Eminem, Go To Sleep

Artist: Eminem ft. DMX & Obie Trice
Song Name: Go to Sleep
Album:Cradle to the Grave OST
((Eminem))
I Ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep
Ain't gonna breath till I see what I wanna see
And what I wanna see is you go to sleep in the dirt
Permanently...you just being hurt
This ain't gonna work for me, it just wouldn't be
Sufficient enough...cuz we...are just going to be...enemies
As long as we breathe, I don't ever see...either of us
Coming to terms...well we can agree
There ain't gonna be
No reasoning, speaking with me
You speak on my seed, then me no speak ah Eng-less
So we going to beef, and keep on beefing unless
You gonna agree, to meet with me in the flesh
And settle this face to face, and you going to see
A deamon unleashed in me, that you never seen
And you going to see this "gangsta" pee on himself
I see you D12, and thanks, but me need no help
Me do this one all by my lonely, I don't need 15 of my homies
When I see you, I'm seeing you, me and you only
We never met, but best believe you 'gon know me
When I'm this close, to see you exposed as phony
Come on bitch show me..pick me up, throw me
Lift me up, hold me, just like you told me you was going to do
That's what I thought
Your pitiful, I'm rid of you
All you, Ja You'll get it too
[chorus]
Now go to sleep bitch
Die, Motherfucker, die
Uh, times up bitch, close your eyes
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
How many times, I gotta say close your eyes
And go to sleep bitch (what!)
Die, motherfucker, die...bye, bye motherfucker, bye ahh
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
Why? Die motherfucker...haa, haa, haa
(go to sleep bitch)
((Obie Trice))
We got you niggas nervous, on purpose
To hurt ya focus...yous' not emcees, yous' worthless
Yous' not them G's, yous' a circus
Yous' no appeal, please...You's curtains
You use words, kewl herds slurred in 2000 third...yous' perpin
Yous' no threat, who's ya servin'
When lyrically I'mma bury you beneath the dirt, when
You fucked with a label overseein' the Earth
Shady motherfucker, O-Trice is birth
And as I mold, I become more cursed
So we can put down the verse
Take it to the turf
Cock and squeeze, and he who reach the hearse, is he who
Depicts fiction in this verse
And as I breathe and you be deceased
The world beieve, you decieve just to speak
Yous' not the streets, yous' the desk
Use not your chest, nigga, use your vest
Before two shoes you rest, you chose death
Six feet deep nigga, thats the depth

[chorus]
Now go to sleep bitch
Die, Motherfucker, die
Uh, times up bitch, close your eyes
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
How many times, I gotta say close your eyes
And go to sleep bitch (what!)
Die, motherfucker, die...bye, bye motherfucker, bye ahh
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
Why? Die motherfucker...haa, haa, haa
(go to sleep bitch)
((DMX))
Big Dog, I'ma walk like a beast (yeah)
Talk like the streets (yeah)
I'ma stay blazing New York, with the heat (yeah)
Stalk on a beat (yeah)
Walk with my feet (uh)
Understand my pain, the rain ain't sweet (what!)
Peep how I'm moving (uh huh)
Peep where I'm going (uh huh)
Shit don't seep, then sleep not knowing (wooo)
But I'ma keep growing, getting larger than life
Easy going, but the same one that started the fight
He be knowin' how dog get, when dog 'gon bite (uh)
Tried to show 'em the dog shit, the dog for life (uh)
Grand champ, and my bloodline is tight (what!)
'Cuz it's all good (uh
Its alright (c'mon)
Niggas tried to "holla"
But couldn't holla back
Now they gots'ta swallow, everything in the sack
Bloodline man, we can go track for track
Damn dog, why you had to do them niggas like that?
[chorus]
Now go to sleep bitch
Die, Motherfucker, die
Uh, times up bitch, close your eyes
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
How many times, I gotta say close your eyes
And go to sleep bitch (what!)
Die, motherfucker, die...bye, bye motherfucker, bye ahh
Go to sleep bitch (what!)
Why are you still alive?
Why? Die motherfucker...haa, haa, haa
(go to sleep bitch)
((Eminem: talking))
All of you motherfuckers...(shots fired)...take that (uh)
Here take this too bitch...(more shots fired)
Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, waaaaaaaaahoooo
We killing all you motherfuckers dead
All of you...fake ass gangstas
No more press, no more press
Rot motherfuckers, rot (uh huh)
Decay...in the dirt, bitch
In the motherfucking dirt!!!
Die nameless, bitch...die nameless
No more fame!!!
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ha, ha, ha, ha.
...Yo X c'mon man (wooo)
Obie, lets go. Haha
Corrected by Acidul & written by Mysjivus