by a slut
Look, I'm from Gittero what?
Southside niggas throw it up when it's time to get buck
Niggas in the back of the club postin' up
Waitin' for a nigga that's new to make it up
Ass in, ain't no askin'; it's no tolerance as long bitch
check in
She wit' me, comments will only get'chu basically
eternally resting
So abide by the call of the streets
If ya got a bitch better keep her on a leash
? gonna creep in ya home while you gone

Have you comin' back findin' nutt on yo' sheets

[Hook 4x] [Thanks to halessweetangel@aol.com for
correcting these lyrics]

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