

# All Night

## Turk

[Lil Wayne] You know it's Wheezy you know  
Nigga you know it's Wheezy you know  
You know it's Wheezy you know  
Who Squideye  
[Verse 1: Lil Wayne] I ain' just jumped off da porch playboy  
I been thuggin on da block  
Fist clutchin' on da glock  
Who Bout it  
Motherfucker let me know shit  
Y'all wit that hoe shit  
I keep the fo grip  
Hollowed tips fill the whole clip  
Trippin' ya feel da whole clip  
Get It  
I'm on some mo shit  
Quad Mafia blow Shit  
Never slept for dough or no bitch  
I only want a hoe for those lips to lick my whole clique  
And load the bitch wit coke and shit and send her on a road trip  
I'm so sick wit it  
Dick nigga what is your purpose  
I'm off the surface  
Platinum merchandise shining perfect  
For certain firearms  
This verse seem like it's dirty squiddy  
Put bullets in yo shirt and fit it if you jerkin wit me  
? pops don't yourself the next statistic  
You may be hard but seeing your chopped off is less convincing  
Which nigga want it  
Holla at me I'll be at the top  
With cha wife slobbering on my cock  
And your kids calling me pop I can't be stopped  
[Hook: Lil Wayne 2x] Okay  
They run in yo place four straight to yo face  
These Niggaz don't play  
Believe me shit ain all right  
They cut off all lights  
And they ridin' all night

Till some shit that you don't like let's go

[Verse 2: Turk]Nigga look here you can play wit me or my dogs If ya won't

And watch how quick yo bitches wind up gettin' left faunked

I dress in black rat a tat tat leave ya flat nigga

At any given time you gonna see that nigga

Lil Turk and Wheezy straight thugged out

We got choppers wit 50's that'll clear it out

You could test the nuts If ya won't round

You know you done fucked up so it's goin' down

Get fulla dat one on one and we don't give a fuck

It's you or me, me or you nigga so what's up

Now tell me, Is you really bout dat beef shit

Bringin dat heat shit, killin yo peeps shit

'cause If you not then it's best you stay your distance nigga

'cause when we pull da trigger look we ain' missing nigga

I'm a hit cha in yo melon split it to da fat

Leave yo moms on da front level draped in black

[Hook 2x][Verse 3 Lil Wayne & Turk][Lil Wayne]Fuck wit a turn or bed for bags, bitches, or bread

And we mash quickly in a droust and blast snitches they scared

Take snap pictures for fedz we blast riches and ice

Snatch at night get em back depending the price

Livin the last minutes of life and we do it huge

My whole crew 'll does whos background to screw

And we feud wit anyone to two shatter ya cabin

Come around ya block niggaz disappear like abra cadabra

[Turk]Lil turk don't play nigga look betta recognize

When my finger get ta fuckin all you niggaz gon die

Hit cha set in camoflague 50 shots what I fire

Lay down and get cha mind right I bet cha won't survive

I put that on everthing against anything ya bet

If a nigga get it twisted get holes in his chest

? vest ain no way you protect it

Last nigga got bust up 'cause he disrespected

[Hook til end]

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