

1st Infantry f/ Havoc, Twin Gambino

"The Midnight Creep"

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[Havoc]

I give 'em to 'em gutter, straight gutter
Ain't no other way to spit it, my nizzy, just fall easy
Niggaz want a peace treaty, wanna bring the calm
But when it's on, ain't a thing that can stop the pound
Tear a fella a ass, a new ass at that
Glad to clap, never that, we had to clap
Nigga do it to they self, when they force the hand
Make me blast, how you tryna play me man
Like niggaz over here, don't get down for theirs
I need some man time, who got the fuckin' jack in here
Where, ever I leave, my head's my home
And if possible, always take my gat where I roam
These slugs'll take the bass outta niggaz voice quick
But, once we gangsta, now moist the shit
Scramble, he hit, how you like the scenery bitch
Keep ya eyes on my hands, fuck who you seeing me
with

[Chorus 2x: Havoc]

Yo, I don't know you, you don't know me
Just mind your own business, everything'll be sweet
We don't talk over here, we just speak with the heat
You don't wanna see a nigga, on that midnight creep

[Twin Gambino]

And that chains over here, I'm just still bustin' my gun
Still rippin' on your shorties, wildin' out with my dunn
On the grind, don't do nothing dumb, just hold ya head
Cuz the rest of my soldiers, stressed out in jail
With on bail, facing the rest of they life
We got to get it right and keep it tight, and stay on the
low
For them assholes, clockin' our dough, love when I flow
Keep doing that shit, they gots to go
Infamous Mobb gots to blow, pounds of dro'
Makin' all the shorties, gettin' down on the floor
From that Murda Muzik shit, that'll make ya flip
And dump a clip, in a nigga that be talkin' shit
We think sick, check the credits, we get busy
And grimey, and gritty, when we livin' in the city

It's haters, traders, fake ass playas
Come to QBC, and nobody could save ya

[Chorus 2x]

[Havoc]

Of course we keep it gangsta, straight gangsta
Niggaz know it, I don't have to prove it, or show it
The gun bark, and the bite is a mutha, a killa
A playa, lay it down, a four pounder
The calm downer, when niggaz act a little too active
Smack kids into next week, little bastards
Ya'll cats think I'm playin' with this rap shit
I'm here to take it to the top, you fuckin' faggots

[Chorus 2x]

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