

Mr. Sandman

Pomp-A-Dur

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

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