

Humperdinck Engelbert

"Heat of the Night"

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[Sinister]

You might have seen me in the drop-top convertible
Lex

So what the heck

I'm test to murder hood dweller

A good fella represents

Never hesitant to put the weight between your eyes

44 pounds of steel, real niggas recognize

I kill at will like Q, tell me who's getting rude

My click is some fools, thugs, and pimps, and playas
too

Got homies in grey and blue and got niggas in black

I'll put a slug in his back and still ask him where your
glove at

Now he bustin' back, I must come strapped cause it's
combat

All the dust these niggas kicking we been there and
done that

Naw, fuck that

We rep on the track like World Order

And we got the bombest shit, nigga like Pearl Harbor

I just wish that I could manslaughter (Who)

The hater, are ya in danger of another killer stranger

Guess it's banger, check his chamber

Scaring niggas at night, demonizing their mind

Sneek up from behind, now is it Mr. Mike

[Hook]

In the heat of the night

Ain't no time for stage fright

You might make the front page if your game ain't tight

So keep your hand on your glock and get paid tonight

It don't stop and Goodfellas is what I claim for life

In the heat of the night

Ain't no time for stage fright

You might make the front page if your game ain't tight

I got my sacks in my pocket and at least a grand

Gold on my neck, my pistol's close at hand

[Sinister]

Vision me in the cut, middle corrupt and never giving a

fuck

My verbal slang making niggas gangbang and blaze
up

Hanging out the Range Rover with a hangover

Test me, I'm deadly like Ebola, just another ghetto
soldier

Best be in the mist of the smoke, when niggas choke
Fake thug niggas and drug dealers is getting revoked
I left the world comatose from the streets of the East to
the West Coast

It's that Dirty South killer that you heard about

Suave took a murder route, I got your broad bout to
turn her out

She did my whole crew, can't fuck you she burnt out
In my third house converting dominos, swirving the
Rolls

Blessed, still dressed in mafia clothes

A cold blooded killer, a Southwest connect dealer

Cruising for a bruising half Cuban, half nigga

Blast quicker than any gun clapper on the mappa

From MC to OG I'm the one they coming after

[Hook]

[Kadabi]

Dark as the night, pitch black as the sky

Dark as the AK, black skin means you die

Wonder why night time is the wrong time you can get
called up to Heaven

Now we bailing, selling

Through the streets only in the PM

Kadabi notifies mister so we could see him

In the back of our gambling shacks, straight yak

Conversation with macks about stacks and counter-
attacks

[Corleone]

I got a sack in my pocket and at least a G

You couldn't see from close range, slang like cocaine

More game than a Phoenix who fiend who reign
supreme

Continue the saga, we bring the drama to the scene

We scheming in the heat of the night

Pulling the heist between the lights

Of street dwellers, G-fella for life, my game tight

Hard to explain this Corleone and Sinister

And Kadabi, you can't spot us in the heat of the night

[Hook] (x2)

Ahhh, in the heat of the night, in the heat of the night

G-fellas, quiet like church mice, and it don't stop
This shit real, know what I'm saying this shit is like do
or die
Goodfellas live fly ha ha, know what I'm saying
My nigga Corleone, Kadabi, and the Sinister, G-fellas
Mashing and bashing, blasting and broadening ha ha

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