

# 1st Infantry

## "The Midnight Creep"

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(feat. Havoc, Twin)

[Havoc]

I give 'em to 'em gutter, straight gutter  
Ain't no other way to spit it, my nizzy, just fall easy  
Niggaz want a peace treaty, wanna bring the calm  
But when it's on, ain't a thing that can stop the pound  
Tear a fella a ass, a new ass at that  
Glad to clap, never that, we had to clap  
Nigga do it to they self, when they force the hand  
Make me blast, how you trynna play me man  
Like niggaz over here, don't get down for theirs  
I need some man time, who got the fuckin' jack in here  
Where, ever I leave, my head's my home  
And if possible, always take my gat where I roam  
These slugs'll take the bass outta niggaz voice quick  
But, once we gangsta, now moist the shit  
Scramble, he hit, how you like the scenery bitch  
Keep ya eyes on my hands, fuck who you seeing me  
with

[Chorus x2: Havoc]

Yo, I don't know you, you don't know me  
Just mind your own business, everything'll be sweet  
We don't talk over here, we just speak with the heat  
You don't wanna see a nigga, on that midnight creep

[Twin Gambino]

And that chains over here, I'm just still bustin' my gun  
Still rippin' on your shorties, wildin' out with my dunn

On the grind, don't do nothing dumb, just hold ya head  
Cuz the rest of my soldiers, stressed out in jail  
With on bail, facing the rest of they life  
We got to get it right and keep it tight, and stay on the  
low

For them assholes, clockin' our dough, love when I flow  
Keep doing that shit, they gots to go  
Infamous Mobb gots to blow, pounds of dro'  
Makin' all the shorties, gettin' down on the floor  
From that Murda Muzik shit, that'll make ya flip  
And dump a clip, in a nigga that be talkin' shit

We think sick, check the credits, we get busy  
And grimey, and gritty, when we livin' in the city  
It's haters, traders, fake ass playas  
Come to QBC, and nobody could save ya

[Chorus x2]

[Havoc]

Of course we keep it gangsta, straight gangsta  
Niggaz know it, I don't have to prove it, or show it  
The gun bark, and the bite is a mutha, a killa  
A playa, lay it down, a four pounder  
The calm downer, when niggaz act a little too active  
Smack kids into next week, little bastards  
Ya'll cats think I'm playin' with this rap shit  
I'm here to take it to the top, you fuckin' faggots

[Chorus x2]

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