

Go 2 Sleep

Ludacris

GO TO SLEEP, hoe to sleep, GO TO SLEEP, hoe to sleep
IF YOU'RE TIRED BE QUIET AND GO TO SLEEP, hoe to sleep
(3x)

Maaan, I tell a hoe to go to sleep (go to sleep)
They turn around and frown, gotta make 'em six feet deep
'Cause we knock 'em unconscious with that non-sense
Read in between that fine print, think about lyrical con-tent
Then about where your time spent
Mess around get your guys hit; a ten HUUUT!
I send Three-Six ol' sheeyit, nigga WHAT?
If ya tired ya tired, if ya snooze ya lose
But you you won't wrap up ya bandages, or heal you wound

Nigga I got shotty's and semi's - I love 'dro and Henne' ?
All brown and skinny, but I've fucked up so many
I got QP's and halves - if we beefin' I blast
You sleepin' I laugh, ask 'Cris, I'm off the rip
I had this hoe who talked too much; I had to off the bitch
2-0, Mr. Crayola; niggas know what I mean
'Cause I slang brown, white, yellow, purple and green
And all you faggot-motherfuckers gotta know the routine

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Bitch it's me again, kickin' in your fuckin' doors
I look for div-idends - I ain't lookin' for you hoes
You bitch can't com-prehend; let me put one in your boot
Let me put one in your boat, so you ? can go to sleep
So, lay down bitch; gimme all that you dreamed for
Gimme fancy cars, gimme bling-bling-bling, boi
It don't mean a thing, boi, for me that ain't gon' swing, boi
Them god damn toys; do you know what I mean, boi?

Now if you warrin' and runnin' from them Three-Six niggas
This forty-five gon' give a reason to sleep, nigga
Or bustin' massive 'round some S.K.
My last trip to A-T-L I fucked yo' cascade
I'm strippin' bitches and I'm a ball fucker with a limp
They call me infer-stripper, sexy, red hoe's pimp
And quick to sink her on the nigga 'cause this what it's 'bout
We rob that trick and stick his dick off in his fuckin' mouth
We Memphis niggas

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North, north, south, south, Westwood, Orange Mound
Nigga we be smokin' life; never shut ya Charlie Brown
Memphis niggas in this bitch; pockets full, ya know we bail
Hooked up with my nigga 'Cris, then we head to A-T-L
Players wild, throwin' bows, tellin' chickens, "Fuck you hoe!"
Nigga rollin' optimos, as long that white shit up they nose
Mayn this town is like my town, so we stayed and hung around

Juicy J be high as fuck; catch me in the lost and found

Better use common sense checkin' me out for bitch I can stand for
And up, get yourself in this clique
Without my tongue licks, behind me gettin' handcuffed by a slut
Look, I'm from Gittero what?
Southside niggas throw it up when it's time to get buck
Niggas in the back of the club postin' up
Waitin' for a nigga that's new to make it up
Ass in, ain't no askin'; it's no tolerance as long bitch check in
She wit' me, comments will only get you basically eternally resting
So abide by the call of the streets
If ya got a bitch better keep her on a leash
?Cause Lil Fate gonna creep in ya home while you gone
Have you comin' back findin' nutt on yo' sheets

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