Little Boots

"Nighttime Maneuvers"

Yo, I need some ice cream, for the nighttime

[Phonte:]
Uh, for the 9-1-0, for the 9-1-9
When the sun go down, we still shine divine
We still shine divine, for the 9-1-9
And the 9-1-0, and the 3-3-6
When the nighttime come, that's how we do that shit
That's how we, that's how we do that shit

Aiyyo, it's the new fla-vour, the next step
Phonte, best kept secret since the AIDS cure (word)
I stay raw, whether they bootleg it or pay for it
Old school like Prince De Jour when he was hostin
Rap City with finger waves on, I put my name on
The map through dismantlin embarrassin arrogant cats
And battlin because their raps ain't astonishin
Got niggas in the club spittin out they Heinekens
Like, "Goddamn it, when that nigga 'Te gon' rhyme
again? "
He nice with the homonyms - I'll flow
I guess I got it from my mom and 'nem, fo' real though
- who does it finer?
This one is for the MCs in Carolina
Three in the mornin, insomnia rhymers
That say, "Yo, let's put the drama behind us, just let the
beats rock"
Start a cipher while the wack niggas eavesdrop
9th's mouth flick it on the beat box
9th always hit me in my sweet spot
Go to the crib, drink some Peach Schnapps
And doze off to Pete Rock, what

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"When the nighttime covers the city"