

Sleep When I'm Gone

Dj Khaled

[Intro - DJ Khaled]About to change the game

DJ Khaled

We the Best Forever

Cash Money, Young Money

I'm for real about this shit

Let's go

[Chorus - Cee-Lo Green]I've gotten my time because my time is my money

The sun goes down but I won't stop for nothing

Why close my eyes? I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Looking at the clock like yeah, yeah

Naps to my treasure yeah, yeah

Why close my eyes? I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

[Verse 1 - The Game]Yeah they say sleep is the cousin of death

Guess we related

Because I'm the most slept on and the most hated

Hated, hated by niggas with no hustle

Staring at me in the club like I won't bust you in the face with the Spades

Life is a card game and I'm playing spades

Gambling with short change

Fucking basketball wives while you at away games

Really fucking basketball wives, ain't got to say names

Whole body tatted like a New York City freight train

Niggas get to barking, put a bullet in a Great Dane

Try me, end up like "why me?"

Team full of animals like I coached the Heat

Four floor mansion, close to the beach

Six car garage, that's how I'm supposed to eat

In Miami, rolling up kush on boat decks

Flagging down the waitress, waving my Rolex

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Busta Rhymes:]Yo I done survived the test of time doing this shit so long

And only rest to rise again homie I sleep when I'm gone

Look, a legend while I'm prime and so current and they hate this

The streets'll classify me another level of greatness

I don't fight for crowns at all, I let wack niggas bitch

And let them flip while they debate on who the king of shit
Listen, see I don't waste time debating over them things
Because I'm God motherfucker, God create kings
I'm hearing that a lot of niggas mad through the grapevine
Piano sounding beautiful and sad at the same time
The feeling that a funeral so study you niggas
Khaled provide the theme music while I bury you niggas
See now there's no escaping the god, you'd better find a getaway
Before I start wilin' like Haitians and Jamaicans when it's Labor Day
Khaled every time you know we got to make them love it
And realize that everything is hotter when we touch it
[Chorus][Verse 3 - The Game]Ayo Khaled, let this shit breathe
Spoiled little rich nigga, that's me
Smoke coming out the sunroof, blowing on hashish
Can't stop now because I'm in too deep
1.5 ride every two weeks
Niggas want to kill me, let the shells fall out
Life is short in place, my kids gone ball out
Their kids gone ball out
Twenty years from now pulling cars out
You gone think cocaine getting hauled out
Ex getting shipped in
Crystal meth getting dipped in
All because you let a nigga slip in
Aftermath 05, G-Unit 06
Everything else was gymnastics, watch the dough flip
Sitting on the couch, smoking up memories
Pouring Jack Daniels, toast to my enemies
Fuck beef nigga, I ain't got the energy
Take the last shot to the dome, John Kennedy
[Chorus]

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