

I5**"Friday Night"**

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[Young Chris]

Uh-huh, Young Gunnas

Whoa

Young Gunnas (Young Gunnas)

Neef and C

OK

Young, young, young, young, young

Young, young, young, young, young

Young, Young Gunnas

Three, two, one

[Chorus]

[Young Chris]

It was a friday night and the bass was bumpin' (whoa)

The honeys was rockin'

The parties was jumpin' (whoa)

And it wasn't long before everybody knew

[Just Blaze] JUST BLAZE

[Young Chris] was on the beat box

[Just Blaze] Young Gunnas

[Young Chris] the one with the heat rock

Before I hit the club, hit the weed spot

It goes a one (one), two (two), three (three), and

[Verse 1]

[Young Chris]

(Ok, young Chris)

Just like King Midas, as I was told

Young C was on the block, thirteen years old

I don't mean to brag

Had the meanest bags

To supply to my peeps

I was bringin' hag

Took charge of the block, game ping to ave (uh-huh)

Still bringin' cash on the scene at last

Still gloves and masks, as I proceed

Mad Max, mad hats, mad hollow t's

Your man actin' crazy, roll with the kid

Playa a hell of a pimp

You already know what it is
They don't gotta notice the whips
I don't show 'em the wrist
They already know that I'm Chris
And they know that's the stick
To the script and I last long
Hit 'em and I last long
Can't drive a scale for
Send 'em in a cab home
He takin' mad long
Get your bags gone
I ain't got a dime for you
Time for me to pass on

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

[Young Chris]

(Chris, Chris and Lil' Neefy)
Back in effect
Best mack in the tech (uh-huh)
Show you how to clap or perfect
When they actin' all messed
We from north Philly
Free, Peedi Crakk, and the rest
Max, south side, O and Sparks back on the west
We the leaders of the new school
Hate it 'cause my jewels cool
Get my jewels, crew
Every weekend it's a new crew
'Bout to set the record straight
Soon as the record breaks
Shit, some more, to the store, watch it levitate

[Neef]

And we never late
Early in the game
We brought pain (yup)
Heavy spins up in every state (what)
Yea you bound to hate
Die if the bound, it quakes
Seven-sixty-nine escape
Put 'em all around ya face (yeah)
Diamond cool, welcome ya place
Get every dime you got up outta ya safe
Plus you gettin' more surrounded with bake
Before the law comes surrounding your place
My dogs get every pound of your cake

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Neef]

(young, young, young, young Neef)
We the present and the future
You might as well get used to
It's been around a minute
Given 'em what they wanted
The niggaz, they never front it
They still sick to they stomach
Once they hear about the gunnas
[Young Chris] Yeah they know that girls comin
[Neef] Yeah, you try to tell her
Please baby don't wear that
She's on her own
Think she ain't tryin to hear that
You know what's gonna happen after the party
C and Neef up in the suite
You fishin' 'em down in the lobby
Back at the back
She trippin' all at the army (army)
Me cuffed my lib, not even probably (probably)
The game's here, so these chickens get bodied
(bodied)
We show you how we switch up better than a party
Get it in a party
We slippin' out, hardly
Baby, Beretta'd up
Yeah this your beat army
Hit them niggaz up
Then we breeze off Tommy
Fuck it, right behind me
The whole block behind me (yup)

[Chorus]

[Young Chris]

Chris and Lil' Neef
Chris and Lil' Neef
Chris [x6] Lil' Neef
Chris and Lil' Neef
Chris and Lil' Neef
Chris [x 6] Lil' Neef

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