

Midnite

"Late Night Ghetto"

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A tune called late night ghetto, hmm aye
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto

If you tell your woman bout some moving stars in the
sky
Bout some light from out far shining in her eye yeah,
yeah
Every crevasse of the heart Jah love
As you share and finalize
Let lone ranger keep on wearing his disguise
Let the man that she sees, be the man that she hears
Bring her the fruit from the sun
Take away her double vision
Until she say

Red lips again not wheeling
Oh Jah, she is so appealing
So sweet to hold that feeling
Give her the treatment of the late night ghetto
Give her the treatment of the late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto

Don't you send no dozen roses
Line no tub with no candlelight
To return to the vicious kick boxing still overnight
Don't you see her burden is heavy
Rude youth and you, traveling light
You feel like show off, well right now that's the time
Let the man that she sees, be the man that she hears
Bring her the fruits from the sun
Take away her double vision

Until she say

Red lips again not wheeling

So sweet to hold that feeling
Oh Jah, she is so appealing yeah
Hmm, a chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto

So when you come
Come bring in fiscal matters yeah
Come bring in reasoning power
Come bring in changes for the better yeah
Man child, man child
Man child, man child
Man child, man remember who you used to be, yeah
Hmm hmm aye

A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto
Well man child, man child
Man child, man love breaks you heart
You have to cry
Like flowers bloom and flowers die
Life is hard
But these are the facts of life
These are the facts of life
These are the facts of life

A chun called late night ghetto
Love breaks you heart
You have to cry
Even flowers grow old
Even flowers die
Life is hard
But deal with the facts of life
Deal with the facts of life
Deal with the facts of life
A chun called late night ghetto
A chun called late night ghetto, yeah
Using up the likkle whey you have why you know
Late night ghetto

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