

# Sleeping Giant

Rehab

Let me see, when you talk when you talk into that  
Uh huh?  
That thing right there  
Um hmm.  
It makes your voice come out  
Ohh.  
They can hear it in there  
A Ohhh!  
Hee Hee Hee Hee

You are now witnessing the collaborative effort of Buford Highway's finest;  
Brooks Buford. My main man, Warner Robbins own Danny Boone. And me, I'm Kill  
a kill from Atlasville, better known as Killa Mike. Ha ha. This's how we bring  
it. Heard?  
I'm wild up in school, act a fool  
it's over, I hate you Brooks, you suck. Cool  
my DJs name Detail he's neat  
your ass get beat all down the street  
if you can't move to this then you ain't got feet  
Ain't nobody that can pull it the way that I be bringin' it raw  
stingin' it, singin' and rippin' your jaw  
and bustin' rhymes all of the time follow the leader  
be the MC if you ever try to get with the B-double O-N-E, uh  
You talk about it, say what  
the way we live it, yeah  
you walk around it, say what  
'cause Rehab give it, yeah  
we're in the sky, say what  
a mile high, yeah  
flying the winds like a falcon and you ain't that fly  
don't sing it bring it, don't front it run it  
and don't be scared this is just what you wanted  
and you have all woke up the giant  
his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'  
Yeah, I'm rollin' through the halls, one word...balls  
I'm handling business, power lunches, conference calls  
pulled up on the go-ped, sittin' on chrome three's  
I smell disease, knockin' out MCs  
my rhymes be jumpin' out bushes and trees  
Hey, how in the hell are you doing out there in radio land?  
this is Danny Boone many moons ago I started rippin' the microphone  
and been doin' it ever since makin' mince meat of MCs that can't get with this  
is  
don't cross fence  
You talk about it, say what  
the way we live it, yeah  
you walk around it, say what  
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and don't be scared this is just what you wanted  
and you have all woke up the giant  
his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'  
One two, one two...it's murder  
I'm thirteen, smokin' green

in a stolen Chevelle with the gangsta lean  
dippin through the swas, cook jelly beans  
crunk enough to be on methanphedemines  
got a girl, sixteen, I'm court teens  
so fresh so clean in my creased jeans  
silk shirt, three finger ring gleeming  
with a fifth of Jim Beam, I'm an A-town king  
Hey, you just a hop, skip and a jump  
from gettin' dropped in a d'empty dumpster  
punk, you can not even handle the truth  
so I bring it to you 'cause I know you have nothing to bring at me  
I, I, I...  
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you walk around it, say what  
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his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'  
All good. Goodbye.