

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Erick Sermon, Redman

"Night.Life.Types"

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[Odario, Spitz in background]

Mood Ruff nice it up for you everytime

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****Background talking****

[CHORUS: Odario, Spitz]

We are the night life types

Yeah, we miving in the night time

Right time, like to do it under moon light

REPEAT 2X

[Odario]

I got two chrome techs and a microphone

Bring the drama like ya poppa bring the bacon home

Where the rough boys roam

You know we in the scene

No matter where we go we intervene

We belong to the city where girls are pretty

It's a pity when you slip into a pity(?)

Momma always told me not to trust those types

With the eight inch pumps and the skirts so tight

But it's Friday night an my head ain't right

But my lines are tight to deliver tonight

So I watch them dance and prepare my chance

I'm chilling in the club in my b-boy stance

We be doing it up, we be doing it right

Only thing undoing is the zipper or a button

If the night amount to something, you know the story

The boys think they macks, they want all the glory

I like to wait for the slow jam

On the waist is my left, while the right is my side hand

Let it slide to the level of the bone

Gripping that booty like a microphone

I want to take that home

Let's do the cha-cha, show seniorita my

cocoratcha(sp?)

Word up, we 'bout to hit it up

But first the after party where we rock it up

Yo, yo, we rock the spot 'til it's stopped by the cops

Pull a little static and your ass will get dropped

Supposed to serve and protect
Worse yet, they get up on my nerves and the threaten
with the nightstick
That ain't right yo, I won't get romantic
For a moment, the place is getting frantic
Silly po-po, I call them sill nitwit
Although I'm passed out with the brew I got sick wit

[CHORUS]

[Odario]

Mood Ruff thing, my rap name Odario
Rock my home town then back to Ontario
That's where the freaks go
I'm off to the peep show
Heard the raio was killed by the video
It doesn't matter yo I dominate scenarios
I'm taking care of ya in each and every area
We rock the North West then express to Halifax
Boy you can't test, tripping on his battle axe
Wish you had the stack
Can't see the facts
The only thing you have is a bad case of cataracts
On top of that, you reminiscing over rap
Rumble in my junk, biting everything you got
I see the future like a new edition almanac
Don't worry, make your moves, I've done made my
counteracts
Watch your back, sopisticated blackjack
It's what I'm at, whether leisurely or combat
So calm back thinking you all that and then some
Write a track while you holding mine for ransom
You got to chill son, try to have fun
Don't worry growing up, you 'bout to catch a bad one
All done, all y'all see abombinon(sp?)
We never hesitate, we something like phenomenons
And if you slipping, I just pickup on my bad habit
'Cause everytime I see a microphone, I grab it
I grab it, I grab it {REPEAT 3X}
Mood Ruff flow
I grab it {REPEAT}
And if you don't believe me, come see our show
overlapping repeats

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