

Nap Rap (feat. Smosh)

The Warp Zone

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Go and get that rest that you deserve
Let that sun keep shining down

Take a trip to sleepy town

Hush, Hush
Go and take a nap!
Hush, Hush, Hu-ush

Every-Everyday outta bed
At the first crack of dawn
Get dressed, breakfast through a non-stop yawn
Coffee after coffee
At the office all morning
But the only part about me waking up
Is my colon
As my day is getting hectic
I'm becoming narcoleptic
Getting nowhere on my checklist
Dreaming would be more effective
Now i'm picturing my Hammock
Strung between two trees
My mind is at ease
As I sway in the breeze
Just absorbing the peace
Man, what I'd give to be unconscious
Get horizontal and do anything that's not this
Working on these spreadsheets
Wish i had my bed sheets
Head meets keyboard
And I get to counting mad sheep
Been overworked like a dog - Beagle
I should be sleeping like a log - Beatles

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Poor weary thing, you've been overworked
Let that sun keep shining down
Take a trip to sleepy town

It's a beautiful day
Man, I gotta take advantage
What better way to celebrate
than emulate the Spanish
My head's all dizzy, eyelids heavy
It's 2:30 somewhere
Let's get this siesta ready
Scented candle burning
That nostalgic smell of cinnamon
It takes me back to preschool
Feel like i'm a kid again
I found my favorite onesie
Got it zipped right up
Decked out with police cars
And the red firetrucks
Got my spot pimped out
Satin covers on the couch
Rock the seude blindfold
Pacifier for my mouth
I got so many teddies
Made of plush and love and nylon
And noise reduction headphones
So I get my lullaby on
Now quiet in the room
Man, no more talking
And let me drift away
To my Sarah Mclachlan

Dude, you sleep a lot
I mean, how do you keep your job?
Frankly it's a miracle in this economy
Nevermind, we digress
We'll leave you alone to rest
Go and get your dream on

We are the architects
Homie, in control of your dreams
Yeeah, make your lazy mind
Work with shit it ain't ever seen
We'll make the girl of your fantasies
Meet you for dinner
But she's got a thick beard
And she's wearing duck flippers
You can try to run away
But you're stuck in slow motion

You think you're close to home
But you're stuck in Nova Scotia?
And it's cold, son
You ain't got no clothes on
Invisible to no one
Whoa that was a close one
Oh, so embarrassing
Situation harrowing
Feel your knees shaking
As your vision's slowly narrowing
Then we rip the ground
From beneath your very toes
Tumble into blackness
And death is getting very close
Now WAKE UP
You seem fine - with one exception
You got duck feet - You're fast asleep
Three layers deep
INCEPTION

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Lazy motherfucker, you've been served
Go get dressed and go outside
Normal people sleep at night
Hush, Hush
Don't take no more naps
Hush, Hush, Hu-ush

Lyrics Submitted by Jake Steele

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