

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