

Power Nap - Nicholas Craven / Boldy James Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

"Power Nap"

Sleep tight

Don't let the bed bugs bite

Night night, nigga

Yeah, it's the Jackson

Extendo full of sleeping pills, it's similar to Seroquel

Still look like a sway bar, got a 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

I end up just like 'em, spend the rest of your life countin' 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 a 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
Hunnid racks, racks in a trash bag look like I'm raking leaves
Brick is sleeping beauty, plug half black and Lebanese
Leaning off this six and 'Tris, I'm finna catch some Z's
Only thing I dread is getting raided by the F-E-D's
Let my brother, I'm gon' sleep gnarly for them extra G's
Drank got a nigga moving slow like I got special needs
Never needed niggas for shit, that was my expertise
Sand man, 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're well rested
Start clippin' its four feezy
I miss the old Peachy, 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 the coupe, off of four and Maple
Cut 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
Leaning off this six and 'Tris, I'm finna catch some Z's
Only thing I dread is getting raided by the F-E-D's
Let my brother, I'm gon' sleep gnarly for them extra G's
Drank got a nigga moving slow like I got special needs
Never needed niggas for shit, that was my expertise
Sand man, 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

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
