Friday Night

Young Gunz

Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin
The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin
It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)
What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)
Travel wit the heat rock
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and
Its like king midas as I was told
Young C was on the block 13 years old
I don't mean to brag
I had the meanest bag the suppliers was my peeps
I was bringin half took charge of the block
A pean the ave still bringin cash on the scene
At last still gloves and mask as I proceed mad
Mats, mad gats, mad hollow seed
Ya man actin crazy roll wit the kid playa been hella pimpin
You already know what it is, they don't gotta notice the whip
I done show them the wrist, they already know that Chris
And they know tha to stick to the script
It don't last long hit 'em and I last long
Can't drive em south long send 'em in a cab home
You takin mad long getcha bags gone
I ain't got a dime for you time for me pass on
Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin
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What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)
Travel wit the heat rock
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and
Back in effect vest, mach in the tech
Show you how to clap wit perfect when they actin a mess
We from north PHILLY free, peedie crack
And the rest mac south side O and sparks
Back on the west we the leaders of the new school
Heated cause my jewls cool get my jewls cool
Every weekend its a new crew bout to set the record staight
Soon as the record break ship T2 more to the store wath it levatate
Yeah we never late early in the game
We brought pain yup heavy spen up in every state yeah
You bond to hate tiered of the boad and tape

7-60 Bound to scape put 'em all around ya face
Time to cool walk in ya place get every dime

You got up out of ya safe plus you gettin more surronded wit bait
Before the law come surroundin ya place
My dogs get every pound of ya cake
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What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)
Travel wit the heat rock
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and
We the present and the future
You might as well get used to us
We been around a minute givin 'em what they wanted
The niggas they never fronted
But still sick to they stomache once they hear about the gunnaz
Yeah they know they girl
Comin you try to tell her "Please baby dont wear that"
But she's on her own think she aint tryna hear that
You knowin whats gonna happen after the party
C and Neef up in the sweat we fishin out the lobby
Back after back she trippin all off that army me
Cuff my lib not even probably the gang
Hereso these chickens get bodied
We show you how we switch up better than the party
Did it in the party me slippin out hardly baby baretta
Tucked the addition we army hit them niggas up
Then we breeze off calmly bucky right
Behind me the ROC behind me
Yup
Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin
The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin
It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)
What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)
Travel wit the heat rock
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and
Chris and lil' Neefie
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