

# 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 h  
alf-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  
p 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?