

# Mr. Sandman

## Magic acoustic Guitars

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  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)  
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

Lyrics provided by

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