

Acid Drinkers

"At Night"

Visit "[At Night](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from...
This is...this is projects
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
Urban wolves
Dream team baby
The sosa of the game has returned
Brooklyn
Black sopranos
Let's play

[Verse 1]

Nice and smooth, white knights, icy jewels
So cool, but the slightest shit ignite my fuels
Love it low, stay in mine, attach semi
Cuz its hard to enter rap just passin' by
XK8, it's all good, the next they hate
Was never the type of nigga that flexed his weight
See, frontin just ain't my forte, I'm all foreplay
Hoppin' out the porsche, drop products on graves
My slow grind story niggas cosign for me
Y'all slouch rappin' fake trash niggas' rhymes bore me
Adore me, respect niggas way before me
Since a shorty, in love wit big guns and orgies
Engaged to it, guzzlin' that beige fluid
Spazzin' like its the music that made me do it
Move through it if you that thorough, I'm certified
Through the grapevine, I know that niggas heard I'm
live

[Chorus]

I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from...
This is projects
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'

[Verse 2]

Look, look, I be postered up like I'm toasted up nice
Stop niggas from gettin' killed, broken up fights
Blunted at the park jams, opened up mics
Now its on us, in the ??? I focus on right
Its hardball, now niggas can't call foul
Y'all can't get wit me, I can't fall now
Immune to the murderous plots
Been about it way before niggas heard I was hot
Heavy jewels, the type to keep the herb in the sock
A fresh pair, and I fuck wit them Germans a lot
Let's play, pop bottles like its no tomorrow
Ricky Ricardo, the young black Leonardo
Part Spanish, my robe'll make the dark vanish
Too complicated for y'all 85's, don't understand it
Respect game, there's rules as a criminal
So recognize I'm a five star general
You touchin' who

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, yo, at time its hard illin', it kinda scars the feelings
But what yall want from a game that's involved in
millions
Cars, and chillin', sex wit' they broads, but villain
It could find a broke man, have him harm civilians
Its like a larson and razor blades but robbers spinnin'
Niggas runnin' from court tryna dodge they sentence
The odds is endless, moms can't calm the menace
Its like Saddam's in us, comin' fully armed for business
Chrome pubelies, smoke great, two tone seventies
Five miles on the same line, the zone is deadly
Hope heaven got a ghetto for us
In the hood, for the hustlers that bled before us
Weep slow, soak in, feel the Schweppervesence
Specialize foot notes for the adolescents
Locked in, there's beef in the game now
I know its deep but the streets know the name now
The war is on

[Chorus]

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