

Murs "Nites Like This"

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(Murs)

How do you say shut-up in japanesse

(Arata)

Navade

(Murs)

Navade, navade motherfuckers

[Verse 1]

Tracks like this

I wish that I could do it all over

But then again

You always make the better call

When you Sober Hung-over

Thinking what the fuck was gong on

The show went on late

And of course the sound

Didn't sound shit

Like when we checked it at eight

But it was all great

Even though most rap crews

Would have beat the sound

Then ask later

We the types that would kick the monoters

Off stage Just cause fools be on faders

You know the type of night

When dont a damn thing go right

And every broad your talking to

Wanna be at the club on the same night

Man life be fuckin with a nigga

I sware

But askin why me

Would only draw my ass crazy

So I try not to go there

Fuck it just charge it to the game

Sick of niggas not trying to buy a tape

Sware they're larger than the game

But nigga you ain't no better

Wearin that tommy hill

Like it's your Muthafuckin varsity letter

You ain't earned it

Your momma bought it

Now you trying to floss it

But that can cost you your life
Oh thats right
You from the suburbs

Only in the hood for the night
What about them nights
You was on your way to the spot
Got lost
Put up in the lot
Found out the club was over(DAMN)
And to top it all off
Everybody in the car was still sober
Man that shit be addin up
Have you in the car ride home
Quiet
Mad as fuck
Oh what about them times
You took a bus to the spot
Got stuck looked up
And none of the homies
Was inside(DAMN)
So you shit out of luck
All them times
You were in the middle of the floor dancing
Then had to duck
Because some stupid muthafuckers
Decided it was time
To shoot the party up
Man ya'll know whussup
With all them wack nights you've had
But remember it can always worse
When you think it's all bad
Nights like this
Got me tryin to put my piss through brick walls
Wish I was that bitch
From out of this world
Put my fingers together
To make this shit pause
And freak things to go my way
For once
Were movin all individuals
Who front like them gold caps

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