

## Master P "Late Night Creepin'"

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Four niggas in the Chev and we all strapped  
Put one up in the chamber case we had to bust caps  
Let me let you know bitch who you fucking with  
Master P killa murder motherfucking lunatic

With the giggety giggety nine  
Put the glock to your dome and your shit will be giggety  
mine  
Break you off something proper bitch  
Ask me where I'm from the manor central Southside of  
the Rich

Worry niggas can't stand me  
'Cause I'm known on the turf for serving  
Them fiends that fucking killa candy  
Break 'em off as I creep slow

But if you run up on the P  
Yeah you know you get your ass smoked  
12 o'clock and my beeper still beeping  
On my way to the Northside late night creeping

Late night creeping  
(Creeping)  
Should I say jacking or should I say skeezing  
The dope fiends be begging me for crack  
Although they want to beat me with they baseball bats

Red and to the blue will be the giggety plain giggety  
thang  
A nigga slang dope, but the P I don't gang bang  
Leave a sucker dead any mark on a slab of rock  
Arrive at your house smoke a Sherm than a nigga  
laugh

Play a game called show and tell  
And if the bitch is hella thick tell her meet me at the  
motel  
'Cause slipping is a no no  
And the bitch better come true so long at the mo mo

I'll leave a bitch dead and broke

Check a hoe, I ain't no motherfucking got damn captain  
save a hoe  
So with my nine I be sleeping  
Check it out bitch if you catch me late night creeping

Late night creeping  
(Creeping)  
Should I say jacking or should I say skeezing  
The dope fiends be begging me for crack  
Although they want to beat me with they baseball bats

I can't sleep at night my mind start playing tricks  
I'm having nightmares the ghetto's trying to kill me  
bitch  
I'm paranoid, I sleep with three fucking gats

A tech nine, a oozie, and a carjack

I'm addicted to money and bitches hella disturb  
A ounce of dank, that'll calm a nigga nerves  
I will mash on that ass like a gas pedal  
You owe me scraps I will melt you like a piece of metal

I'm a bounce your ass just like a basketball  
And with a pig's blood, write your name up on the wall  
So make your fucking death wish  
And why you dead I'm gone steal your goods and fuck  
your bitch

I'm a let you know life in the Rich ain't no joke  
So don't you coming riding without your straps hoe  
And you know the Rich is known for busting caps  
Diggety zap the P put the Rich on the giggety map

Yeah, back at that ass once again there  
It's your nigga Lil Ric, creepin' through the windows  
Getting him for whatever I can get  
Now it's time for my niggas to ride and let this shit  
fuckin' clear

Late night creeping Big Ed and Master P  
P has got his tech I got my nine next to me  
'Cause niggas like to jack and in the Bay it never stops  
But my hollow tips will leave more scars than the  
chicken pox

Or run up ya like Emmit  
Hitting like Bonds cause I have a nice slugging  
percentage  
Because a nigga's like loced  
Run on up, I'll call ya hickory because your gonna get

smoked

I ain't no joker G 'cause I'm TRU  
And everybody in my crew a TRU g too  
I thought you knew motherfucker  
I'm the type of nigga that'll leave ya fucking heart in  
the gutter

With the rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat-tat  
P, I'm gone put this fucking nigga on his back  
I'm a show you why they sleeping  
'Cause it's me and P and we late night creeping

Late night creeping  
(Creeping)  
Should I say jacking or should I say skeezing  
The dope fiends be begging me for crack  
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