

# Go To Sleep

Dmx

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 bein' 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  
Comin' to terms, where we can agree  
There ain't gonna be, no reasonin', 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 seein' 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 niggas, nervous  
On purpose, to hurt your focus, you'se not MC's, you'se worthless  
You'se not them G's, you'se a circus, you'se no appeal, please  
You'se curtains, you use words, cool heard, slurred in two thousand third

You'se purpin', you'se no threat, who's ya servin'?  
When lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when  
You fuck with a label overseenin' 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'se not the streets, you'se 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 movin', peep where I'm goin'  
Shit don't seep, then sleep not knowin'  
But I'ma keep growin', gettin' larger than life  
Easy-goin' with the same one that started the fight  
He be knowin' 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, everythin' 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, waaho  
We're killin' 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 motherfuckin' dirt  
Die nameless, bitch, die nameless, no more fame  
Ahh, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go, ha, ha

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