

Wyclef Jean

"All Day All Night"

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All day, all night, all day, alright
All day, all night, all day, uh, alright

All my niggas is trill as fuck,
I was born in the trap game real as fuck

On the way to the top can't fuck this up
Put too much work and, did too much dirt than
Turn around chop a tree, make a motherfucking mo
town

How a nigga gonn slow down, fist ride at nigga
Hope you on the right thing when the shit go down
Oh you actin like a hoe now, well go and lay on your
back, back, back

I'm from the atl, where we stay up all day and all night
To get the stacks, stacks, stacks

[Hook]

All day, all night, getting to it, alright
All day, all night, count money,
You know what we like
All day, all night, getting to it, alright
All day, all night, count money,
You know what we like
Work, work, work, gonna twerk out
Slow the twerk out

I put my eyes to the sky, missing my dogs
Wishing they were here nigga
Eyes stayed on that prize, I'm smelling blood
This is our year nigga
No time for that bullshit, we gonn celebrate
Cause we here nigga
Black tree in this bitch, go on have a beer, cheers
nigga
So stop with a nigga never sold a soul, with a new
regime, we in overload
Pocket belly red to that trappin road
If you love me baby catch me on the road
The young city, you already know what's with me
2 or 3 things, that's pretty, lightskin biggy

Smoking on the o with the Acapulco flow

[Hook]

All day, all night, getting to it, alright

All day, all night, count money,

You know what we like

All day, all night, getting to it, alright

All day, all night, count money,

You know what we like

Work, work, work, gonna twerk out

Slow the twerk out.

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