

# Sleep

## Three 6 Mafia

ScareCrow]

Please stay sleep, please stay sleep  
please stay sleep, you niggas stay sleep  
Sippin on six murder minutes, the sauce I give blood  
from the cup to the coffin lid grill  
of a place they call heaven now skids or broke hell  
Silence for singin some many six songs  
Christian or rune, my Lithonia despite ghetto  
Sinister sins I decided distract on a ancient crucial  
suspension suspect a sent or no souls  
past like Krueger's is gross  
Satanic in scent were wrote on the scent  
it's so sacred created by Lucifer slaves  
Silent, secluded in secret somewhere in the swamp  
in the land of protest a man-day  
Infinite six, eternal the six  
forever the six I sits outta da flames  
Sick minded soldiers wit suffering  
singing and searching to stable severe for some pain  
crossed over the thorn on my venomous tips  
Such in the same antisocial by there is no sun  
Scarecrow was me, I was sent from the ceiling  
daily as the right wipe on my lips  
Indulge yourself with the posters  
I tell you how is your profit  
and noisy money and drugs interior golds  
demand if it gets the whole world da new dinners and clothes

[Gangsta Boo]

I click so quick, my spells are slick  
I'm comin' again with much more  
Its fucking yo bitch but Nig-ga- roes  
You niggas be jealous 'cause my profit sellin'  
'cause you run yo mouth around the wrong misses bitch  
Just listen, I shouldn' have to mention  
Yo ass is in the click, you fell in the click  
Yo peep this, my niggas be packin' artillery making yo ass whine  
I'm packin' this bomb ass car that's robbin yo ass blind all the time  
You think I love you, never nigga I'm out to get my cheese

Like Roger Rabbit, who framed the nigga that guy left on his knees?  
Smokin' out, 'cause I need to get high before I go on my mission  
My profit soldiers call me all about this thing called pimpin'  
So listen nigga before you think you got a convict (bitch)  
You got a steaming matter lil' boy that want the lifestyle of rich

Sleep baby sleep

[Hook:]

Princes is all I dream

Beware of this cloud, 'cause it is just too deep

Sleep baby sleep

[DJ Paul]

We pimpin up on these hoes wit the Mack-10

The Mack-12 hit 'em wit the Mack-11

Catch ya slippin at the 7-11

Put the swords in the back of his cap, send him straight to heaven 7

Lily villains? couldn't stop these hits

certainly when ya fuck around wit da Three Six Mafia on top a ya

Game, really gotta wake 'em up wit the piggy bank

Really tho, sissy hoe, we up in ya house

Get 'em up wit galled off

Boo under da bed, Crunchy behind da couch

Wit da mother fucking shit we talkin' about

Thug'd out, drugged out, already

Get 'em in they mother fucking sleep like Freddy

Split it, doin' it, them mutha fuckin niggas doin' it

Pourin' it, the mutha fuckin Posse bitch

While you thinking we slackin' up, we jackin' up yo fuckin shit

Enemies from day one, but today sons, don't last, so ball it

Where ya run at? Da Three Six gun that, all bitches about the cheap

[Crunchy Black]

Hangin low and standin' hi, stayin' hi, on the mutha fuckin street

Should I let a nigga live?

Should I let a nigga die?

I should watch a nigga cry

As da tears hit the floor

Dealin' shit, how not a roar?

While I sing dem lullaby

Crunchy Black is not a whore

And Raven Red and heavens door

You be beggin' for some Christ

As I soar through yo life

Aint no mutha fuckin' Christ  
All I wanna see is die

[Juicy J]

Yo sleep at night, we coming through yo mutha fuckin' window pane  
Make sure at night, you shut it tight so the killer wont split ya brain  
Nuttin but them two like a glock boy a sick infrared between ya eyes  
Don't make a move in ya room you better believe it's a big surprise  
rest of the body wrap it up wit a belt  
Tie that bitch up wit the gray tape,  
Please stay sleep!  
Chop, chop, chop, cut the dead body up till ya know theres nothing left

[Hook

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