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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