

# Night Night

## Nasty Jack

The rhymes I designed are truly unrefined  
Like diamonds with a spec of blood dug up out a mine  
Flows flood between the ears right behind my eyes  
Giving birth to the lines, soul searching for the prize  
I take my time when deciding what to write  
Like the SAT while these other niggaz bite  
Underrated and mostly hated but got a lot of fight  
Like a player, play the background, fuck the spotlight  
Night night, I recite when I step up to this mic  
Reputation trump tight like the husband want a wife  
Stay sharp as broken glass, get busted on or smashed  
When your ass cross paths with this half of the Kast  
It's bed time, bed time  
Tuck yourself and I can tell that you're terrified  
Check my record you will see that I'm verified  
I terrorize, now you're terrified, it's bed time  
Yeah, this where second verse supposed to go  
I don't think I need to hit y'all with another verse  
But I think I might because I like to destroy shit  
There's no time to retreat and no surrender  
Been ready for battle General Patton's no beginner  
I keep it all Madden, I call the play then execute for the W  
Leave the rest of you destitute, now put that money up  
Oh and your content is nonsense; How you expect to  
Get it a little restitution with all this ghetto flaugin'  
Snow, that's for toboggans, no won't be no pardons  
Or bargains, three strike then you yanked up like a rod  
And, uh, with no apartments, you got no home to run to  
  
You snitching on yourself and no it's your front they come through  
Without a tap on your phone  
The only thing they had to do is listen to raps on your songs  
Lights out, the time for the nighty night's over rude  
This is the final countdown to your swan song, you are through  
All wack emcees and posers this is going out to you  
Fuck boys will drop their jaws and all because  
Here, here something new, something new  
Something new, something new  
Straight out the plastic, like a pair of footies, no show

My nigga you can't no see me and that's for sho, four door  
Any kind of Cadillac I go slow, what I'm smoking on  
Some of that choke hold, no low, no mid  
Top of the line pine, 'cause I blow big, been here for a while  
Your momma likes my style, and so do your kids  
I know you love it because a hater loves to hate  
You need me like a junkie needs a razor blade and plate  
I'm dope nigga  
It's bed time, bed time  
Tuck yourself and I can tell that you're terrified  
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