

Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich "The Sleeper"

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(S'il vous plat... dessine-moi un mouton
- Hein?)

(I think you're gonna like it where I'm gonna take you)

(You are sleeping)

[VERSE 1]

Sleep, sleep on, get your soul train
Cause I got too much I'll shit on my brain
I frame a masterpiece, a visionary vibe
My words drift, many ride my joint like a stick shift
I sip booze on tours, let me see you go for yours
10 g's down, I leave ya in your fuckin drawers
Whores got hold on the industry
But I'm your pimp, that's why you're suckin me
Now it's time to uplift, true, I never gas ya
Finishin you off with the dagger while I slash ya
Wise words cut, my pocket's full of politicians
I make incisions, Daddy Rich's cut precision
I take your slumber, slide into your psyche
Slippin in a sleep like a brand-new pair of Nike
Grips if you sips on the wines you might hallucinate
Visions of you swingin from a noose, a suicide state
Of mind, seek to find, rewind the tape to peep it
Like T-La-Rock it's yours, if you sow the seeds, you reap
it
I flip stlyes, keep you wild like a []
[] penile
System, enlist em, alarm clock's ringin
Why must you sleep, why must you sleep, sleep?
Got vibes that [] the reaper
So make some room for the sleeper

[VERSE 2]

The sleep is subtle as a switch-up mode
Sleepwalkin over, some are droppin their load
No posin pictures, break ya, then I fix ya
Rich is on the mix, Daddy Rich break mixers
I got stamina, that's why I'm havin ya
Raw on a plate, yeah, I'm cappin ya
I said [] watch the pelicans fly

Rippin it from Watts out to Bed-Stuy
Wilfull wishes, all hoes and bitches
You got a little tipsy and forgot about the misses
Slept and you slept and you slept on
10 feet under, now you're passed on
I caught you lunchin, yo, here's a no-dose
Eyes in the back of my head, surveillance photos
I run missions, listen to the word pass
Guess I gotta smoke you like smoke glass (Woof!)
If you wanna snooze, just kick off your shoes
Get a new attitude, not a []
I bring it like a hooker out roamin
I'm fierce like a pitbull foamin
I got it like HIV got so many
I'm runnin circles like []
Jump off the high horse, top of the heaper
And come on down for the sleeper

(Mais si tu ne l'attaches pas, il ira n'importe o
Il se perdra...
Mais o veux-tu qu'il aille?)

(Ah! petit prince
J'ai compris peu peu
Ainsi ta petite vie mlancolique
Tu n'avais eu longtemps pour distraction
Que la douceur des couchers de soleil
J'aime bien les couchers de soleil
Allons voir un coucher de soleil...
Mais i faut attendre...
Attendre quoi?
Attendre que le soleil se couche
Je me crois toujours chez moi!
En effet
Quand il est midi aux Etats Unis
Le soleil, tout le monde le sait...)

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