

# Friday Night

## Young Gunz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin  
The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin  
It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)  
What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)  
Travel wit the heat rock  
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,andIts like king midas as I was told  
Young C was on the block 13 years old  
I don't mean to brag  
I had the meanest bag the suppliers was my peeps  
I was bringin half took charge of the block  
A pean the ave still bringin cash on the scene  
At last still gloves and mask as I proceed mad  
Mats, mad gats, mad hollow seed  
Ya man actin crazy roll wit the kid playa been hella pimpin  
You already know what it is, they don't gotta notice the whip  
I done show them the wrist, they already know that Chris  
And they know tha to stick to the script  
It don't last long hit 'em and I last long  
Can't drive em south long send 'em in a cab home  
You takin mad long getcha bags gone  
I ain't got a dime for you time for me pass onIts a friday night and the bass was bumpin  
The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin  
It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)  
What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)  
Travel wit the heat rock  
Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,andBack in effect vest, mach in the tech  
Show you how to clap wit perfect when they actin a mess  
We from north PHILLY free, peedie crack  
And the rest mac south side O and sparks  
Back on the west we the leaders of the new school  
Heated cause my jewls cool get my jewls cool  
Every weekend its a new crew bout to set the record staight

Soon as the record break ship T2 more to the store with it levatate Yeah we never late early in the game

We brought pain yup heavy spen up in every state yeah

You bond to hate tiered of the boad and tape

7-60 Bound to scape put 'em all around ya face

Time to cool walk in ya place get every dime

You got up out of ya safe plus you gettin more surrounded wit bait

Before the law come surroundin ya place

My dogs get every pound of ya cake Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin

The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin

It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)

What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)

Travel wit the heat rock

Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and We the present and the future

You might as well get used to us

We been around a minute givin 'em what they wanted

The niggas they never fronted

But still sick to they stomache once they hear about the gunnaz

Yeah they know they girl

Comin you try to tell her "Please baby dont wear that"

But she's on her own think she aint tryna hear that

You knowin whats gonna happen after the party

C and Neef up in the sweat we fishin out the lobby

Back after back she trippin all off that army me

Cuff my lib not even probably the gang

Hereso these chickens get bodied

We show you how we switch up better than the party

Did it in the party me slippin out hardly baby baretta

Tucked the addition we army hit them niggas up

Then we breeze off calmly bucky right

Behind me the ROC behind me

Yup Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin

The honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin

It wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze)

What's on the B-box (Young Gunz)

Travel wit the heat rock

Before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1, 2 ,3,and Chris and lil' Neefie

Chris and lil' Neefie

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Chris and lil' Neefie

Lyrics provided by

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