

Midnight

A Tribe Called Quest

The night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine
But the night is on my mind So parlay while I drop this rhyme
See, Jake be gettin illy when the sun get dark
He be coming out for heads but shit don't let me start
There's activities a-plenty in the nighttime
For the ghetto child it seem to be the right time
See, kids be getting stuck with jewels and fly gimmicks
Shorty see the action and then start to mimic
Running to the corner, the dice game is blazing
Looking at the loot, it seems so amazing
Puts the short down, to be exact one pound
He shakes the stones in his hand, then he lets it down
Scared money don't make none
He threw a trick on the ace now he's out son
Hits the local bodega to wolf down a gyro
Son is on a midnight run like De Niro
Spots a shorty rock standing on his block
The fiends be hounding him to pump so he asked it it's not
Conversation that he kicked to the shorty was a sly one
Increased intensity, cause damn she was a fly one
Took her to the crib there she ran her jibs
About mind upliftment and being positive
He yawned and he sighed til 1:05
Then he finally realized that honey wasn't live
At least he didn't plan on building for the evening
Threw the Fila on the dome and said 'Come on yo, we leaving'
Came out on the scene as he told her to beep him
Saw his man Stan with the blunt in his hand
(Ah sh...) You know the transaction
Brothers gettin lost in the weed satisfaction
Coming down the block man loud as (fuck)
You would swear Redman was inside the truck
As the night seemed darker, cops is on a hunt
They interrupt your cipher, and crush your blunt
See you left your work at home so they pat you down for nothing
Why in the hell does 10-4 keep fronting
You push to the park even though it's still dark
The kid is nice on the hoop, he said 'I'll spot you troop'
The night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine

But now the night is on my mindThe night is on your mind
Ayo the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on my mindAs for me I'm a nocturnal animal, God concentrates
On a young black man who makes the niggas speakers shake
The nighttime is busy, it's word to Aunt Kizzy
It's the time we get down, yo son, you know the sound
The flavas on the top with the rugged beat to back it
The night makes the aura and the Jake can't hack it
The way the moon dangles in the midnight sky
And the stars dance around, a-yo I think it's fly
Intensity, most rappers don't see it
Spirit wise, musically, you gotta be it
Serenity and silence of the sounds and emotions
In the concrete jungle and the sun don't bungle
I think it's hard to find the words on how I feel
I paid about a deuce twenty for the Ampex steel
But let me slow down, I think I ran my jibs enough
Peace out to the Nation, stay rugged and roughThe night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine
The night is on my mindThe night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine
But now the night is on my mind

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