

Before the Night Is Over

Little Brother

[Phonte]

Uh yeah, new Tigallo, new Tigallo, new Tigallo

That's my new shit I'ma start saying

That's my new drop I'm putting on everything - new Tigallo, new Tigallo, new Tigallo

Y'knahmsayin? You come to my page nigga - new Tigallo, new Tigallo, new Tigallo

You call me on my voicemail nigga - new Tigallo, new Tigallo, new Tigallo

That shit everywhere, y'knahmsayin? Huh, yoZeen-zeemer, your boy got a heater with J. Biz the big drum
beater

Phontigga the loud international crowd unseater

Crushing all you weak rap niggas like Undeas

They ask me what it sound like, it sound like freedom

It sound like a nigga who don't sound NC-er

Say he a deep thinker

Cause yes 'Te keep essays/eses on his brain like the mind of Mencia

In other words niggas, I got this

Student of the game and I studied the process

See I'm in my lane and I charted they progress

But fuck the details, I can't be frail

I ain't female, I don't obsess

I just shove and prove to niggas who object

or want to contest, nigga you will end up a conquest

Flawless prose to help y'all put it in context, let's ride! [Chorus: Phonte]

I'ma think I'm gonna stop before the night is over

I got no reason to be here

Just move along people, it ain't nothing to see here (keep it moving, uh)

I'ma think I'm gonna stop before the night is over

Time for me to bring it back

Wheels burning, U-turning, what you think of that? [Phonte]

Yo, well she's alone in the room at like four in the morning

Back aching cause the stress of the day was enormous

Sick of doing housework and day-to-day chores

But now the baby's asleep and girl, your body is calling

No time for the yawning, don't look so surprised

Get that sleep out your eyes girl, it's time for performance

Jumped under the covers with my best cologne

and when I'm putting it on you say it feel like an ointment

You hear what I'm telling you, make a nigga clean out his schedule

Fuck it girl, I'll make an appointment

Cause me and you been known to do exceptional things

Go long, go strong, don't expect me to change
He a real live soldier with an incredibly range
On our way to Brazil rocking the sketches of Spain
Passing just laughing, like what the heck is they saying?
That's the sound of the ecstasy and
We let it rock like this, sing it! [Chorus 2X: Phonte] [Rapper Big Pooh]
Yo, late night drinking, 2AM swerving
Tryna make it home, I'm running over curbs and
Blue lights flashing, me pulling over
They rolled right past, yeah I need to get sober
Back on course of course, I hear your voice baby
I'm just tryna get to you, now I'm driving crazy
Lately I've been thinking of things
Let me take you to the movies, I can sing your life pains
I ain't talking bout acting, change or reality
Following the blueprint is just a formality
Don't be a casualty girl, I really like ya
Home for the holidays is where I might invite ya
Push up your lighters, pulling all nighters
Arrive at the finish line looking like fighters
Exhausted, but you're ready once again
I take a sip of Gatorade, then I jump back in, let's work! [Chorus: Phonte] [Phonte]
One two now, one two yeah (yeah, yeah)
One two uh, and you don't stop (yeah, yeah)
One two yeah, one two uh
Rock on now, you don't stop
Rock on now, J. Biz now
Phonte now, you don't stop
One two yeah, one two uh
One two uh, you don't stop
Like this rock, say this rock...

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