

Three 6 Mafia, Sleep

(Lord Infamous)

Please stay sleep, please stay sleep, please stay sleep, you niggas stay sleep
Sippin On six murder minutes the sauce i give blood from the cup to the coffin lid grill
silence for singin some many six songs of a place they call heaven now skids or broke hell
christian or rune my lithonia despite ghetto suspension suspect a sent or no souls
sinister sins i decided distract on a ancient crucial past like Krueger's is gross
satanic insent were wrote on the scent its so sacred created by lucifer slaves
silent secluded in secret somewhere in the swamp in the land of protest a man days
infinite six, eternal the six, forever the six, i sits out of the flames
sick minded soldiers with suffering singing and searching to stable sever for some pain
scarecrow was me i was sent from the ceiling crossed over the thorn on my venomous tips
such in the same antisocial by there is no sun daily as the right wipe on my lips
indulge yourself with the posters and noisy money and drugs interior golds
i tell you how is your profit demand if it gives the whole world the new dinners and clothes

(Gangsta Boo)

I click so quick
my spells are slick
im comin again with much more
you niggas be jealous cause my profit sellin its fuckin yo bitch but niggaroes
just listen, i shouldnt have to mention
yo ass in the click
you fell in the click cause you ran yo mouth around the wrong misses bitch
yo peep this my niggas be packin artillery makin yo ass whine
im packin that bomb ass car thats robbin yo ass blind all the time
you think i love you, never nigga im out to get my cheese
like roger rabbit who framed the nigga that guy left on his knees
smokin out, cause i needs to get high before i go on my mission
my prophet soldiers call me all about this thing called pimpin
so listen nigga before you think you got a good bitch
you got a steamin matter lil boy that want the lifestyle of rich

(Chorus)

Sleep Baby Sleep
princes is all i dream
beware of this cloud cause it is just to deep
sleep baby sleep

(Dj Paul)

We creepin up on these hoes with the mac-10
the mac-12 hit'em with the mac-11
catch ya slippin at the 7-11
put yo swords in the back of his cap send them straight to heaven, 7
lilly villians couldnt stop these hits
certainly when you fuck around with the three-6 mafia, on top a' ya
game, really gotta wake 'em up with the piggy bank
really though sissy hoe we up in ya house
boo under the bed, crunchy behind the couch
get 'em up with galled off
with the muthafuckin shit we talkin bout, thugged out, drugged out,
already, get 'em in they muthafuckin sleep like freddy
split it, doin it, them muthafuckin niggas doin it
pourin it, the muthafuckin posse bitch
while you thinkin we slackin up, we jackin up yo fuckin shit
enemies from day one, but todays' sons don't last so ball it
where you runnin, the three-6 gunnin
all bitches about to cheap
hangin low and standin high, stayin high on the muthafuckin street

(Crunchy Blac)

Should i let a nigga live?
should i let a nigga die?
i should watch a nigga cry while i sing them lullaby
as the tears hit the floor dealin shit how not a roar

Crunchy Blac is not a whore and raven red and heavens door
as i soar through yo life
you be beggin for some christ
ain't no muthafuckin christ
all i wanna see is die

(Juicy J)

Yo sleep at night we comin through yo muthafuckin window pane
make sure at night you shut it tight so the killer wont split yo brain
dont make a move in yo room you better believe its a big surprise
nothin but them two like a glock boy sick infrared between yo eyes
tie that bitch up with the gray tape rest of the body wrap it up with a belt
chop, chop, chop, cut the dead body up till you know theres nothin left
Please stay sleep

(Chorus)x2