

Consequence

"Night, Night"

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You faggot-ass muh'fucker
Knock this nigga the fuck out, word to mother son

[Consequence]

See y'all the kind of pussies had to pick up somethin
And y'all motherfuckers ain't stick up nuttin
So all you really doing's run around here frontin
But muh'fucker keep on stuntin

[Chorus]

And homey you go NIGHT NIGHT, from the left and the
right
And won't forget it for the rest of your life
After you go NIGHT NIGHT~! And I promise the same
For any lame who won't honor my aim, uhh
You go NIGHT NIGHT, from the left and the right
And won't forget it for the rest of your life
After you go NIGHT NIGHT~! And I promise the same
For any lame who won't honor my aim, uhh

[Consequence]

Now ever since I went and brought the blend that got
my pinky right
I've been makin niggaz wanna box more than Winky
Wright
Cause when I'm on the block and I overhear the sneaky
types
Sayin "Fuck 'Quence cause that nigga probably think he
nice"
But they gon' pay a price for they frontin and they
sidetalk
When I'm catch 'em slippin like there's ice on the
sidewalk
It ain't my fault, that I was blessed with a two-piece
While you was on the ave gettin pressed for your new
piece
But word hit the streets I made it spin like the whirl
We called him "Million Dollar Baby" cause he hit like a
girl
Here's a jewel like a pearl you should often remember
If it wasn't for rap I'd be on "Contender"

I know I'm kind of slender, here's advice for your mans
Cause like the shell game I'm kinda nice with my hands
And even with the grands and my name in bright lights
Don't think I'd ever hesitate to make you go night night

[Chorus]

[Consequence]

Now let me drop the science like Tom Cruise
On why I keep the eye on every time you see Cons'
cruise
Cause I know niggaz out here probably thinkin I'm on
snooze
And if you thinkin THAT, then you niggaz are all fools
Cause you should know the rules any time you discuss I
You probably better all just go get in some shuteye
Or you'll get a shut eye, cause I've been puttin heads to
bed
And we be rollin 20 deep, when we head to bed
So get some good night rest, or a good light vest
Cause ain't no tellin when the hood might press
And it's like 'Quence, don't be sleepin like insomniacs
Cause ain't no tellin when they creepin in them Pontiacs
Sippin that Cognac, and askin where the party at
So they can shoot my car with the gat
And I can see 'em in my dreams like Game tryin to heat
my frame
But watch what happen when that street light change

[Chorus]

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