

# Power Nap

**Boldy James**

Sleep tight  
Don't let the bed bugs bite  
Night night, nigga  
Yeah, Mister Jackson

Extendo full of sleeping pills, it's similar to Seroquel  
Stick look like a sway bar, got big AR with the Ferris wheel  
Wake your whole hood up, let that drac' sing you a lullaby  
Man of few words, I know you heard I'm short, cut and dry  
Rock you straight to sleep, make you think that we was in cahoots  
He think it's off the floor, but they gon' know soon as we smoke his boots  
They tweeting, posting, "Get some rest," need to get out the streets  
And end up just like 'em, spend the rest of your life counting sheep  
God appointed me the shepherd, top of the mountain peak  
If I should die before I wake, now lay me down to sleep  
Left that nigga sound asleep, they marked him up for tardy  
Six sleeping bags on the grass, it's a slumber party  
Long live my brother Marty, I kept shit moving on  
But on some real shit, I ain't really slept since you been gone  
Hundred rack-racks in a trash bag, look like I'm raking leaves  
Brick of Sleeping Beauty, plug half Black and Lebanese

Leaning off this six of Tris, I'm finna catch some Zs  
Only thing I dread is getting raided by the F-E-Ds  
Let my brother Omo sleep nyl it for them extra Gs  
Drank got a nigga moving slow like I got special needs  
Never needed niggas for shit, that was my expertise  
Sandman, thousand pints in, we be selling sleep  
Lemon lime bittersweet, taste like a Sour Patch  
Nodded out, tryna catch a wink, took me a power nap

Get put under anesthesia, nigga, for sleeping on me  
Get put in a permanent sleeper just for speaking on me  
Think she know me, she had no idea I was a fuckin' creature  
She asked me why do I drink lean, but having trouble sleeping?  
It ain't no thing to let 'em hang, hate to rub it in  
Nigga play with Blocks and that's on gang, we gon' tuck 'em in  
Pocket dialed his grandma, left a voicemail message  
Giving niggas eternal sleep, make sure they well rested  
Stock clip in this four-feezy  
I miss the old peach; RIP to Sleepy Kodeine  
When I turned fifteen the last time that I cried tears  
We went from childhood dreams to federal nightmares  
Dozed off in a coupe off a four of maple  
Cup so polluted, should've came with a warning label  
Woke up still smacked to a half-empty Faygo  
And ten empty bottles of cough syrup on the table

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I-go to sleep  
And I know you'll wake me in the morning  
With a song you wrote for me