Bedtime

Stephen LaBerge

[Chorus] x2
Sleep nigga, Bedtime.
Flatlinnne, Redline.
Ain't a nigga fuckin with my bread grind.
Sleep nigga! Bedtime.
[Verse 1]Yeah, South Beach, freak chick, mouth piece, feet kicked
Stacking paper, need whip
Fuck you jacking hater, heat clips
Thug mode, grind zone
Nigga Oh, mind blown
Live up to my name and spot that ratchet bitch.
You can find me where them killers make them caskets sit.
Paper chasers, dominated
New nigga, nominated.
Chyea, everybody and they momma hated
I don't give a fuck about the commentating.
Chyea ha! I be around that yay like J.

Never hustled but I'll bust Trey like Ray.
On a nice day, that's word to vice, yay
That's how them real niggas roll the dice play!
[Chorus] x2
[Verse 2]Yeah, fuck it let em' hate a nigga made it.
These niggas say it but it's never demonstrated.
Talkin all this baller sportin but its not illustrated.
Niggas snitchin if I diss em I get litigated.
You need twenty-thousand on your whip for daytons.
Nigga I blew twenty-thousand just on shit to skate in.
You smoking regular shit, rollin raddish.
That's prolly why your d*** gotta fuckin a****
Yeahhh, Snow flowin like the fuckin Boss.
You suckas soft, sucka soft
She said she love it when I rap fast.
She nab ahhhh!
[Chorus] x2

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