

Soundtracks

"All Night Long - Red Cafe"

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[Intro]

Hey, all the way back from the 213, 310,
Cross to the 313, 404, back to the 718 Brooklyn.

This Chef Boy is all
I got the homie be flamin'in the spot
And this the new hot (all night long)
Tell them bouncers let my dawgs in the building, we
gun get this thing started.

[Verse 1]

Hey yo my money aint ever short
Ask my coach jump shot never off (uh oh)
I got a mean bomp in my walk
And im from the wold known Brooklyn New York
Okay, now if you see me please dont holla
But baby if you feel me you can throw me a dolla
Hey shorty over there with the big ol' hips
Enough to lil heart broker let me give you a fix
Now we can burn and burn can cut leaves from the
earth
Till you get a buz good to life up yer skirt
The hole east coast wanna know who bangin
Tell them boys shake down and we got them things but
wut up?!

[Chorus:]

(all night long) if you got some style
You could turn yo colla up put yo dollas up
Now pull yer hat down low (okay)
Now back them chicks up off you
(all night long) if you got some style
You could turn yo colla up put yo dollas up
Now pull yer hat down low (okay)
Now back them chicks up off you
(all night long)

[Verse 2]

Go head dog get cha dollas i got em in a bundance
Im from the bottom, i get em in the dungins
Yeah, they thirsty waitin on my debut

I chase cash not cat like pepper late pugh
I got style dressed in gutchi
Brooklyn ni**a a town stomp in them boots whoa
Hit em high hit em low
Pettle to the floor in the 6 cuz the 5 too slow
Oh, cafe butter like parf kay
All-star game im found right in the palm kay?
Yeah wud up shorty? you hot shorty
You make we wanna pass the rock to you shorty

[Chorus]

(all night long) if you got some style
You could turn yo colla up put yo dollas up
Now pull yer hat down low (okay)
Now back them chicks up off you
(all night long) if you got some style
You could turn yo colla up put yo dollas up
Now pull yer hat down low (okay)
Now back them chicks up off you
(all night long)

[Verse 3]

Hey yo i dont nagociate r&b chicks want me to
pocreate
That lame over there yeah i know he hate
Just because he got a safe, naw he aint safe
Why all the big talk dog u aint hot
U aint ready for the thug life you aint Pac
U the type to act tough when u pop in the room
But i know yer style you wouldnt pop a balloon
You wanna get some money (yeah) you wanna get
some cash (yeah)
Ball with some hard core g's from the ave
Proibly shake down when we checkin the tenni's
Im on my grizzly like i play for memphis

[chorus]

(all night long)if you got some style
You could turn yo colla up put yo dollas up
Now pull yer hat down low (okay)
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(all night long)if you got some style
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