Mr. Sandman

Oranger

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
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

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