

Sleepers

Kottonmouth Kings

Remeber me? You don't? You will...
Fuck you, Fuck all the people always runnin their mouth
Fuck that bitch ass coward who fuckin flooded my house
Fuck everybody who said this shit here would never happen
Now who's laughin you said we'd never make it by rappin
But you was dead wrong this song was made to strictly prove a point
See my dick, well you can lick it as I fire up this joint
Gettin me pissed off will definitely get you shit on
Don't turn your back on the Kings, our team's too fuckin strong

Be the second loced loady settin it off in the session
There be no second guessin D-Loc is who you slept on
Don't get confused when I step into your realm
Watch me shine my crown now let's really get down
Turn a smile to a frown
Gives a fuck about a hater
Cause I be the one that might sit back and play ya!
Maken moves in the game
Wit my D-Loc shielo, and if you don't know then Ah! Now
Ya! Know.

"We're the ones that you all slept on- Talk shit you might get crept on- Gro
w lights is always
kept on- We're the ones the whole world slept on- woof woof- Your diggy digg
y dead wrong talk
that shit you might get crept on get flexed on get stepped on we're the ones
the whole world
slept on..."Don't sleep on us"

Be the third king swingin comin rushin out the bus checkin nuts motherfucker
Back the fuck up

Wake the Fuck up
You see what's going on
You got some kids form the burbs
And they're singing these types of song
Everybody getting scared
You can't shake the Kings
We got that underground phunk
So matha fucka please
Now sit back look and listen
While I smoke on my bud
I seen you kissen ass fag
Should have shown me the love
In the middle of the club you could of
dabed my hand and gave me respect
Like a matha fuckin man
Who's a bitch now?
You should have never slept on my crew
And it's rude how all these whacked groups
Are settin played and I'm amused
With the defected youth confused
Sittin back laughing drinkin beer in two's
With my pants saggin D-Loc matha fuckas.

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I've had all that I can take no more room to give
From the pressures growing up, the pain I felt as a kid
Six schools in one year, shit, I've been shipped around
Now I ain't never backin down I'll fight and die for my krown
See all these pussies talk a lot but ain't got shit to show for it
I got 2 dirtbikes, a halfpipe, and a new truck you stupid fucks
Still roll the bus, and I do run your clubs
You can't kick a King out, cause we level's above
Well connected to the top, all it takes a phone call
And that will be the end of you, your eternal downfall
Was to step and start barkin bout the wrong fucking band
Should have shut your fuckin mouth, should have tried to understand

you dead wrong you slept on us - wake up now - cuz we callin Come creepin -
night crawlin night
crawlin you fallin

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