

## Cunninlynguists

### "Nothing to Give"

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Been, down. Been down  
Late at night, what's gone wrong?  
Been down. Been, down  
Late at night the bad don't seem so wrong

[Hook]

When night falls and all lights off  
You'll get robbed where I live  
Crooks and robbers, villains and mobster  
The nights got nothing to give  
Whats gone wrong, when? Late at night  
Niggaz be stealing, when? Late at night  
Niggaz be killing, why?  
Because late at night, the bad don't seem so wrong

[Verse 1: Natti]

Nightfall is curtain call for underhanded theatrics  
Slugs travel through gun barrels  
From hands that had practice  
While rapist take the darkness  
And make alleys they mattress  
Jonesin' junkies twitchin among hookers with coochies  
itchin  
Spreadin disease, spreadin they knees in different  
positions  
In the abyss is children that get lost in the mix  
Gunned down for fresh kicks or oppostie colored fits  
Its demons brewed lewd manners behind tints  
"Whats gone wrong?"  
People sitting in position to help with distorted views  
Only experience doeses of night that's on the news  
Or BET showing the glamour without the blues  
Or MTV helping you pick out Jessica's shoes  
Just construes how you're living, confusing your vision  
Nights a politician because only the truth is what's  
missing  
Dirty cops fight crime with dirtier ammunition  
The night's salivating waiting for me to finish spittin

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Deacon]

When them lights low and ain't no night glow from the  
moon

Scoundrels run towns, no hounds to hunt them down

Keep your sight low and get your life stole by some  
goons

Swindlers injure you, a criminal's heart's miniature

Men in the dark paint sinister art in the park

Son of the morning star? Stringing hearts like a harp

Playing melodies of jealousy, felonies strummed by  
Hell and it's philharmonic, bewitching our young guys

"Whats Gone Wrong?"

We no longer seek light to give us power

That voice gets hushed by the rush of the Witching  
Hour

The touch of the wicked cowards that lurk in the dusk

In even-tide, heathens rise, searching for bucks

Anonymous and corrupt, assure obscurity

In a spell under it's viel, an impure security

We love it in our spirits 'cause we're suckers for lust

Most even fuck in it, we're too ashamed to be just

[Hook x2]

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