

# Miami Nights

## Wale

The streets is cold and the beaches is warm  
The bitches is everything in between Who would believe this rap shit would have me well off  
Type of life a nigga kill or go to jail for  
Yeah, can't wait 'til the wheels down  
And I'm amazed you clown niggas is still around  
Smoking haze all over town like it's allowed  
I like my women soft-spoken but the weed loud  
Catching Heat floor seats and we all fresh  
From coarse seats to court seats is progress, of course  
Tell them other niggas "man up"  
Tell LeBron drop fifty unless he playin' us  
KOD a couple fifty's like a precinct  
Straight conch got a nigga feeling seasick oh shit  
Chef creole, two seater  
And my watch looking like it's all three P O  
Two V's in the street blowing trees with hoes  
And more weed for me, shout out to Meek POMiami nights, it was all a dream  
If I can get my money right, I'm about to OD  
Little more weed, first class seats  
First class hoes, we on South Beach  
Miami nights, it was all a dream  
If I can get my money right, I'm about to OD  
Drinks out, c'mon, drinks out, c'mon, drinks out, c'monWe at mansion, but no cape on  
And that ass looking right, what you pay for it?  
Look, I know you not gay or nothing  
But we should find another girl with a tapeworm  
I'm in a rental on collins  
Me and my compadres, burning up Barneys  
With a model and some limited Bvlgari  
My name hold weight and you don't really keep the bar raised  
With dark niggas with dark thoughts and long braids  
Its not far from white girls with big bread  
And light beers, they slight care, they spring breaking  
But right there, they skill scheming, they not eating  
Knowing they needy as a bitch, they don't need a reason  
And when you repping Wet Willies you ain't even thinkingMiami nights, it was all a dream  
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Drinks out, c'mon, drinks out, c'mon, drinks out, c'monOK black Panamera, dash on a million  
It ain't nothing better than a passionate woman  
She graduated top of the class, Carol City or was it the west  
Hold up I don't remember really, hold up  
Two whips, six tattoos, no kids  
And I heard you come alive, when you gonna live?  
I ain't trying to be ignorant, but I'm leaving town in a little bit  
Miami nights, ain't another one, until the buzz go away lets have a little fun  
Paradise, get away, thinking why its not South Beach everydayWe got the jet waiting on us at the airport homie  
We got money to go get baby  
Let's get itMiami nights, it was all a dream  
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