

Go to Sleep

Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Unh! I bring you murder in the first
And even as we speak we gettin further in this verse
With no further adieu I do what I respect
Doom got me stripes like Hamburgler for my work
Ask Lupe the killa, killa, killa, killa
Mercy, he's a mess! So immersed in his murk
He's two thirds submerged below the surface where they surf
This is where I lay it down like a bird givin birth
So call me Lu the giant's goose or just, Faberge paint
Til I'm called back to the shore by the watchers of the bay
I wait, til I come back like a tsunami
Never microwave like the watchers of the weight
I'm wrapped in aluminum foil, I do my dirt like Kwame
Until that same soil bein pushed into my grave
But I'm so ahead of my time, the next day
Might strike oil while I delay, homie I'm so crude
Texas T, haters is so screwed
But I can't fill it like a flathead in a Philips
Don't get it twisted, nigga I'm no tool
More cool than a pool in a blizzard
With ice cubes in it during Christmas
Meanin there's no school, in the misfit
Like I'm throwin a fit
Or I just can't fit it, tidbit too big
It's gotta hem it til it's fresh to death
Dressed to kill it, like unh!Unh! 187 on my second, I reckon
This is an assault with a deadly session
A soft peace and blessins to the sentence that be reppin
All across in every direction, locality, and section
That know Lupe the killa, killa, killa, killa
Give it how I live it most niggaz won't believe
Or achieve how I did it most niggaz won't recieve

Til I leave and I bereave the secrets of my sickness
How I, flooded the streets like Venice
I've suffered, demanded, withstood, pimp handed and hustlin
I'm Colonel Mustard with the speech
They ain't catchin me, no suspicions of stickin
No convictions on my rap sheet
I'm so committin lay my murder game, that's sweet
Speakeasy like Prohibition, no emission
If you ain't knockin like me to the underground bar, buryin a toast
Dodgin the raid like roach, nigga pleaseUnh! I make it give up the ghost
On the trifecta, the third, I differ
Nigga, you ain't heard? My lecture like Lector
Letcha in on a secret, but you can't leak it
Lupe's the killa, killa, killa, killa
Since my entrance, my niggaz had packs
They moved 'em to a trap like Winston
Far from bustas, baby nah
All my homies henchmen
I was the rhymers, my talk went through the walls like Slimer
Or like, eatin vagina
Or, a stray bullet, whichever ways I put it
Crooks was hooked like crooks through neighborhoods I pushed it
Little Caesar niggaz pizzas was like book it
Delivery mean like Leroy Green
They couldn't take it to the places I took it
Beware, you don't look it
You ain't dressed for this affair
I'm hooded in the bushes like unh!

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