

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 Hercura
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