

Firesign Theatre

"Late Nite Hype"

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Geah
Compton
Geah
Where we from?
All day...
The Weeest Side...
All day
Nigga
We from the West Side
(1-5-9)
All the time

I gots to get mine so I'ma take your
I do what I gotta do, kick in some back doors (geah)
You don't work, you don't eat is the scene
A nigga like myself got to get me some green
I heard a nigga say: I got a little business trick
So smooth your momma won't know your tryin' to make
a grip
I said: what's that?
He said: don't worry bout that!
Just grab this muthafuckin' gat and stick it behind your
back
Where the fuck was we going I wondered, didn't give a
damn
Because the hood took me under
Stick the gat behind my back with an extra clip
My nigga said: E just watch your back and you best not
slip!
I said: homie you don't know me
Don't you see saliva drippin' from my mouth? I'm too
hungry!
Jump in the bucket, fuck it!
Take a look back at the crib then hit the pedal to put in
my bid
We in the bucket, best believe we gon' doing some
lootin'
We got straps in our laps, we gon' be doing some
shootin'
Headed to the West Side
To start some shit, fired up the blunt

to get my head buzzed to pull the hit
Now I'm ready to cook
Take the strap on my back and I take another look
I'm ready to do some muthafuckin trippin'
I'm ready to hit your mutherfuckin block
with it cocked, catch you slippin, we in the bucket jettin'
Must be nearin the spot because I'm sweatin (ah,
damn!)

My nigga peeped and said:
E sit back under the seat as he reached,
pulled out the Mac (yeah it's on)
Hit a couple of corners slow then he killed the lights
(geah)

Grabs my strap cause tonight's the fuckin night
I guess this is where the plot thickens
Niggas fix, niggas pluck and fuck like some damn
chickens
Fools just best stay hid
Ain't no shame
On the corner like Caine, we might be poppin off some
damn kids
Jump out with the strap
Niggas caught off guard
Slipping hard
Running for the damn backyard (run run run)
Somebody got two keys behind a damn door
I look at my nigga and say: what we waiting for?
He said: I'm waiting on you
I said: no shit? Then step aside
And watch this muthafuckin 9 spit
Ready to leave dead bodies on the curb
I'm gon' be sitting on fat - when I get them birds
Not thinking, nobody can do me
Through the back door, I know it's looking like a fuckin'
movie (geah)

Big boss man behind the chair and he's scared as fuck
Pop in clip number two and I commence to bust (pop
pop pop)
Not giving a damn
Mentality's do or die
Hollow points hit the chair as the feather fly
I hear him scream out loud homey you dirty!
I tell him: shut the fuck up! Where's the birds?
I grabs the suitcase
It's good (that's right)
Unloads my strap like a real G should
Like Santa Claus with a sack full of goods
I'm heading
Back to the hood
I'm back with a Mac
In the front seat of the Benz and I'm flossin'

Niggas get in my way and I'm tossin'
Not from Shaolin but I'm down with the Cream
They sayin' shame on a nigga, know what I mean?
Geah but I'm just that type
The niggas gon' pop you on the late nite hype

West Side...
Geah
Where we from...
The West Side...
Geah
C'mon
C'mon y'all
1-5-9 all the time...
C'mon y'all
Compton in this bitch
Eihthype...
Ya know
Just like last year I said my friend
Geah
Bitches sing!
Come on
Geah

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