

Bobby, come on baby  
Let's lay down and let's get some sleep (Word)  
Bobby.. come here baby  
Lay down, let's get some sleep

I can't sleep like a child on Christmas Eve  
Like a tender head girl in a shop gettin' a weave  
Like a woman in labor about to produce the seed  
Or Method Man with PlayStation and an ounce of weed  
Some say it's hard to distinguish, my form of broken English  
when spoke, the light I provide it cannot be extinguished  
Or eclipsed by a 1000 moons, I stay in tune  
And praise the Most High past the day of their doom  
I squeeze black rubber grip 22 D's on the rims  
Squeal out, leavin' black rubber skids, other kids  
Couldn't match to the old Pistol Pete Rock, beast stop  
The heat pops, you better get your mother kid  
This is Bad News Bears, like Eddie Munster  
I keep a dragon under my stairs  
Plus a gun in my hat, ain't no runnin' from that  
Ain't no runnin' with that pack  
The poison apple, dunn, I crush Kings

One two, yo, 280 grains of gun powder stuffed inside the cartridge  
Split ya wig, drive you off the Gotham's Bridge  
Wild like a finger of Hercula  
Scholastic type brain like Aken Handsurdera  
I've got wolves that'll murder ya for a veggie burner  
Spaghetti heads, meet the heavy burner  
I put a oodle up in ya noodle  
Then I head to the dread spot for a bag of that doodoo  
Black photographic, I don't know no magic  
But I know how to hold a full automatic  
Add a nickel to it son if you have to add it  
Better make sure ya kevlar is steel padded  
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, I've got beaucoup cess  
Get beaucoup from best bitches plus I shoot through vests  
Drive Fast Cars, crash bars at 5 AM  
Stash jars of hash inside the backyard