

Chris Rock

"All Night"

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Turn it up (ha ha ha)
Flimode (ha ha ha)
Busta Rhymes (ha ha ha)
Another banging niggas (ha ha ha)
Another banging niggas (ha ha ha)
Another banging niggas (ha ha ha)
Another banging niggas (ha ha ha)

Chorus:

All night
To my east niggas West Coast and dirty south,
we make ya wave your hands up high
Light L's and drink some liquor it make ya wild out
All night
To my niggas and my bitches get money
If ya running with me
Wave your hands up high
A yo I can't see y'all
You know we hang out in the streets y'all
All night

Yes yes y'all
I be the god up in the flesh y'all
Bless y'all
With nothing but the best y'all
Finesse shit and leave the spot up in a mess y'all
Bitches, you know the street shit caress y'all
Sex y'all
And put a bounce up in your breast y'all
Yes y'all we about to taste the success y'all
And quiz niggas like a fucking drug test y'all
And check y'all
And let the livest niggas step in
I keep the burner, what you think I'm turning mine in?
What the fuck,
Now all my live motherfuckers boggart or bring it
straight to the front
And let me give y'all niggas just what you want
More fire for ya fresh off the press
Shit blazing to death

Bitches lust talking under they breath
Hope you niggas know to put on your vest
Or get a hole in your chest
Who in this motherfucker
Take you a guess

Chorus

Yeah-Yeah All my niggas
Yeah-yeah all my bitches
Yeah-yeah all my thugs
Yeah-yeah all my soldiers
Yeah-yeah all my honeys
Yeah-yeah all my playas
Yeah-yeah all my live niggas c'mon
Yeah-yeah
The grand finale y'all
Put it down and always repping for my family y'all
What, lets form a nation wide rally y'all
Of gutter niggas that will piss up in the alley y'all
Fuck it, now I know you know my rep nigga
And how it's hard to figure out my next step nigga
So step nigga, nigga sit your ass down
The way I mash down
Will only leave a legacy for me to pass down
Don't speak unless you're spoken to
Get broke in two
Flipmode we be the chosen few
Yeah nigga entrap y'all
I know some niggas that'll clap y'all
And strap y'all
Up to a post and back slap y'all
Put y'all in a mailbox and leave open the flap y'all
That's the hap's that make niggas take forever naps
y'all
Strap y'all all up inside of your seatbelts
The beats felt like a fire watch the heat melt
Your patent leather stack cheddar nigga
Now or never
Better, whatever nigga feel this hot Beretta
Cause when we come you know we hit you with that shit
for the head
With nough shit just like the Lox and the dread
Me and my niggas we be breaking this bread
With all the blood that we bled
See we was broke, now we flossing instead
The shit I drop will never leave you mislead
Might leave you tired of bed
Shit ain't over till' the party is dead

Chorus: repeat 2X

Yeah all my live bitches let me see you just
Wave your hands up high
And all my niggas running around getting pussy
All night

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