

AB Logic

"Hot Nights"

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(Nature)

A yo, you love to hear the story
again and again
how a nigga used to hustle in scuffed up Tim's
QUEENSBIDGE let the battle begin,
I keep my best on
police arrest me when they dead wrong
bring it to a pitfall
everybody nice in stickbal
it's New York New York
nigga similar to Crenshaw
hot summer nights
niggas running the dice
lil'hoes start fucking
moms running they life
served the same fiends
since I was eighteen
never voted
ask yourself how the hell I wrote it?
figure niggas out like they frost works
I be the author, hitting you up
like one shot from a Mossburg
kep my money wrinkled
cause some fiends a try to beat you
if you ain't fam, don't even speak to
ain't no need to,
cause y'all niggas softer than clay
wanna bet that's a cost you pay, muthafucka!

(Beat plays!!!!!!)

Nature's 2nd:

A yo hot peas & butter
now we pop at each other
play the same corne,
some stand
on top of each other
getting better view
crime be federal
Queensbridge, ambulance never arrive

ahead of the news
niggas jump from the fifth floor
land on they feet
go to court give the judge quick insanity pleas
Yammi we need, hearing that the blue van out
understand niggas do stand out
change ya jeans young man
change ya plans and schemes
they cuff niggas on they hands and knees
jump thugs like we trampelines
the Shock program is getting too packed
running through cats
crazy bony, thun ya lady know me
Madison Square,
I was drunk when I got in the air
niggas thumpd, I let a shot in the air
whipw my prints off
before I had to toss it away
I had to use it, a cost that you pay
Muthafucka!

beat plays!!!!

(Prodigy)

Yo thun!

Polla verse like a Dutch
when a nigga frustrated
relase anger on the paper
record it on tape
play it on the block
on ya box
while you get off rocks
and down heavy swallows
of Scotch White Label
put it on the table thun
I could see it clear
not too many niggas do it like this here
throw guns up in Nautica hoods
and got inside parties
shots u in there
left wounds severe
thun, Tunnel nightd
club fihgts, throwing chairs
I could recall
so many shanks
and blood tears
burnt Dutch tryin' to get so high
I swear, come to find out it was all in the mind
now let's celebrate my thugs
still told shit to spill yours insides on the floor
QB, back'em to the wall

Mobb shirts, Nas hoods and Firm leatheers
a yo Nate we straight
don't it feel real
now let a nigga peel
ain't the main topin
stay on top
and put an end to ya life
for trying to stop it
you can't block this!
Word up thun!

(Beat plays out the song)!

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