

# 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]