

Fuck Sleep

Kid Ink

Eyes wide open
We've been up all night, I ain't even noticed
Fuck sleep
You know the money is the motive 'til the morning
I be hungry every moment, man, a nigga gotta eat
Cookin' up, no Pyrex, it's IMAX
My weight up, you could check my biceps
I'm puttin' on for my team, holding me down like Maurice
I ain't in no hurry 'til we ain't got no worries, so'
Ain't no rest for me now
Look around, and I've got more bills than dad, Stunny's child
Everywhere that I go, you should know the motto
My time is my money and I always need more, so[Hook]
So fuck sleep
Cause I've got a lot of bills
And nobody gon' pay 'em but me
keep my mind on my money, nigga, I don't love these hoes
Fuck sleep
You could chill while I stack these bills
Why you think these bitches love me?
Fuck sleep
Bitch you ain't know, you ain't know
When you throw stuff, I was gettin' money
So fuck sleep
Fuck sleep Yep, I've got her legs wide open
Late night, undercover freak, so you know it's no sheets
Then it's back to the work
Fuck 1st and the 15th, I'm tryna get paid
Every week, and that's the only way to be
Work hard 'cause I need soft leather on the seats
See the money's all the talk, and the only thing I breathe
Is that California kush, God blessed me like a sneeze
I've gotta keep it real, but I'm living in a dream
If you made it from the bottom
Then you know just what I mean
Everything on the other side ain't always what it seems
But I heard that it's some green, so I gotta go and see[Hook]
So fuck sleep
Cause I've got a lot of bills

And nobody gon' pay 'em but me
keep my mind on my money, nigga, I don't love these hoes
Fuck sleep
You could chill while I stack these bills
Why you think these bitches love me?
Fuck sleep
Bitch you ain't know, you ain't know
When you throw stuff, I was gettin' money
So fuck sleep
Fuck sleep In a matter of a week, I made 200 Gs
Fuck niggas takin' breaks, real niggas gotta eat
I told my nigga Jah, when he get back on the streets
I'mma drop a bag on him, but him right back on his feet
Made millions off of beats, and the melody is sweet
Keep my shades on 'cause I ain't slumbered in weeks
I'm dickin' down a freak
I'm bustin' off like 'Blocka! Blocka!
And sleep, I don't need nada, champagne is my Viagra[Hook]
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When you throw stuff, I was gettin' money
So fuck sleep
Fuck sleep.

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