

# All Night Long

## Red Cafe

Hey, all the way back from the 213, 310  
'Cross to the 313, 404, back to the 718  
Nigga, Brooklyn  
(What? Ohh)  
This Chef Boy IzzR  
I got the homie B Flame in the spot  
And this the new hot  
(All night long)  
Tell them bouncer niggaz, let my niggaz in the building  
We gon' get this motherfucker started  
Yeah, oh, yeah  
(All night long)  
Hey yo, my money ain't never short  
Ask my hoes, my dick never soft  
Uh oh, I got a mean bop in my walk  
And I'm from the well known Brooklyn, New York, okay  
Now if you see me please don't holler  
But baby if you feel me you can throw me a dollar  
Hey, shorty, over there with the big ol' hair  
She look a lil' heartbroken, let me give you a fix  
Now we could burn 'em, burn 'em good leaves from the earth  
Till you get a buzz, get to lifting your skirt  
The whole East Coast wanna know who banging  
Tell 'em boys 'Shakedown' and we got them things  
Well, what the fuck?  
(All night long!)  
If you got some style  
You can turn ya collar up, put ya dollars up  
Now pull ya hat down low, okay  
Now back them bitches up off ya  
(All night long)  
If you got some style  
You can turn ya collar up, put ya dollars up  
Now pull ya hat down low, okay  
Now back them bitches up off ya  
(All night long)  
Go 'head, dawg, get ya dollars, I got 'em in abundance  
I'm from the bottom, I get it from the dungeons  
Yeah, they thirsty, waiting on my debut



I chase cash, not cat, like Pepe Le Pu  
I got style, dressed in Gucci  
Brooklyn nigga, A-Town stomping to oochie, whoa  
Hit 'em high, hit 'em low  
Pedal to the floor in the 6 'cause the 5 too slow  
Oh, Cafe, but I like parquet  
All Star Game, I'm found right on the parquet  
Yeah, what up shorty? You hot shorty  
You make me wanna pass the route to you shorty  
If you got some style  
You can turn ya collar up, put ya dollars up  
Now pull ya hat down low, okay  
Now back them bitches up off ya  
(All night long)  
Hey, yo, I don't negotiate  
R&B chicks want me to procreate  
That lame over there, yeah, I know he hate  
Just because he got a safe, nah, he ain't safe  
Why all the big talk, dawg? You ain't hot  
You ain't ready for the Thug Life, you ain't Pac  
You the type that act tough when you pop in a room  
But I know yo style, you wouldn't pop a balloon  
You wanna get some money, you wanna get some cash  
Fuck wit' some real G niggaz, from the Ave  
Holla Shakedown, when we checkin' attendance  
I'm on my Grizzly, like I play for Memphis  
If you got some style  
You can turn ya collar up, put ya dollars up  
Now pull ya hat down low, okay  
Now back them bitches up off ya  
(All night long)  
What? Ohh, what? Ohh, what? Ohh  
All night long  
What? Ohh, what? Ohh, what? Ohh  
All night long

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