

Don't Sleep

DJ Earl-e

Shit

When I enter the first zone worst known mic holder

My Hummer roll up evacuating strapped soldiers

Inside strategy manifestin' military styles

Casually try da G when niggas battle me

My prophesied prediction, switch and move positions

Separated from his gun and bitch and watch 'em start snitchin'

I keep spittin' still stupid niggas fail to listen

I personify this thug livin', hell or prison

My ammunition varies, my voice carries

Watch me invite the whole world, me and the mob gettin' married

It seems all the fine screams pierce the dark

This is expected, a trick bitch where's your heart?

You mark, watch niggas fall when I call they name

We outlaws hold your head niggas all the same

Except some who want more out of life than stress

We still thuggin' 'til it's none left, don't sleep

We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side

Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep

Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind

'Cause I gotta get mine all the time, don't sleep

We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side

Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep

Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind

'Cause I gotta get mine all the time

Dumpin' on motherfuckers at random

Rapidly wit' accuracy, they shouldn't've talk bad to me

It had to be a motherfuckin' murder

I'm glad to be a nigga that did the murder

So sad to see another motherfucker floatin'

In plastic reef, sleep wit' his head wide open

Rapid release, keep the police coastin'

Casualties warrant in deep east Oakland

Yolk the nigga off the asphalt, drove off to the hills

Positioned him on his knees and blew the back off

Death with the lex ruger, death to ya

Niggas cry when the bullet fly, kill and execute 'em

I blast first 'til they body me like my guns in varieties

Runnin' wit' the real big willies you silly punks try to be

But front doin' my walk by's rollin' a blunt
Hand on my nuts in a getaway car full of stunts
Addicted to my nine movin' like crime through time
Poppin' niggas like pimples nigga nothin' simple 'bout mine
Etch-a-sketchin', dumpin' on all you punks at intersections
Day in and day out ain't no easy way outs or easy exits, don't sleep
We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side
Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep
Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind
'Cause I gotta get mine all the time, don't sleep
We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side
Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep
Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind
'Cause I gotta get mine all the time
When I hit the street all I can see is the grind
Blood sweat and tear when I bust my rhyme
Yeah I un for my folk like I load my nine
And when I let loose then no crew standin' but mine
I gives a damn 'bout lame nigga actin' schiesty
Same one knew I was in jail and didn't write me
Wanna fight me then come find me
Whateva you do shawty you betta think wisely
You might see me wit' a stack in the trap
I use my thoughts and pen similar to a saran wrap
A lil' lame nigga I'll neva be, yeah, I'ma keep it G
I'm from the Three and Scrap will neva sleep
We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side
Always creep wit' the nine when I ride, don't sleep
Blowin' pine, always hustlin' on the grind
'Cause I gotta get mine all the time, don't sleep
We gon' ride, keep my pistol on my side
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'Cause I gotta get mine all the time, don't sleep
Don't sleep
Don't sleep

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