

Lisi

"Late Night"

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[Hook: repeat 2X]

You better watch your back for them thugs in the late
night
Them niggas that be glock tight, killin' everything in
eyesight
Showin' no remorse when we buck a bitch down see
Late night when we ball outta control and act a clown G

[Verse 1: 2 Cold]

They be ridin' in them old school cars, wid the see
through, they can see you
These streets so fuckin' lethal nigga kill ya fore they
greet ya
It's one hundred per cent evil, but some don't believe in
God
Tryna flodge, in around that's dark, get a little bit ah
heart
Cause some be nervous, it's gettin' late night when
mothers get worried
Tryna hurry this bitch out the fuckin' club to the back ah
the suburban
She just flirtin', you don't know she workin',
Wid the niggas in the back that sippin' that Bourbon
We leavin' 'em splurgin' and they pockets hurtin'
Now you swervin' cause you perved, eyes halfway shut
like a curtain
And the nigga behind ya thinkin' about some dirt in
some shorts
Plus they tired ah sittin' on tracks slangin' hovers to the
club
Night time air, make niggas hot cause even these hoes
fuckin' lovely
And the result is niggas gettin' bucked, and dropped
them digits
Cause the cheese that this playa had, up in his britch
Momma soon to report ya missing,
Police ride but they never ever find a witness
Niggas die in this late night business the niggas creep
Check the realness of this nigga yo and we comin'
deep
And for ass we gon lay 'til these niggas get put to sleep

Never ridin' niggas hide to see you comin' up (I see you)

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Smooth]

The sun sets in my city 'round eight 'o clock
That's when young thugs come out wid they mean
mugs on, strapped wid glocks
Down and dirty fuck the world ain't got shit to lose
So call me a balla but to me I'm just a damn fool
Straight up out the South, watch yo mouth when we
rollin' through
Niggas from my set don't give a fuck 'bout puttin' holes
in you
Mobbin' like we Gotti turnin' parties out wid hundred
round
Clips from my AK when I spray you best to hit the
ground
Leave 'em lookin' pitiful, we can make it critical
Bitch we chewed up she so predictable like Mystikal
Kickin' doors offa hinges when we mob we rob for kis
and G's
We got plenty ammunition, plenty bitches and weed
They wanna see me at the bottom, locked down for
petty shit
Fuck the river in the ocean tryna net a bigga fish
We got the streets locked down check our status we be
made niggas
Tryna hit a lick around this bitch for at least seven
figures
So drop it off to these young bosses, 2 Cold and
Smooth in this bitch,
Rep your shit, we takin' no shorts no losses

[Hook]

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