

## 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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