

I Can't Go to Sleep

Wu-Tang Clan

Technique is ill son, watch how I spill one
Peace to Biggie, 2Pac, Big L and Big Pun
Havoc on the streets of Staten, snitches
House niggas, children watch as they produce the same pattern
Somebody raped our women, murdered our babies
Hit us with the cracks and guns in the early 80's
For those that murdered me shall stand before God
To fall at the hands of fate, then out comes the rod
Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back
What the fuck is going on, I can't go to sleep
Feds jumping out their jeeps, I can't go to sleep
Babies with flies on they cheeks, it's hard to go to sleep
Ish bowled two 6's twice, I couldn't go to sleep
Aiyyo we deep in the stairs, we carry big guns
Whippy got hit up with the big shit, bong bong
Stop at the cheeba spot, then pass the leak spot
Drove past y'all niggas again, you took a cheap shot
Not knowing, fucking with me you get your meat chopped
You thought we fell on our face, you need to be stopped
Call on the chariots, call on an ambulance
You better smile, my nigga you on Candid Cam
Gangsta broad, these be the laws, walk with big balls
Nigga, motherfucking eunuch, I even take which was yours
I'm the nigga that made you, man

When your rap wasn't doing well I'm the nigga that gave you a hand
Don't kill your brother, learn to love each other

Don't get mad, cause it ain't that bad
Look at who you are, you've come too far
It's in your hands, just be a man
Get the jelly out your spine
Cobwebs out of your mind
I can't go to sleep, I can't shut my eyes
They shot the father at his mom's building seven times
They shot Malcolm in the chest, front of his little seeds
Jesse watched as they shot King on the balcony
Exported Marcus Garvey cause he tried to spark us
With the knowledge of ourselves and our forefathers
Oh Jacqueline you heard the rifle shots crackling
Her husband's head in her hands, you tried to put it back in
America's watching, blood-stained ink blotches

Medgar took one to the skull for integrating college
What's the science? Somebody? This is trick knowledge
They try to keep us enslaved and still scrape for dollars
Walking through Park Hill, drunk as a fuck
Looking around like these Devils
I'm ready to break this world down
They got me trapped up in a metal gate
Just stressed out with hate
And just give me no time to relax and use my mind to meditate
What should I do, grab a blunt or a brew
Grab a .22 and run out there and put this fucking violence in you
I can't go to sleep, I can't shut em, son.. IThe power is in your hands
Stop all this crying and be a man

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