

Tupac Shakur

"Don't Sleep"

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Shit

When I enter the first zone worst known mic holder
My Hummer roll up evacuating strapped soldiers
Inside strategy manifestin' military styles
Casually try da G when niggas battle me

My prophesied prediction, switch and move positions
Separated from his gun and bitch and watch 'em start
snitchin'
I keep spittin' still stupid niggas fail to listen
I personify this thug livin', hell or prison

My ammunition varies, my voice carries
Watch me invite the whole world, me and the mob
gettin' married
It seems all the fine screams pierce the dark
This is expected, a trick bitch where's your heart?

You mark, watch niggas fall when I call they name
We outlaws hold your head niggas all the same
Except some who want more out of life than stress
We still thuggin' 'til it's none left, don't sleep

We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side
Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep
Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind
'Cause I gotta get mine all the time, don't sleep

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Dumpin' on motherfuckers at random
Rapidly wit' accuracy, they shouldn't've talk bad to me
It had to be a motherfuckin' murder
I'm glad to be a nigga that did the murder

So sad to see another motherfucker floatin'
In plastic reef, sleep wit' his head wide open
Rapid release, keep the police coastin'

Casualties warrant in deep east Oakland

Yolk the nigga off the asphalt, drove off to the hills
Positioned him on his knees and blew the back off
Death with the lex ruger, death to ya
Niggas cry when the bullet fly, kill and execute 'em

I blast first 'til they body me like my guns in varieties
Runnin' wit' the real big willies you silly punks try to be
But front doin' my walk by's rollin' a blunt
Hand on my nuts in a getaway car full of stunts

Addicted to my nine movin' like crime through time
Poppin' niggas like pimples nigga nothin' simple 'bout
mine
Etch-a-sketchin', dumpin' on all you punks at
intersections
Day in and day out ain't no easy way outs or easy exits,
don't sleep

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When I hit the street all I can see is the grind
Blood sweat and tear when I bust my rhyme
Yeah I un for my folk like I load my nine
And when I let loose then no crew standin' but mine

I gives a damn 'bout lame nigga actin' schiesty
Same one knew I was in jail and didn't write me
Wanna fight me then come find me
Whateva you do shawty you betta think wisely

You might see me wit' a stack in the trap
I use my thoughts and pen similar to a saran wrap
A lil' lame nigga I'll neva be, yeah, I'ma keep it G
I'm from the Three and Scrap will neva sleep

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