

Field Mob

"Deep Tonight"

Visit "[Deep Tonight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Bone Crusher)

[Chorus: Bone Crusher]

Now try that bullshit you tried last week tonight
And get your head busted to the white meat tonight
I was alone last time, but I'm deep tonight
We deep tonight, so deep tonight

Now try that bullshit you tried last week tonight
And get your head busted to the white meat tonight
I was alone last time, but I'm deep tonight
We deep tonight, so deep tonight

[Verse 1: Smoke]

I ain't a killer but don't push me
Cause tonight I came deeper than a skinny girl's pussy
(why)
Cause last week I was too clean, and it was just too
many of y'all
But tonight I came with plenty, let's brawl
So don't start nothing, it won't be nothing
Beef, we eat between sesame seed buns
You tried to beat me down like Rocky cause I'm the king
But I got my gangsta disciples behind me, try me you'll
bleed
You just should leave like you came, hop back in your
Avalanche
Or bleed out your brain, in the back of an ambulance
truck
Pistol play you won't none
Like Tiger Woods, I'm guaranteed to put a hole in one
(for fuckin wit me)
Last week you tried me so this week I'll do the honor
So I'ma just walk up to y'all and slap the shit out of one
of ya
We at the front and back door
We posted on the wall and dance floor
Its more of us than y'all, we deeper than a giraffe's
throat

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Sean Jay]

Started with your attitude, ended with the coroner
Front page read ??? County went to war with you
Is anybody with it, if it is, better get it
Yeah my friends saying chill, but the Hen saying hit it
I'm mad as a bitch with a smile on my face
40 Cal on my waste, put a child in his place
Thats why I keep the chrome
Wy desert stay cocked, You need to go on
Warning stop now or get you eagle on
Now you wanna squash it (Haha Man)
Laugh it off and let it slide like the Cha Cha dance
Next week I'm back with all of the crew
You done stepped in some shit you can't get off of your
shoe
I don't talk, I don't argue
I'm about to hit that nigga with a bottle
Fuck a charge, I'll go to jail and do my time
If you ready to die like Biggie, I'ma shoot like Shyne

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Smoke]

I know there are six million ways to die to choose from
But tonight you got three letters and two choices pick
one
You can leave here DUI on your way home
Or on the stretcher to ICU with a busted dome (What's
Up Now)
Last week you was bumping your gums
But this week I came deep its like a cat got your tongue
You quite like librarians now that my crew up in herre
But when I was alone you talked so much trash you
polluted the air

[Verse 4: Sean Jay]

They see the rims that's on the truck, a nigga coming
up
Got a big four firth if a nigga wanna buck
I'ma cock the fifth, pop the fifth
And let off shots to the til the glock tear up the grip
If I know you, like you know me
Then you know you I IOU, I got to get you
I'll ??? the apocolypse, stop the games homie
Funeral home got a box with your name on it
Two in the dome, now the block got your brains on it
Let it be known I play no games
Got a team full of killers that'll spray your frame
Put a knife to your kneck and just take your chain
Take your chain and make your chain they gold chain
You wanna fight, ain't no thing

Like a kid at a playground, they're gonna swing
(Whoop, there it is)

[Chorus]

[Smoke x2]

Now if you feeling kinda froggy
Why don't you jump please, jump please (Jump boy)
If you feeling kinda froggy
Why don't you jump please, jump please (Jump boy)

Visit [Field Mob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.