

## Sam Cooke

### "10 Til Midnite"

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[Daz]

That I exposed, my hundred seventy-five flows  
The inkling of a sect, suspect me  
This assemblies and less than two verses  
I'm able to disengage mics  
And chew MCs up like Mike & Ikes  
When I recite they like two flips  
I sink MCs like ships  
With my nocturnal vibes, mandatory eclipse  
There's no comparison, I embarrassment  
Cause microphone harassment  
Here's where the fear and terror spin  
I'm hit brick, decipher these look-a-like MCs  
Claimin' they rock mics like nights for days  
So I'm able to have more to perform  
I explode on the mic like C-4  
I eliminate ya fool microphones  
These limited the amount of opponents  
Step on the microphone I show em'  
Over and over, these weird situations  
Enter in the gladiation, now they facin'

[Chorus]

Last night I had a dream and it just made me realize  
That folks don't give a damn about me (They don't  
care)  
So many haters on the scene, can't stand to see me on  
the rise  
But I'm gon' still remain the same, you best believe  
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's  
gangsta)  
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now you  
know that's gangsta)  
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's  
gangsta)  
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Get cho' ass  
on the floor)

[SKG]

If I wanna fuck a homie I would, ya best believe that  
Wanna call me reg, show ya girl where the cheese at

Niggas roll and shit, hatin' on a young bitch  
Cause flow I cop or the spots I rock  
I'm still classy, playa like me I keeps it jazzy  
Still keep it gangsta whether not I'm gettin' sassy  
Got a beeper, fly out and release my profile  
Or my click bust eighty for all you busters actin' shady  
Fake ass ballers wanna-be shot callers  
Think y'all holdin' clout, niggas runnin' they mouth  
It's still Death Row mackin' when gangs start crackin'  
Askin' all you cats in this game yo what's happenin'  
Hoes talk about they cockin' back, bustin' guns  
Knowin' damn well heat is on deck, you cowards run  
Hated by many, yo we loved by few  
You ain't gotta like us homie but respect what we do  
I'll buck y'all niggas then bust y'all niggas  
Set chu' niggas up then wet chu' niggas up  
Seen a jazzy hoe steppin' out with the gators  
Hold up haters I'm executin' all the fakers  
Lettin' all you cats know I just wanna fuck you  
Back to ya wifey, it's her job to love you  
I'm lookin' for my baby daddy, what's he got  
He old enough to cum, he old enough to get fucked  
Yeah, SKG Death Row mackin' the new bitch in town  
That's how I get down

[Chorus]

[Krupt]

If I had a million dollars then I'd be rich  
If ya ho was on deck then I fuck yo bitch  
It's Gotti in the cut with the Don Corleone  
And Dillinger with the hollow tip chromes  
Catch ya and travel, leave ya flabbergasted  
Stalkin' y'all walkin' caskets  
Hit the spot where the smokers hold  
Low and behold, the tightest composition composed  
Can ya catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback  
So when they ain't around, I angle murder and  
slaughter act  
React, actions speak louder than words  
But ain't nothin' more important than vision  
I've seen optical collisions corrupted  
I'm spontaneous when I combusted melon  
Can't escape a lyrical felon  
Excellin' in the out, like it's in from smokin' the bong  
Koran Don, set to explore like napalm  
Cataclysmic, with a habit to form collisions  
Various visions, intellect sharp enough to injure  
Like incisions with the deadliest intentions  
To grab the heat and bust niggas into different  
dimensions

I had thoughts, had thoughts of electricity  
Murdered by millions of volts  
I got a forty cal cold  
I'm all about business  
Life ain't what it seems in two seconds  
I peeped the red beam, I tried to dodge  
Grabbed the chrome plate, I dumped once  
But I was two seconds late cause the size I was  
Was the first mistake  
My moms came and shook me I didn't awake  
Cause in my position that's the chance ya take  
In the dream, in the world with no way to escape

[Chorus]

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