

## **Cam'Ron F/ Juelz Santana**

### **"Mr. Sandman"**

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Intro: RZA (singing by Blue Raspberry)

\*bees buzzing\*

\*man screaming in torture\*

This is... (Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
Serious, the craziest  
... d-da, (Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream) day-da  
Danger, dangerous... style

Verse One: RZA

Lyrical shots from the glock  
bust bullet holes on the chops, I want the number one  
spot  
With the science, of a giant  
New York defiant, brutal like domestic violence  
Silence of the Lambs, o-ccured when I slammed in  
Foes grab their chairs, to be mad as Ralph Cramden  
Others come with shit, as silly as Art Carney  
But my Tetley triplizes, more kids than Barney  
Never need for stress there's three bags of sess  
a damn I rest, playing chess, yes  
My thoughts be sneaky like a crook from Brooklyn  
When you ain't lookin, I take the queen, with the rook  
then  
I get vexed, layin phat trax on Ampex  
Morphous God, gettin drunk, off a Triple X  
Violent time, I got more love than valentines  
The violent mind, I blast with a silent nine

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

My hazardous thoughts to cut the mic's life support  
short  
Brains get stained like tablecloths when I let off  
Powerful, poetry pushed past the point of no return  
Leavin mics with third-degree burns  
Let me at 'em, I cramp your style like a spasm  
Track em through the mud then I bag em  
We're screaming hardcore, hip-hop drips out my balls

and I be raw, for four score plus seven more  
I strike like a bowling ball, holding y'all hostage  
like hail, electrifying the third rail  
Peep the smash on paragraphs of ruckus  
Wu-Tang (Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck wit)

#### Verse Three: Method Man

Hot time, summer in the city  
My people represent, get busy  
The heat-seeker, on a mission from hell's kitchen  
I gets in where I fits in for head-touchin, listen  
Enemy, is the industry got me flippin  
I don't give a fuck tell that bitch and a nigga  
I'm killin, snipin, catchin murder cases  
Desert Storm-in, I be searchin for oasis  
As I run a mile with a racist  
Pullin, swords, hit the Billboard with a bullet  
Peace to the number seven  
Everybody else get the fo'-nine-three-eleven  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
I don't know what's going on  
if you can take us there...

#### Verse Four: Street Thug

Yo, watch me bang the headpiece there's no survival  
My flow lights up the block like a homicidal  
murder, underground beef for the burger  
P.L.O., criminal thoughts you never heard of  
I switch, the city never sleeps, life's a bitch  
I shit, runnin through bitches like Emmitt Smith  
Caution, niggaz best to be careful crossin  
the street, before they end up layin in a coffin  
Don't sleep, niggaz tend to forget, however  
Peep this -- my nigga Case lives forever

#### Verse Five: Carlton Fisk

What evil lurks in the heart of men?  
It be the shadow, street-life, flowin again  
I had a plot, scheme, I knew for sure  
Only one kid would knock the hinges off the door  
The jerk tried to jet, Sabrina at his neck  
Thirteen pounds on the table plus a tec  
Just when I said, "Where the fuck's the cream?"  
Another jerk came out the kitchen with the M-16  
He tried to cock it, blast these shots like, rockets  
Crushed his collarbone, ripped his arm out the socket  
My move for the table was swift, I got my hostage  
(The nigga tried to stab you God!) but I dodged it

Niggaz said, "Carlton youse a ill motherfucker"  
Cause I made it look like they both killed each other  
And I'm out

(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

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