

# Go 2 Sleep

## Ludacris

Go to sleep, hoe, go to sleep, hoe  
If you're tired, be quiet and go to sleep, hoe  
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If you're tired, be quiet and go to sleep, hoe  
Man, I tell a hoe to go to sleep  
They turn around and frown, gotta make 'em six feet deep  
'Cause we knock 'em unconscious with that non-sense  
Read inbetween that fine print, think about lyrical content  
Then about where your time spent  
Mess around get your guys hit, a ten hut  
I send three-six ol' shit, nigga what?  
If ya tired ya tired, if ya snooze ya lose  
But'chu you won't wrap up ya bandages or hell you would  
Nigga, I got shotty's and semi's, I love 'dro and henne'?  
All brown and skinny but I've fucked up so many  
I got QP's and halves if we beefin' I blast  
You sleepin' I laugh, ask tit, I'm off the rip  
I had this hoe who talked too much, I had to off the bitch  
2 0, Mr. Crayola, niggas know what I mean  
'Cause I slang brown, white, yellow, purple and green  
And all you faggot muthafuckas gotta know the routine  
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Bitch, it's me again, kickin' in your fuckin' doors  
I look for dividends, I ain't lookin' for you hoes  
You bitch can't comprehend, let me put one in ya bro  
Let me put one in ya bro, so you niggas can go to sleep  
So, lay down bitch, gimme all that you dreamed for  
Gimme fancy cars, gimme bling bling bling, boi  
It don't mean a thing, boi, for me that ain't gon' swing, boi  
Them god damn toys, do you know what I mean, boi?  
Now if you warrin' and runnin' from  
them, three-Six niggas  
This forty-five gon' give a reason to sleep, nigga  
Or bustin' massive 'round some S.K.  
My last trip to A T L, I fucked yo' cascade  
I'm strippin' bitches and I'ma ball fucker with a limp

They call me infer stripper, sexy, red hoe's pimp  
 And quick to sink her on the nigga 'cause this what it's 'bout  
 We rob that trick and stick his dick off in his fuckin' mouth  
 We Memphis niggas Go to sleep, hoe, go to sleep, hoe  
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 If you're tired, be quiet and go to sleep, hoe North, north, south, south, Westwood, Orange  
 Mound  
 Nigga we be smokin' lite, never Cha Cha Charlie Brown  
 Memphis niggas in this bitch, pockets full, ya know we bail  
 Hooked up with my nigga 'Cris, then we head to A T L  
 Playas wild, throwin' bows, tellin' chickens, "Fuck you hoe"  
 Niggas rollin' Optimo, snortin' that white shit up they nose  
 Mayne this town is like my town, so we stayed and hung around  
 Juicy J be high as fuck, catch me in the lost and found Better use common sense checkin' me out  
 for bitch I can stand for  
 And up, get yaself in this clique  
 Without my tongue licks, behind me gettin' handcuffed by a slut  
 Look, I'm from Gittero what?  
 Southside niggas throw it up when it's time to get buck  
 Niggas in the back of the club postin' up  
 Waitin' for a nigga that's new to make it up As in, ain't no askin', it's no tolerance as long bitch  
 check in  
 She with me, comments will only get'chu basically eternally resting  
 So abide by the code of the streets  
 If ya got a bitch better keep her on a leash  
 'Cuz lil' fate gonna creep in ya home while you gone  
 Have you comin' back findin' nutt on yo' sheets Go to sleep, hoe, go to sleep, hoe  
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 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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