2Pac, Sleep

(feat. Young Buck, Chamillionaire)

[2Pac:]
Quit starin' at me like a infa red nigga
Don't fall to sleep
You can get ya cash on nigga if ya peep
Other niggaz close they eyes
Seein' dreams in they sleep
But don't fall asleep
Don't fall to sleep
You can get ya cash on

Pictures of penny
Sippin' my glass full of henny
Hands on my semi-
Automatic kill for pennies
Approach for contact
Cause I'm live I multiply
Soon as I open fire
Niggaz die wit' open eyes
Scare to take a nap
It's a trap a long maze
Dreamin' of gettin' stacks
Makin' scratch the wrong way
What the song say
We murder motherfuckers daily
Black out blow the crack out
My lyrics neva fail me
I inhale strong weed then release the stress
Deliver the bomb shit from the east to west
Like yay-yo
Niggaz pull out when I say so
Commence to poppin' motherfuckers copy it fatal
'fficiently I delete then flee
The art of war
Livin' sucka free
Get wit' me
Motherfucker don't sleep

[Chorus x2: 2Pac]
Don't go to sleep
You can get ya cash on nigga if ya peep
Other niggaz close they eyes
Seein' dreams in they sleep
But don't fall asleep

[Young Buck:]
I'm starin' thru my rear view
Doin' 'bout 90
The petal to the metal
So I can see what's behind me
Buckle up your seat belt eyes on the road
They know we ridin' dirty gotta play it how it go
They close down the projects the clubs been closed
And then they wonder why niggaz breakin down o's
I'm a run away slave
Ya get it nigga off the chain
I got that thug life shit runnin' thru my viens
And now they scare
They know that I been heaven sent
And yeah we know the dope comin' from the president
But look at us
We ain't got shit to lose
Feel like we ballin' if we got a new pair of tennis shoes

In the ghetto or better yet home sweet home
This is the land of the free
But to me that's wrong
I'm on my way to the white house strapped wit' my heat
So don't fall asleep

Come on niggaz

[Chorus x2]

[Chamillionaire:]
They say that the moe they hate ya the moe that it motivate ya
My mind set on grind my mental set on the paper
62 hours and countin' and I'm still awake
And they slippin' me sleepin' pills wit' the will I break
Broke nigga always tellin' ya how to make ya cash adjust
So I just stop listenin' and now my cash is up
Red dotted the media cause they always mad at us
I don't see 'em tryin' to mediate when we get gats and bust
They just instigate and as soon as the get the tape
It's dropped from my nigga life just as soon as they get the case
Personally I ain't trippin' on all this rappin' stuff
I'm takin' back my money counter cause it wasn't fast enough, yep
I got a couple problems (word) and none of 'em is money
Just those that love me to pretend to love me and say they buddies
Sometimes I want to maneuver with the ruger
To live like Freddie Krueger these nightmares just ain't as buddy
In meetings they always askin' what my passion is
(And the) money talks so I always have words to answer this (yep)
I can't relax cause its like I'm a fetti activist
Might see me on tv never a mat-tress

[Chorus]

Don't go to sleep

[Chorus]

Sleep banger

[Chorus x2]