

# Go to Sleep

## The Eames Era

I ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep  
Ain't gonna breathe, till 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  
'Cuz 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 reason speakin' wit' me  
You speak on my seed, then me, no speakin' Englais  
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 gangsta pee 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 you, Ja, you'll get it too  
So go to sleep bitch  
Die, mothafucka, die, time's up  
Bitch close ya eyes  
(Uh)  
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 mothafucka die, motherfucker  
(Bi Bi, Bi Bi)  
Go to sleep bitch  
(What?)  
Why are you still alive?

Why die, die mothafucka, ah, ah, ah  
Go to sleep bitch  
We got you niggaz, nervous on purpose  
To hurt your focus, you's not MC's, you's worthless  
You's not them G's, you's a circus, you's no appeal, please  
You's curtains you use words cool heard slurred in two thousand third  
You's purpin', you's no threat, who's ya servin'?  
We lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when  
You fuck with a label overseein' 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's not the streets, you's the deaths  
Use not your chest nigga, use a vest  
Before two's choose ya rest, you chose death  
Six feet deep, nigga, that's the depth  
So go to sleep bitch  
Die, mothafucka, die, time's up  
Bitch close ya eyes  
(Uh)  
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 mothafucka die, motherfucker  
(Bi Bi, Bi Bi)  
Go to sleep bitch  
(What?)  
Why are you still alive?  
Why die, die mothafucka, 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 sweet  
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 gone bite  
Tried to show him the dog shit, it's dog for life  
Grand champ, and my Blood Line is tight  
'Cuz 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 did you have to do them niggas like that?  
So go to sleep bitch  
Die, mothafucka, die, time's up  
Bitch close ya eyes  
(Uh)  
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 mothafucka die, motherfucker  
(Bi Bi, Bi Bi)  
Go to sleep bitch  
(What?)  
Why are you still alive?  
Why die, die mothafucka, ah, ah, ah  
Go to sleep bitch  
All you motherfuckers, take that  
Here, take this too, bitch, uh, uh, uh, wahoo  
We're killin' all you motherfuckers dead, all you  
Fake ass gangsters, no more press, no more press  
Rot, motherfuckers, rot Decay, in the dirt, bitch  
(Uh)  
In the motherfucking dirt!  
Die nameless, bitch, die nameless, no more fame  
Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go, ha, ha

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