

# 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

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(This is projects)

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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

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I don't give a hell what you spit  
Who you are, where you from  
And who the hell you be gettin'  
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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)

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And who the hell you be gettin'  
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