

# Mr. Sandman

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This is  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
    Serious, the craziest d-da  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
    Day-da danger, dangerous style  
    Lyrical shots from the glock  
    Bust bullet holes on the chops  
    I want the number one spot  
    With the science, of a giant  
New York defiant, brutal like domestic violence  
Silence of the Lambs, occurred when I slammed in  
    Foes grab their chairs  
    To be mad as Ralph Cramden  
    Others come with shit, as silly as Art Carney  
    But my Tetley triplies, more kids than Barney  
    Nobody must stress there's three bags of sess  
    A damn I rest, playing chess, yes  
My thoughts be sneaky like a crook from Brooklyn  
When you ain't lookin', I take the queen, with the rook then  
    I get vexed, layin' phat trax on Ampex  
    Amorphous God, gettin' drunk, off a triple X  
    Violent time, I got more love than valentines  
    The violent mind, I blast with a silent nine  
My hazardous thoughts to cut the mic's life support short  
    Brains get stained like tablecloths when I let off  
    Powerful, poetry pushed past the point of no return  
    Leavin' mics with third degree burns  
    Let me at 'em, I cramp your style like a spasm  
    Track em through the mud then I bag 'em  
We're screaming hardcore, hip-hop drips out my balls  
    And I be raw, for four score plus seven more  
    I strike like a bowling ball, holding y'all hostage  
        Like jail, electrifying the third rail  
    Peep the smash on paragraphs of ruckus  
        Wu-Tang  
        (Clan ain't nuttin' ta fuck wit)  
        Hot time, summer in the city  
        My people represent, get busy  
The heat seeker, on a mission from Hell's kitchen

I gets in where I fits in for head touchin', listen

Enemy, is the industry got me flippin'  
I don't give a fuck tell that bitch and a nigga  
I'm killin', snipin', catchin' murder cases  
Desert stormin', I be searchin' for Oasis

As I run a mile with a racist

Pullin' swords, hit the Billboard with a bullet

Peace to the number seven

Everybody else get the fo' nine three eleven  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

I don't know what's going on

If you can take us there

Yo, watch me bang the headpiece there's no survival

My flow lights up the block like a homicidal

Murder, underground beef for the burger

P L O, criminal thoughts you never heard of

I switch, the city never sleeps, life's a bitch

I shit, runnin' through bitches like Emmitt Smith

Caution, niggaz best to be careful crossin'

The street, before they end up layin' in a coffin'

Don't sleep, niggaz tend to forget, however

Peep this, my nigga, case lives forever

What evil lurks in the heart of men?

It be the shadow, street life, flowin' again

I had a plot, scheme, that I knew for sure

Only one kick would knock the hinges off the door

The jerk tried to jet, Sabrina at his neck

Thirteen pounds on the table plus a tec

Just when I said, "Where the fuck's the cream?"

Another jerk came out the kitchen with the M 16

He tried to cock it, blast these shots like, rockets

Crushed his collarbone, ripped his arm out the socket

My move for the table was swift, I got my hostage

(The nigga tried to stab you God)

But I dodged it

Niggaz said, "Carlton youse a ill motherfucker"

'Cause I made it look like they both killed each other

And I'm out

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Lyrics provided by

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