## **Sleep When I'm Gone**

About to change the game DJ KHALED! WE THE BEST FOREVER Cash Money, Young Money I'm for real about this shit Let's go

I'm countin' my time, cause my time is my money The sun goes down but I won't stop for nothing Why close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone Sleep when I'm gone (Gone) I'm lookin' at the clock like yay yay Naps to my treasure, yay ay (Time's on the side, whoa) Why close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone Sleep when I'm gone Sleep when I'm gone

They say sleep is the cousin of death, guess we related Cause I'm the most slept on, and the most hated Hated, hated by niggas with no hustle Starin' at me in the club like I won't bust you In the face with the spades, life is a card game And I'm playin' spades, gamblin' with y'all change Fuckin' basketball wives, while you at away games Really fuckin' basketball wives, ain't gotta say names Whole body tattered like a New York City freight train Niggas get to barkin', put a bullet in the great dane Try me, end up like why me? Team full of animals, like I coach the heat Four floor mansion, close to the beach 6 car garage, that's how I'm supposed to eat In Miami, rolling up kush on boat decks Flaggin' down the waitress, wavin' my Rolex

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Yo, I don't survive the test of time doin' this shit so long And only rest to rise again homie, I sleep when I'm gone Look, a legend while I'm prime, and so current and they hate this The streets classified me as another level of greatness I don't fight for crowns at all, I let whack niggas bitch

And let 'em flip while they debate on who the king of this shit Listen, see I don't waste time debatin' over those things Because I'm God motherfucker, God create kings

## **DJ Khaled**

Watch it, I'm hearin' that a lot of niggas mad through the grapevine The piano soundin' beautiful and sad at the same time The feelin' of a funeral, so study you niggas Khaled, provide the theme music while I bury you niggas See now there's no escaping the God, you better find a get away 'Fore I start wiling like Haitians and Jamaicans when it's Labor Day Khaled, every time you know we gotta make 'em love it And realize every thing is hotter when we touch it

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Ayo Khaled, let this shit breeze

It's poor lil' rich nigga, that's me Smoke comin' out the sunroof, blowin' on hasheesh Can't stop now, cause I'm in too deep 1.5 wide, every 2 weeks Niggas wanna kill me, let the shells fall out Life is short, then please, my kids gon' ball out They kids gon' ball out, 20 years from now, pullin' cars out You gon' think cocaine gettin' hauled out Ass gettin' chipped in, crystal meth gettin' dipped in All cause you let a nigga slip in Aftermath, '05, G-Unit, '06 Everything else is gymnastics, watch the dough flip Sittin' on the couch, smokin' up memories Pourin' Jack Daniels, toast to my enemies Fuck beef, nigga I ain't got the energy Take the last shot to the dome, John Kennedy

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