

# Wu-Tang Clan, I Can't Go to Sleep

[Ghostface Killah]

Technique is ill son, watch how I spill one  
Peace to Biggie Tupac Big L and Big Pun  
Havoc on the streets of Staten, snitches  
House niggaz children watch as they produce the same pattern  
Somebody raped our women, murdered our babies  
Hit us with the cracks and guns in the early 80's  
FOR THOSE THAT MURDERED ME SHALL STAND BEFORE GOD  
TO FALL AT THE HANDS OF FATE, THEN OUT COMES THE ROD  
Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back,  
bring it back, bring it back.. [\*record run backwards\*]  
What the fuck is goin on? I can't go to sleep  
Feds jumpin out they jeeps, I can't go to sleep  
Babies with flies on the cheeks, it's hard to go to sleep  
Ish bowled two sixes twice, I couldn't go to sleep  
Aiyyo we deep in the stairs, we carry (?) guns  
(?) got, hit up with the big shit, bam-bam  
Stop at the cheeba spot, then pass the leak spot  
So past y'all niggaz again, you took a cheap shot  
Not knowin FUCKIN WITH ME, you get your meat chopped  
YOU THOUGHT WE FELL ON OUR FACE? YOU NEED TO BE STOPPED  
CALL ON THE CHARIOTS, CALL ON AN AMBULANCE  
YOU BETTER SMILE MY NIGGA, YOU ON CANDID CAM  
Gangsta broad, these be the laws, walk with big balls  
Nigga motherfuckin eunuch, I even take which was yours  
I'm the nigga that made you man  
When your rap wasn't doin well, I'm the nigga that gave you a hand!

[Isaac Hayes]

Don't kill your brother, let's love each other  
Don't get mad.. cause it ain't that bad  
Just be who you are.. you've come so far  
It's in your hands, just be a man  
Get the jelly out your spine!  
Cobwebs, out of your mind

[RZA]

I can't go to sleep, I can't shut my eyes  
They shot the father of his moms, killed him seven times  
They shot Malcolm in the chest front of his little seeds  
Jesse watched, as they shot King on the balcony  
They spat at Marcus, Garvey cause he tried to spark us  
with the knowledge of ourselves, and our forefathers  
Ohh Jacqueline you heard the rifle shots cracklin  
Her husband head in her hair, you tried to put it back in  
AMERICA'S WATCHIN, BLOOD STAINED INK BLOTCHES  
MEDGAR TOOK ONE TO THE SKULL FOR INTERGRATING COLLEGE  
WHAT'S THE SCIENCE? SOMEBODY? THIS IS TRICK KNOWLEDGE  
THEY TRY TO KEEP US ENSLAVED AND STILL SCRAPE FOR DOLLARS  
Walkin through Park Hill, drunk as a +FUCK+  
Lookin around like, these +DEVILS+, I'm ready to break this world down  
They got me trapped up in a metal gate, just stressed out with hate  
And just, give me no time to relax, and use my mind to meditate  
What should I do? Grab a blunt or a brew?  
Grab a two-two and run out there AND PUT THIS FUCKIN VIOLENCE IN YOU?  
I can't go to sleep, I can't shut 'em son.. I..

[Isaac Hayes - overlapping RZA at the end]

Don't like the game, nigga use your head  
You should be callin the shots instead  
The power is in your hands..  
Stop all this cryin, and be a man