

## Cash Money Millionaires

### "Friday Night"

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Intro: Scarface

Damn, this a bitch  
We ain't gotta motherfuckin thing  
Ring CJ do what he doin in Cali-for-ni-a  
(Hello?)  
Hey, wuz up nigga, it's Face  
(What up Fizzace?)  
Feelin I'm gone come fuck wit you  
(Come on down loco)  
Ai, please have some bitches, please  
(Ha ha ha) Ha ha ha

Verse 1 (CJ Mack, Scarface)

Locc, I been hustlin all week  
Tonight's the night I dips 'n try to step up in a freak  
I call this ho named Tiki, she got homies we can twist  
All we need's some chronic and a motherfuckin fifth  
Is you wit me locc?  
What's mine is yours and what's yours is mines  
When I'm in Houston you be treatin me fine  
I scoop you up in L.A.X. around 6  
I scootch you through the hood, then we gone get up in  
these tricks  
It's Friday night

Two players in a black 5-0-0  
Slidin down the shore, gettin at every fly ho  
I'm wit my homey, ain't nobody set trippin  
Drops my shit off at his house and then we kept flippin  
Now see y'know your nigga don't sleep  
Homey enough and see  
Well, hand your nigga some heat  
So I can feel warm in these cold ass L.A. streets  
Now hook ya nigga wit some L.A. freaks, baby  
It's Friday night

Hook: CJ Mack

Straight sellin with my Texas G

Stayin sucka free as I L-O-C  
It's Friday night

Verse 2

[CJ Mack]

Two players on a hoodrat chase  
You niggas can't see me and you can't see my nigga  
Face

[Scarface]

First thang we do is hit the club  
I'm seein hella bitches in the corners tryin to show your  
homey love  
This bitch is fly as a bird  
And gotta ass that could swang from California all the  
way up thru  
Pittsburgh

[CJ Mack]

Hold up locc (What?)  
I know that flea  
She been out 'n club hoppin since '83 (Ain't this a bitch)  
And the bitch is still hoin  
See, get at broke bitch and fake smile and keep strollin  
locc (Riiight!)  
See them busters in the corner, they don't like my hood  
I don't like their hood so it ain't all good  
So keep ya eyes on em  
Cos if it ??? ??? line, we gotta slide on em  
Ride on em

[Scarface]

I gots no problem kickin dust up wit punk ass little  
busters  
Who wants to try to buck us, we grab these guns and  
bust em  
I gots that tena millimetre in tha parkin lot  
[CJ Mack] Fuck em locc, we gots some bitches at the  
Mariott

Hook

Verse 3: (CJ Mack, Scarface)

You motherfuckers better chill  
Before you fuck around and lose and get your cap

peeled  
Jumps on the elevator, hops off the six floor  
Knocks on the door of room 604  
Gets greeted by the biggest pair of thighs you wanna see  
With a pair just like a \*?mona?\* homegirl G  
See, vee like the mix and vee like the twist of em  
Face, you can hit it first and then we can switch  
It ain't no fun if my homey can't twist a bitch  
I'll dare ya ass to try to run that 2PAC shit

I goes high-ho silver like the fuckin Moan Ranger  
Playin here's out my dick inside a total fuckin stranger  
You fuckin with a Texas cowboy, I puts it down boy  
You ready for the second go (You know it!)  
I go two or three hours and I'm sendin these bitches off on their way  
(See ya!) You's a fool CJ!  
(Nigga, how you like the southern California freakin?)  
Dogg, I'll be back every motherfuckin weekend  
It's Friday night

Hook: CJ Mack

Straight sellin with my Texas OG  
Stayin sucka free as I L-O-C  
It's Friday night  
You motherfuckers better lay back  
(Cos you can't see that Face)  
Or it's just the nigga C-Mack

Outro: CJ Mack

Yeah Mr Scarface and CJ Mack  
Puttin in much work for Rap-A-Lot and Rap-A-Lot West for the 9-5  
You motherfuckers better stay down  
Cos y'all punks couldn't see us with ultrasound  
Coward  
[Scarface] You motherfuckers couldn't see us with glasses on  
He he, y'knowhutl'msayin?

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