

Sinead Oconnor

"Die In Your Sleep"

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I'm not the type of cat to just freeze up rhymin'
In any situation, scenario, locale or whatever
If I did lose my grip, my clutch, my timin' on a written
I'd flip to freestyle and keep it together
Cohesive as black skin transitioning from legs to an ass
It all just fits
Got clever wits, intelligence, panache, plenty rhythm
So forget what next man submits
It's irrelevant at this moment
No pity for my opponent
If I was another mc, I'd be content just listenin' to me
Until my lab work's done
Or I got a presentation that'll impress everyone
Be competent before you're competitive
Or particularly confident or I'ma make your feelings
ache
Just be a fan or dap me like I'm your man
As I feather your fancy though I'm like far from
lightweight
My state of mind is tight, great, solid and all
Mouth lined with fat shit without collagen y'all
My state of residence? TX, but don't be apalled
Not all southsiders are about followin', y'all
I'm the biggest trendsetter since D.O. or Ron C.
Another Texan emcee with my talent's beyond me
Talent alone won't make you blow as we all know
But I will make a way and you'll listen once you know
In some cases you know as soon as you listen
So you can be with me from the beginning
Or follow, it's your decision
A message for all and it ain't that deep
You can acknowledge what you're witnessing
Or die in your sleep

(chorus)

You 'bout to die in your sleep
Engulfed in scripted flames
My spin on the truth of mc'in
Like king james
Give or take the background
Jesse owens ran 10.2

But fast is 10-flat now
Things change
I'ma redraw what you know so far
Down south's 'bout to be up south
There you are

Announcin', never mispronouncin' (bavu)
Spit from a fountainhead
Insurmountable visions spread
Bled into rhyme books
Written at a literary speed you could read if you had to
Inner eye to pad to audio equipment's equivalent
Scribble it down, distribute it and benefit
If you put some work into it
Do shows from big-time to intimate
Float on penmanship
And then hear what I wrote get spins
Websites get hit and scoop writes good shit
It's either a win or a wish, which one
Let's leave an impression, just stick to your guns
Self-defense weapons givin' fake ones the runs
Belittled dolittles oughta just twiddle they thumbs
Or suck 'em, or somethin'
Activity that plentifully does the trick
If you bring four guys, four skins circumsized
That remedy only your ears have to sip
Practical, no joke, no hoax, no disguise
All aboard black enterprise, let's set sail
Salute those who came before me
But it's time for me
I'll be damn if any of my new shit is half-corny
Which foretells retail sales with details it entails
Impales 'em to skewered entrails, plenty's at stake
Sincerely, Bavu Blakes, wordsmith

(chorus)

I hate when people sleep on me
Do I look like a sealy posturepedic?
Did you see me with a glass pipe
Gettin' much worse than weeded
Well otherwise why you lookin' at me like I'm on that
dope?
I am and it's the rhymes I wrote
So pass me your papers if you can't be blunt
Or you front, preoccupied with what the whole world
wants
You can't please everybody
I know your mama said it at least once
But you igged her, now nobody digs ya
Style-shoppin' ain't synonymous with diverse

And that's all the airtime ya getting in my verse
I'm nice beyond denial therefore commercially viable
Thus a new definition of hardcore
For the masses to catch on to
In just a few, your obits will be through
If you slept on Voo
This is a message to all and it ain't that deep
You can acknowledge what you're witnessing
or die in your sleep
(chorus)

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