

Turtles

"Nightfall"

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Ya know we peepin' y'all
Slow-motion-style
Pacific Ocean-style (Wh-what?)

[Verse one]
I'm in a rowdy-ass club
There's hella-bitches all around me
This girl walks up
She says she's glad that she found me
I told her she was trippin' 'cause the girl ain't even
know me
Then she told me
She want to introduce me to her homies
I said "Well, baby girl, go get your kemo sables"
"I'll get my Liquid niggas"
"We'll meet you in the lobby"
She walked wit' a smile I ain't seened in a while
So we mobbed through the crowd--
Killer-Cal-style
Walkin' wit' a limp, 'cause see, we pimp to perfection
For us to catch a date don't take the Love Connection
Fuck Chuck Woolery
You want a date for surely
All it take is fine jewelry
A wink and a drink and what the fuck you think?
I mack a baby doll down, she in a long black mink
We straight standin' in the lobby straight face-to-face
Then she said "Cut the chase"
"Let's bounce to my place"

[Chorus]
'Cause ladies
We wait for nightfall
You thinkin' that we sleepin' but we peepin' all o' y'all
Even all o' y'all up against the wall
But slow down, baby doll
You can't walk before you crawl

[Verse two]
Still close to gettin' toasted by the b-a-r
About to bounce wit' these bitches 'cause they don't

live far
Niggas all up in my grill, lookin' hella-bizarre
I poured my drink on the ground for my dead homey
Par (Rest in peace)
Grabbed my car keys
My doctah function
Burnt a little rubber
Made my outroduction
Pumpkin' and her friends pushed the two-door Benz
I pushed the E420 so we looked like twins
Swervin' through the night
Everything is right
Swift rolled a blunt, but he can't find a light
Just when we 'bout to blaze it up and get high
I peeped the one-time out the corner of my eye

[Chorus]

'Cause one-time
They wait for nightfall
We thinkin' that they sleepin'
But they peepin' all o' y'all
Even all o' y'all up against the wall
But slow down, killer-cops
You can't walk before you crawl

One-time
They wait for nightfall
We thinkin' that they sleepin' but they peepin' all o' y'all
Wanna throw a nigga up against the wall
But slow down, killer-cop
You can't walk before you crawl

[Verse three]

I rolled past the cops
I'm on my cell phone blown
Doin' 60 miles-a-hour in a 35 zone
Just when I thought it was about to be on
The girl pulled into the gate of a million-dollar home
Fly landscape and cavi' decorations
The living room was bigger than the Club United Nations
Place was to the point I kicked my shoes off the secko
30 percenters--
When I talked it made a echo
Rolled up the fat perfecto
They wanna skinny dip but I ain't wanna get wet though
So...
Let's go
That's what she told Tash
She led me to her room, lookin' like Stacey Gash
Baby got it pumpin'

Can't help but to feel it
Then she told me that she married to a killer drug
dealer
Should I: a) stay
Or: b) bounce immediately

[Chorus]
'Cause haters
They wait for nightfall
We thinkin' that they sleepin' but they peepin' all o' y'all
Even all o' y'all up against the wall
But slow down, baby pa'
You can't walk before you crawl

Can't do it
Ya can't do it
Ya can't walk before ya crawl
That's right y'all
Slow-motion-style
Killer-Cali on the mic
Catastrophe fuckin' it up all the way from the Bermuda
Triangle
Hottest shit on the streets
1998, '99, 2000
Raise yo' glass
Raise yo' glass to Tash
Raise yo' glass
And make a toast to Tash
Now
Straight up
Not tonight
Not tonight
We got Tash on the mic
Not tonight

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