

Champagne

"In the Middle of the Night"

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(Twista)

Damn

what happens when the Twista gets high in the Suave House

Y'all motherfuckers know who this is

Here's some mack shit

(Twista)

Ooh, I can feel a reefer crawl in me all in me

Swooping through the hood where mostly ballas be

Steady hearing women callin me

Is it cause of the candy apple red navigator bumping

Eightball and 'G

Y'all be tripping off the P's I can get plus I'm from my K-Town click

when a playa lay it down quick

to be no tease and no lick she gon' suck the sleeve off my tip

I get the right words in

straight up in this till the juices diminish

then I'm a menace like I'm Iceberg Slim

Lights blur dim with a slight curve grin

A fifth of yak and a sack a brother might serve 10

Spitting game I try to master the graphics

Never plaster on plastic like psychodamagic

and man a brother bad cause I status

Grabbing some asses freaking up plenty women by the masses

can't nobody stop this madness

The playa Twista looking great up in the Suave House tip

Never catch me in much but a Suave House outfit

Cars with some kick on the lick with the mob looking thick

Hit the club cause rug on the loveless

Ladies love this pretty eyes mug with a thug twist

Flowing I'm as deadly as a drug risk

Anyone high but killers high haters die from the slugginess

Peep this like a deep dish

Takin my vision away like a eclipse I see hips

My scripts I dip game deadly as 3 clips
Plus I'm the one she already wanted to freak with
competition betta gone head on
Chicks betta gone head bone in the lac of the rear
so I can have a sack and a beer
Prepare for the atmosphere of the mack of the year

(Chorus: Twista)

I can teach ya how to get ya game tight
Light sticky flame right gotta hit till it's feeling real
good
Getting rhythm in the middle of the night
Sitting in the back straight up mackin while I get my
smoke on
Teach ya how to get ya game tight
Light sticky flame right till it feel real good
Getting rhythm in the middle of the night
I'ma toke till I choke I never knew a night could last for
so long
I can teach ya how to get ya game tight
light sticky flame right gotta hit till it's feeling real good
Getting rhythm in the middle of the night
Sitting in the back straight up macking while I get my
smoke on
Teach ya how to get ya game tight
Light sticky flame right till it feel real good
Getting rhythm in the middle of the night
I'ma toke till I choke I never knew that it last for so long

(MJG)

We be Eightball and MJG with that playa Twista from the
Chi
Showing love in a major way trying to make that major
pay
Staying away from tricklites them dirty freaks that be
reaching
Trying to make me slip and get a grip on the grip I'm
speaking
All I wanna do is blaze peel the top and feel the heat
from the sun rays
Thinking bout the days when I used to walk up and
down that ghetto maze
My fo's got love for me so real for me they'll kill for me
I have tendencies to be high when I flow
Pulling that dope when I hit the door
Pin roll aka the fat man got love for the ones who got
love for me
Thug for me roll up with me and if come down to it
shed blood for me
Real to the end me and my pen falling in love all over
again

to a remix made by T-Mix eliminate tricks been to this get
with this

I really couldn't see that I don't give a damn who you be
Supposed to be can't nobody step to the S-U-A-V-E
Maybe we be the kings of the things these weak punks
out here try to do
Open your mind we got something for you and you and
you

(Chorus)

(Eightball)

MJG tell me something that you can feel in the middle
of the night
Not a lot of people wanna say we don't sound right
but I can make a soundtrack sound tight
I don't really understand
Sipping on hen coverin hen while I lay on my bump
ambulance
Taking control for the big time money foll and all the
women are hoe
I think I shoulda had an eighth straight enough so I can
see straight
Now baby why you still pausing when you know
You don't smell like you been through the last of the
sea plates
Nan heavy as a e-weight, gotta be straight
First of all I ain't buying your clothes,
then doing your toes, then going to shows,
No bust no more, go run boots, hoe patios
and you feeling that you ready for a blackout
Huh girl I can see it in your eyes, you ain't each spit the
mack out
Now you ain't even gotta act out, now I gotta throw the
trash out
I'm a thug shout, where my pimping spot,
where the sun don't shine one time
Then throw me a dose of that straight shot hen
I'm running with all this hate stopping
It seems to be getting around late night
Tell ya man to lock the gate tight
Here I come to break the window smash that boy
and get up and then go heres some leaving a trail
with no clue no propane no buds and shoes
and you know the rivalry man blow up skull

(Chorus)

