# At Night

## Grave Flowers

I don't give a hell what you spit
(This is)
Who you are, where you from
(This is projects)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(Urban wolves)
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
(Dream team baby)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(The sosa of the game has returned)
Who you are, where you from
(Brooklyn)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(Black sopranos)
Who you are, where you from
(Let's play)
And who the hell you be gettin'
Nice and smooth, white knights, icy jewels
So cool, but the slightest shit ignite my fuels
Love it low, stay in mine, attach semi
'Cuz its hard to enter rap just passin' by
XK8, it's all good, the next they hate
Was never the type of nigga that flexed his weight
See, frontin' just ain't my forte, I'm all foreplay
Hoppin' out the Porsche, drop products on graves
My slow grind story niggas cosign for me
Y'all slouch rappin' fake trash niggas' rhymes bore me
Adore me, respect niggas way before me
Since a shorty, in love with big guns and orgies
Engaged to it, guzzlin' that beige fluid
Spazzin' like its the music that made me do it
Move through it if you that thorough, I'm certified
Through the grapevine, I know that niggas heard I'm live
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
(This is projects)
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from

And who the hell you be gettin'
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
Look, look, I be postured up like I'm toasted up nice
Stop niggas from gettin' killed, broken up fights
Blunted at the park jams, opened up mics
Now its on us, in the I focus on right
It's hardball, now niggas can't call foul
Y'all can't get with me, I can't fall now
Immune to the murderous plots
Been about it way before niggas heard I was hot
Heavy jewels, the type to keep the herb in the sock
A fresh pair, and I fuck with them Germans a lot
Let's play, pop bottles like its no tomorrow
Ricky Ricardo, the young black Leonardo
Part Spanish, my robe'll make the dark vanish
Too complicated for y'all 85's, don't understand it
Respect game, there's rules as a criminal
So recognize I'm a five star general
You touchin' who
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
Yo, yo, at time its hard illin', it kinda scars the feelings
But what y'all want from a game that's involved in millions
Cars, and chillin', sex with they broads, but villain
It could find a broke man, have him harm civilians
It's like a Larson and razor blades but robbers spinnin'
Niggas runnin' from court tryna dodge they sentence
The odds is endless, moms can't calm the menace
Its like Saddam's in us, comin' fully armed for business
Chrome pubelies, smoke great, two tone seventies
Five miles on the same line, the zone is deadly
Hope heaven got a ghetto for us
In the hood, for the hustlers that bled before us

Weep slow, soak in, feel the Schweppervesence
Specialize foot notes for the adolescents
Locked in, there's beef in the game now
I know its deep but the streets know the name now
The war is on
I don't give a hell what you spit
(This is)
Who you are, where you from
(This is project)
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
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Who you are, where you from
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