

# Go To Sleep (feat. Obie Trice, DMX)

## Eminem

I ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep  
Ain't gonna breathe, til I see, what I wanna see  
And what I wanna see, is you go to sleep, in the dirt  
Permanently, you just being hurt, this ain't gonna work  
For me, it just wouldn't be, sufficient enough  
'cause we, are just gonna be, enemies  
As long as we breathe, I don't ever see, either of us  
Coming to terms, where we can agree  
There ain't gonna be, no reasoning, speakin wit me  
You speak on my seed, then me, no speak-a ingles  
So we gonna beef, and keep on beefin, unless  
You're gonna agree, to meet with me in the flesh  
And settle this face to face, and you're gonna see  
A demon unleashed in me, that you've never seen  
And you're gonna see, this gangster beat on himself  
I see you D-12, and thanks, but me need no help  
Me do this one all by my lonely, I don't need fifteen of my homies  
When I see you, I'm seeing you, me and you only  
We never met, but best believe you gon know me  
When I'm this close, to see you exposed as phony  
Come on, bitch, show me, pick me up, throw me  
Lift me up, hold me, just like you told me  
You was gonna do, that's what I thought, you're pitiful  
I'm rid of you, all of you, Ja, you'll get it too! Now go to sleep bitch!  
Die, motherfucker, die! Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes  
Go to sleep, bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say, close ya eyes?  
And go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Die motherfucker die, bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!  
Go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah  
Go to sleep bitch! We got you niggaz, nervous  
On purpose, to hurt your focus, you're not MC's, you're worthless  
You're not them G's, you're a circus, you're no appeal, please  
You're curtains, you use words, cool heard, slurred in two thousand third  
You're purpin, you're no threat, who's ya servin?  
When lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when  
You fuck with a label overseeing the Earth  
Shady muthafucka, O. Trice's birth

And as I mold, I become a curse  
So we can put down the verse, take it to the turf  
Cock and squeeze, and he who reach the hearse is he who  
Depicts fiction in his verse  
And as I breathe, and you be deceased  
The world believe you deceived just to speak  
You're not the streets, you're the desk  
Use not your chest nigga, use a vest  
Before two's choose ya rest, you chose death  
Six feet deep, nigga, that's the debt Now go to sleep bitch!  
Die, motherfucker, die! Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes  
Go to sleep, bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say, close ya eyes?  
And go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Die motherfucker die, bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!  
Go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah  
Go to sleep bitch! Hey dog, I'ma walk like a beast, talk like the streets  
I'ma stay blazin New York wit the heat  
Stalk on the beat, walk wit my feet  
Understand my pain, the rain ain't sleet  
Peep how I'm moving, peep where I'm going  
Shit don't seep, then sleep not knowin  
But I'ma keep growing, getting larger than life  
Easy-going with the same one that started the fight  
He be knowing how dog get, when dog gon bite  
Tried to show him the dog shit, it's dog for life  
Grand champ, and my Blood Line is tight  
'cause it's all good, it's all right  
Niggas tried to holla, but couldn't holla back  
Now they gots to swallow, everything in the sac  
Blood Line, and, we can go track for track  
Damn dog, why'd you have to do them niggas like that? Now go to sleep bitch!  
Die, motherfucker, die! Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes  
Go to sleep, bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta say, close ya eyes?  
And go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Die motherfucker die, bye, bye, motherfucker, bye, bye!  
Go to sleep bitch! (what?)  
Why are you still alive? Why, die motherfucker, ah, ah, ah  
Go to sleep bitch! All you motherfuckers, take that!  
Here, take this too, bitch! Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh, Waaaaaahoo  
We're killing all you motherfuckers dead, all of you  
Fake ass gangsters! No more press! No more press!  
Rot, motherfuckers, rot! Decay, in the dirt, bitch, in the motherfucking dirt!

Die nameless, bitch, die nameless! No more fame!

Ahhh! Hahahaha

Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go, haha

Songwriters

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