

# No Sleep Gang

## Crooked I

No sleep gang Annotate, insomnia gang  
We out here trafficking, that mean I'mma find me a lane  
You wanna be celebrities, you remind me of lames  
But I got bars, when I'm through selling these, I'mma buy me some fame  
All about that mulah holla, I'm a Rottweiler with an iced out collar  
Prada frames, Long Beach top shotta  
I don't count on niggas but I might count dollars  
I don't count on hoes but I might count dollars  
I don't count on haters but I might count  
Bottles in the VIP when the club turn the lights out  
I'm on the white couch yelling out  
Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
OG man, how the dope fiends came  
Get em so hooked, call a dope T-Pain  
Cardo on the beat, then it's no keychain  
Push to start, then a Crook to park  
Seats vibrate when the dope beat bang  
Drank the sip, nigga kush to spark [Chorus]  
Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
Bang bang bang, nigga no sleep gang  
Fuck sleep, get that money my nigga  
Fuck sleep, get that money my nigga  
Fuck sleep, get that money my nigga  
Fuck sleep, get that money my nigga  
Fuck sleep, get that money my nigga  
Smoke in the club, roll that up  
Drank in the club, pour that up  
Haters in the club, so damn what  
If it don't make money then it don't add up  
No sleep gang, roll that up  
No sleep gang, throw that up  
No sleep gang, throw that up  
If it don't make money then you don't add up House in the hills, thousands and mill's  
Getting wild in the field with your spouse in Brazil  
On ounces and pills, how does it feel?  
To count dollar bills, to count dollar bills  
(X2) No sleep gang, insomnia gang

Raised by some O dogs, that's why I polly with 'caine  
They pushed rock in the 90's, they remind me of Dame  
Hundred on the dash, Jordan's on the gas  
Pull the top back while I'm sliding through the lanes  
Yelling bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
Do-si-do with a ho he claim  
In the low-key mode, know she throw me brain  
And I know she know, chain and the cross  
C.O.B, I'm the COB gang boss  
Bitch threw a molly in her own champagne  
This time around y'all can't blame Ross  
Momma told me I couldn't behave  
To that dollar was Crooked a slave  
Now I'm a master, fly right past ya  
Louis Vuitton sneakers one foot in the grave  
But before I die let me tell you this  
I'mma ball on you niggas, I can tell your pissed  
Talk about I took your wife out all night  
Nigga don't tell me, homie tell your bitch[Chorus]Bang bang bang, no sleep gang  
(x4)

Songwriters

RONALD LATOUR, DOMINICK WICKLIFFPublished by  
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