

Sleep When I'm Gone

DJ Khaled

About to change the game

DJ Khaled!

We the best forever

Cash Money, Young Money

I'm for real about this shit

Let's go[Chorus]

I'm countin' my time, cause my time is my money

The sun goes down but I won't stop for nothing

I close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone (Gone)

I'm lookin' at the clock like yay yay

Maps to my treasure, yay ay

(Time's on the side, whoa)

I close my eyes, I'd rather sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone

Sleep when I'm gone They say sleep is the cousin of death, guess we related

Cause I'm the most slept on, and the most hated

Hated by niggas with no hustle

Starin' at me in the club like I won't bust you

In the face with the spades, life is a card game

And I'm playin' spades, gamblin' with y'all change

Fuckin' basketball wives, while you at away games

Really fuckin' basketball wives, ain't gotta say names

Whole body tattered like a New York City freight train

Niggas get to barkin', put a bullet in the great Dane

Try me, end up like Rolly

Team full of animals, like I coach the heat

Four floor mansion, close to the beach

Six car garage, this how I'm supposed to eat

In Miami, rolling up kush on boat decks

Flaggin' down the waitress, wavin' my Rolex[Chorus]Yo, I don't survive the test of time doin' this shit so long

And only rest to rise again homie, I sleep when I'm gone

Look, a legend while I'm prime, and so current and they hate this

The streets classified me as another level of greatness

I don't fight for crowns at all, I let whack niggas bitch

And let 'em flip while they debate on who the king of this shit

Listen, see I don't waste time debatin' over those things

Because I'm God motherfucker, God create kings

Watch it, I'm hearin' that a lot of niggas mad through the grapevine
The piano soundin' beautiful and sad at the same time
The feelin' of a funeral, so study you niggas
Khaled, provide the theme music while I bury you niggas
Now there's no escaping the God, you better find a get away
'Fore I start wilin' like Haitians and Jamaicans when it's Labor Day
Khaled, every time you know we gotta make 'em love it
And realize every thing is hotter when we touch it[Chorus]Ayo Khaled, let this shit breeze
Poor lil' rich nigga,
that's me
Smoke comin' out the sunroof, blowin' on hasheesh
Can't stop now, cause I'm in too deep
One point five wide, every two weeks
Niggas wanna kill me, let the shells fall out
Life insurance in place, my kids gon' ball out
They kids gon' ball out, twenty years from now, pullin' cars out
You gon' think cocaine gettin' hauled out
Ass gettin' chipped in, crystal meth gettin' dipped in
All cause you let a nigga slip in
Aftermath, "0" five, G-Unit, "0" six
Everything else is gymnastics, watch the dough flip
Sittin' on the couch, smokin' up memories
Pourin' Jack Daniels, toast to my enemies
Fuck beef, nigga I ain't got the energy
Take the last shot to the dome, John Kennedy[Chorus]

Songwriters

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KHALED / SHEEHAN, KELLY

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