

All Night

Rittz

Yeah uh yeah Don't know what day it is
Every day is the same on tour
Drank up all the liquor that we had last night
But the homies said they gonna bring more
Not sure what state I'm in
But I woke up in Missouri
Godemis brought a lot of chicks with him, so did Ubi
Holla to the homie Abnorm
This shit get dangerous
Don't say you ain't been warned
What's your vice?
Let me know, got the works
Got the bars and the perks, got the white if its norm
My lord, two naked chicks, got the back lounge looking like a porn
Foot rubber's got her head in the merch guys lap
Head banging like she listening to Korn
Hit the hotel
Bought out all the rooms smoking out the whole floor
Fans in the lobby standing by the brochures
Knocking on the door empty-handed uninvited
So I'm geeked up letting all the people know it
Better wake up, we ain't going to sleep home boy
After party checking out six in the morn'
You ain't really about this life, said we done too much
To us its the norm All night I'm
Partying
All night I'm
Drinking good
All night I'm
Popping pills
All night I'm
Off the hook
All night I'm
Fresh as fuck
All night I'm
Blazing trails
All night I'm
Getting buzzed
All night I'm

Raising hell
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm
All night I'm

All night I'm All night I'm turnin' heads
A bitch might break her neck
J's on the bed [?] and I'm finally able to catch my breath
I guess you could say I'm blessed
Party favors stay on deck
Fans give me free weed as a gift but I'd rather have some yay instead
I live life on the edge
Don't step I try my best
Patent leather four on my feet looking like the wind dance every time I step
Follow me, don't be misled
This bitch just got undressed
Tryna act cool, have sex with the crew thinking that they might get her a picture with Tech
Lemme text, now it was cool to see you twerk now I wanna see you spread
Do a trick with it, make it smoke a cigarette
I ain't even fucking with these hoes
I be cutting out the blow, oh shit, now there isn't any left
I get drunk and I be cooking shit like I'm a chef
You don't wanna sit down there's a wet -
Spot from a thot that somebody must've brought on the bus
What the fuck, you was there?

Songwriters

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