

# Fuck Sleep

Kid Ink

Eyes wide open...  
We've been up all night, I ain't even notice  
Fuck sleep...  
You know the money is the motive 'til the morning  
I be hungry every moment, man, a nigga gotta eat  
Cookin' up, no Pyrex, it's IMAX  
My weight up, you could check my biceps  
I'm puttin' on for my team, holding me down like Maurice  
I ain't in no hurry 'til we ain't got no worries, so...  
Ain't no rest for me now  
Look around, and I've got more bills than dad, Stunny's child  
Everywhere that I go, you should know the motto  
My time is my money and I always need more, so

So fuck sleep...  
'Cause I've got a lot of bills  
And nobody gon' pay 'em but me  
(I keep my mind on my money, nigga, I don't love these hoes)  
Fuck sleep...  
You could chill while I stack these bills  
Why you think these bitches love me?  
Fuck sleep...  
(Bitch you ain't know, you ain't know)  
(When you throw stuff, I was gettin' money)  
(So fuck sleep...)  
Fuck sleep...

Yep - I've got her legs wide open  
Late night, undercover freak, so you know it's no sheets  
Then it's back to the work  
Fuck 1st and the 15th, I'm tryna get paid  
Every week - and that's the only way to be  
Work hard 'cause I need soft leather on the seats  
See the money's all the talk, and the only thing I breathe  
Is that California kush, God blessed me like a sneeze  
I've gotta keep it real, but I'm living in a dream  
If you made it from the bottom  
Then you know just what I mean  
Everything on the other side ain't always what it seems  
But I heard that it's some green, so I gotta go and see

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In a matter of a week, I made 200 Gs  
Fuck niggas takin' breaks - real niggas gotta eat  
I told my nigga Jah - when he get back on the streets

I'mma drop a bag on him, but him right back on his feet  
Made millions off of beats, and the melody is sweet  
Keep my shades on 'cause I ain't slumbered in weeks  
I'm dickin' down a freak  
I'm bustin' off like "Blocka! Blocka!"  
And sleep, I don't need nada - champagne is my Viagra

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