

How Can U Sleep

Lil Dicky

LD

AKA homicide

Yes, homicide

OG's knew I had it poppin'

IG lookin' Photoshopish (it's lit, it's real)

They just can't take charge so they floppin'

New shit looking like it's knocking

Rap game, not a game, well I ain't broke so it's cast off

Really I been keepin' shit a hunnid like the Cubbie tryin' to close it with a fast ball

I don't even do this shit for money but they buying it in droves like it's half-off

If Dicky gotta show out there

You know he 'bout to show out there

Rol on my arm

Russ on a farm

Piston, new guard

They put the boy on the Jumbotron

Just to pump up the crowd

At my ten year reunion, like look at me now

Having good sex on the reg

New Tempur-Pedic, my bed

All of my lawyers are black

Shit is ironic as hell

But I guess that what happens when Jews started rappin'

Used to have turtles, no wonder I'm snappin'

Used to commercial, right, used to play Madden

No wonder they let me do both for a bag

I was not in a frat, I had never conformed

In a 2000 cab I had never performed

I ain't takin' no L's

Fuck what you sell

I barely pay for my drinks, doin' well

I tell 'em there is no need for the glitz

I don't need sparklers, they know that I'm lit

I'm on top of the world, fuck all these girls

I prefer momma to play with my curls

I can tell all of you rappers ain't thorough

Head hit the pillow and boom it's tomorrow

But how can you sleep? (ew, ew)

How can you sleep? (ew)

How can you sleep? (gross, how?)

How can you sleep? (how? ew)

How can you sleep? (how? gross)

How can you sleep? (how? ew)

How can you sleep? (how? ew)

You still asleep

How many bitch ass rappers I gotta slap 'till they put on Worldstar?

Even though Q passed away

Pull a '38 out of my pocket and then cock it

Leave a nigga on an island like he in Castaway

Cock strong since them old Doc songs (thug life)

Like an old Pac song, outta my mind

The lights on, but I'm not home

Something is wrong with me
I done brought six strippers from Vegas home with me
Trees bought game to getting blown with me
FaceTime with Karrueche, they on the phone with me
Tell K good night, I'm hype, I might ignite
Plastic cups, Promethazine and Sprite
Man I don't really know who's song this is
Who's weed I'm stealing and who's bong this is
And I don't really give a fuck 'cause I keep the ammo tucked and you can keep
on swinging from my nuts
But don't say I can't rap like I'm not a Rap God
Like I won't break your fucking favorite rapper's rap jaw
I don't give a shit
Big or tall, short or small
I'll cut your dick off and sit it on Trump's wall
Then spraypaint "Fuck the President" it's evident
Hip Hop dead, them new niggas irrelevant
Different color braids, you niggas stuck in the maze
Ain't grew up by a beach, to say you ridin' a wave
Man, I'm so glad that Guwop out
And rap fans still give a fuck what 2Pac 'bout
I'm right here, I don't give a fuck who hop out
Don't let Mark Zuckerberg get you knocked out
And don't try me over IG
Don't try to be subliminal and get it by me
I'm a criminal, I'll leave you hooked to a IV
Next to Jimmy Iovine over hood shit, but-

We could start with rap shit
I ain't never lost at that shit
Let me clear it up, Proactive
I could walk up in this motherfucker looking everybody dead up in the eye, like
we can rap for that shit
You'll get embarrassed
I'll be in Paris, don't compare us
Flow the rarest
Got bitches in the bed room, over sharing
Got an Aussie and a Brit like I'm going with Sharon
So apparent, Heir apparent
But I don't want it next
Someone tell Complex it ain't complex
And what you lookin' at is now like a Timex
I am checked the on now off the clock like compound
I'm really adamant, you're really adequate
I'm really passionate, I'm Billy Madison
I'm the motherfucking graduate
Twenty ten with a pen, I didn't plan this shit
My plan legit, I manuscript it
It was living by the candle stick
But for the plaques I had to mantle it
All my friends thought Dicky was a joke
Now they tryin' to see a show
Now they out of breath, tryna speak good
I remember everyone that didn't think I could
Every publicist who thought that I was mocking hood
Look what what you were tryin' to stopping jerk
Look who tryin' to rap now
I don't even fuck with you
If what's done is done, how come I ain't done with you?
And if it's fucking done, come on how dumb is you?
Let me get another tissue
I'll be crying 'till the fucking bank pull that card again
From Charlamagne to Busta, Game, to Puff, to Sway, Questlove, T-

Pain, from Snoop to Chainz, it's all the same
Ain't no debate, they know who fake, they know who great
You don't know your place
Cameras around me, they don't know your place
Shooters around me 'cause I entertain
I got 'em shooting they movie
I could meet a bitch on a Tuesday
Girls come to me
Don't got jewelry
Don't feel bad when I bust in my jacuzzi
Don't eat ass but it still be lookin' juicy
Front page, coming at you like a news'ie
Hoes didn't choose me, now I'm choosing
Now I got a Jap on knees like sushi
Lil' dick got vert, no Uzi
I might just pop that coochie, bruh
OG's knew I had it poppin'
How can you sleep? Ew
How can you sleep?