

Sleep

Three 6 Mafia

Please stay sleep, please stay sleep
please stay sleep, you niggas stay sleep
Sippin on six murder minutes, the sauce I give blood
from the cup to the coffin lid grill
Silence for singin some many six songs
of a place they call heaven now skids or broke hell
Christian or rune, my Lithonia despite ghetto
suspension suspect a sent or no souls
Sinister sins I decided distract on a ancient crucial
past like Krueger's is gross
Satanic in scent were wrote on the scent
it's so sacred created by Lucifer slaves
Silent, secluded in secret somewhere in the swamp
in the land of protest a man-day
Infinite six, eternal the six
forever the six I sits outta da flames
Sick minded soldiers wit suffering
singing and searching to stable severe for some pain
Scarecrow was me, I was sent from the ceiling
crossed over the thorn on my venomous tips
Such in the same antisocial by there is no sun
daily as the right wipe on my lips
Indulge yourself with the posters
and noisy money and drugs interior golds
I tell you how is your profit
demand if it gets the whole world da new dinners and clothes

I click so quick, my spells are slick
I'm comin' again with much more
You niggas be jealous cuz my profit sellin'
Its fucking yo bitch but Nig-ga- roes
Just listen, I shouldn' have to mention
Yo ass is in the click, you fell in the click
cuz you run yo mouth around the wrong misses bitch
Yo peep this, my niggas be packin' artillery making yo ass whine
I'm packin' this bomb ass car that's robbin yo ass blind all the time
You think I love you, never nigga I'm out to get my cheese
Like Roger Rabbit, who framed the nigga that guy left on his knees?
Smokin' out, cuz I need to get high before I go on my mission
My profit soldiers call me all about this thing called pimpin'
So listen nigga before you think you got a convict (bitch)
You got a steaming matter lil' boy that want the lifestyle of rich

Sleep baby sleep
Princes is all I dream
Beware of this cloud, cuz it is just too deep
Sleep baby sleep

We pimpin up on these hoes wit the Mack-10
The Mack-12 hit 'em wit the Mack-11
Catch ya slippin at the 7-11
Put the swords in the back of his cap, send him straight to heaven 7
Lily villains? couldn't stop these hits
certainly when ya fuck around wit da Three Six Mafia on top a ya
Game, really gotta wake 'em up wit the piggy bank
Really tho, sissy hoe, we up in ya house
Boo under da bed, Crunchy behind da couch

Get 'em up wit galled off
Wit da mother fucking shit we talkin' about
Thug'd out, drugged out, already
Get 'em in they mother fucking sleep like Freddy
Split it, doin' it, them mutha fuckin niggas doin' it
Pourin' it, the mutha fuckin Posse bitch
While you thinking we slackin' up, we jackin' up yo fuckin shit
Enemies from day one, but today sons, don't last, so ball it
Where ya run at? Da Three Six gun that, all bitches about the cheap
Hangin low and standin' hi, stayin' hi, on the mutha fuckin street

Should I let a nigga live?
Should I let a nigga die?
I should watch a nigga cry
While I sing dem lullaby
As da tears hit the floor
Dealin' shit, how not a roar?
Crunchy Black is not a whore
And Raven Red and heavens door
As I soar through yo life
You be beggin' for some Christ
Aint no mutha fuckin' Christ
All I wanna see is die

Yo sleep at night, we coming through yo mutha fuckin' window pane
Make sure at night, you shut it tight so the killer wont split ya brain
Don't make a move in ya room you better believe it's a big surprise
Nuttin but them two like a glock boy a sick infrared between ya eyes
Tie that bitch up wit the gray tape,
rest of the body wrap it up wit a belt
Chop, chop, chop, cut the dead body up till ya know theres nothing left
Please stay sleep!

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