

Finley Quaye

"Murder at Night"

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Murder niggas at night
Some of that real thug shit
We murder niggas at night
And in the morning
We catch fools sleepin' before they yawnin'

Murder for hire
Click caps to pay bills
For this young G
Steps back and kill at will
I ain't playing with your
No game, the shit's real
So I hits the blocks with yay, no fucking deal (that's right)
I'm heated - and I'm greedy as fuck, I need a meal
My dog told me watch out for shit and pack steel
"And if you care - lil' nigga, get a vest (boom boom!)
Cause niggas be hungry like you and they ready to test"
You die, motherfucker, it's the same gang tale
Niggas talk about who did the killing in jail
We hoo-bangers, hit you block, throw it up
Smash, the real regulators sowed it up
Push rhymes like weight, push - real weight
Get my money comin' in from state to state (chin chin)
Contemplate, my niggas escape to the house
Cause if I'm caught by the times, then I'm - assed out

We murder niggas at night
And in the morning (Compton all day, nigga)
We catch fools sleepin' before they yawnin'
We murder niggas at night
We Hoo Bang, bitch, so heed your fuckin warning
(Hoo-Bang' all day nigga)
We murder niggas at night
And in the morning
We catch fools sleepin' before they yawnin' (geah)
We murder niggas at night
We Hoo Bang, bitch, here's your fuckin warning

Y'all needs to back the fuck up or your block gon' burn

Me and my nigga blast with the same gat - it's my turn
Money and the power, it's my time to earn
You're dead on arrival, to whom it may concern
Real thug from the street, yes, die for the cause
Dips the blocks with the heat, right next to my balls
I be the first nigga to jump on the - front line
Slang quarter piece rocks and dodgin - One Time
Everybody hustlin' for cash and that's real
Half of us niggas be looking for any bill
Lock down ?? my ass ??
But I bails out, another head back to coke
I gots to bang the hood, slang - till it drop
The enemies I fear not, fuck a cop
The enemies, they come close but get popped
I lasted, laughed last till your heart stopped

Chorus...

Easily I approach
The nigga who's slippin'
I ain't no joke
The tense situation
I gotta provoke
They run real fast
When they see the gunsmoke (hey - boom boom!)
I got - hot ones to test y'all, bless y'all
West y'all - at the - funeral hall
Your homies take sips as they reminisce on nuthin'
I come around catchin' you slippin', doing a dumping
One little, two little, three little suckers
Hoo-Bangin' niggas is killers, you muthafucka
???? my homie Scar when he ride
So every other day when I hit your damn side
Feel my fuckin' revenge
As I blast through your house with your family and
friends (boom boom!)
Back to my block, serving 20's and 10's (what up!)
In the back of the alley sippin' 40's and gins (right)
On Sundays, church
Moms pray for my sins
And ask to protect until my life ends, geah

Chorus...

Compton all day, nigga
Hoo-Bang all day, nigga
You know how the fuck we represent
To the fullest
Thuggin'
9-9 times, nigga
Eiht packs the 9, so get it straight

Geah

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