

Alison Krauss % Union Station**"All Nighter"**

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[Intro: N-Tyce]

Yeah yeah, whutsup, this is N-Tyce
Ya'll know what im talkin bout, got them lyrics for ya
nahimsayin
People just look at me and dont think that I can rap
They dont call me a Deadly Venom fo nutin
Poi-son, nahimsayin, DV's up in here
Rocks the World, holla, and ya don't stop, yo, yo

[N-Tyce]

I show ya how fun rap can be, folks can't stand me
Cos I'm the type that go up and except a Grammy
In an R&B dress, split past my thighs
Get tipsy, open my shirt up, and flash the guys
Make they eyes pop out, tongues hanging
Lyrically I'm nasty, like a chick that a bum's dating
Ya flava's like Juicy Fruit, it only lasts a minute
My hairs gettin grey now, think that I should tint it
Till I thought about it, probably look more raw without it
I'm trynna plot on how to get a rap star impounded
Cuz they don't sound right, take em to the junk yard
Chump parts, stinking up the game like a skunk fart

[Chorus: N-Tyce]

We on fire (fire)
Throw ya hands in the air wit yo lighter (lighter)
We gone pull an all nighter (nighter, say what!)
And I aint gotta go to bed no time soon

[N-Tyce]

If I ain't rappin, then I prefer mackin instead
Take my stocking off my buttocks and wrap it around
his head
I like them buffed up Derek Jeter's
Who ain't ashamed to walk around with a scuffed up
pair of sneakers
A lot of girls are into fashion, instead of rapping
Think you can write somthing hotter? It'll never happen
I like people who believe in theyself
One day I'll be old and gray, breathin' the wealth
It's like this, people playin' spades, takin' blinds now

A lot of artists wanting me to write they rhymes now
Im high-tech like DVD, riding round in a hooptie wit the
tank on E

[Chorus]

[N-Tyce]

You wanna good woman? You should appoint me
My friends won't even bring me around they dad cuz
he may even want me
I'm Hardcore like Lil' Kim's first CD
And hard-headed like 50 kids in a pre-school nursery
Folks be like "yo, N-Tyce, you hurtin me"
Cuz I Bring Da Pain like open heart surgery
Stitch it up, squeaky voice, high pitch it up
You see me everyday, I'm on ya wall pictured up
It's kinda hard survivin', I got you paranoid
Like blue lights behind you in a car driving
See I'm Nasty like Nastradamus
I write a lot of incomplete sentences using lots of
commas
Teachers hated me in school, wishing I would vanish
Now they wantin' autographs for they grandkids
Plus, they wanna free concert, better learn to pay
You shoulda never gave me an F when I deserved an A

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: N-Tyce]

Aight, heh, that's how we kick it out here in Carolina's
You know what I'm talkin bout baby, you what I'm talkin
bout?
You dont know nuttin bout that, heh, 336 entertainment
on the rise!
Yeah...

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