

Friday Night

Scarface & C.J. Mac

Featuring cj mackIntro: scarfaceDamn this a bitch

We ain't gotta motherfuckin thing

Ring cj do what he doin in cali for ni a

(hello?)Hey wuz up nigga it's face

(what up fizzace?)

Feelin i'm gone come fuck wit you

(come on down loco)

Ai please have some bitches please

(ha ha ha) ha ha haVerse 1 (cj mack scarface)

Locc i been hustlin all week

Tonight's the night i dips 'n try to step up in a freak

I call this ho named tiki, she got homies we can twist

All we need's some chronic and a motherfuckin fifth

Is you wit me locc?

What's mine is yours and what's yours is mines

When i'm in houston you be treatin me fine

I scoop you up in l.a.x. around 6

I scootch you through the hood, then we gone get up in these tricks

It's friday nightTwo players in a black 5-0-0

Slidin down the shore, gettin at every fly ho

I'm wit my homey, ain't nobody set trippin

Drops my shit off at his house and then we kept flippin

Now see y'know your nigga don't sleep

Homey enough and see

Well, hand your nigga some heat

So i can feel warm in these cold ass l.a. streets

Now hook ya nigga wit some l.a. freaks, baby

It's friday night

Hook: cj mackStraight sellin with my texas g

Stayin sucka free as i l-o-c

It's friday nightVerse 2[cj mack]Two players on a hoodrat chase

You niggas can't see me and you can't see my nigga face[scarface]First thang we do is hit the club

I'm seein hella bitches in the corners tryin to show your homey love

This bitch is fly as a bird

And gotta ass that could swang from california all the way up thru

Pittsburgh[cj mack]Hold up locc (what?)

I know that flea

She been out 'n club hoppin since '83 (ain't this a bitch)

And the bitch is still hoin

See, get at broke bitch and fake smile and keep strollin locc (riiiight!)
See them busters in the corner, they don't like my hood
I don't like their hood so it ain't all goodSo keep ya eyes on em
Cos if it? line, we gotta slide on em
Ride on em[scarface]I gots no problem kickin dust up wit punk ass little busters
Who wants to try to buck us, we grab these guns and bust em
I gots that tena millimetre in tha parkin lot
[cj mack] fuck em locc, we gots some bitches at the mariottHookVerse 3: (cj mack, scarface)You motherfuckers
better chill
Before you fuck around and lose and get your cap peeled
Jumps on the elevator, hops off the six floor
Knocks on the door of room 604
Gets greeted by the biggest pair of thighs you wanna see
With a pair just like a *? mona?* homegirl g
See, vee like the mix and vee like the twist of em
Face, you can hit it first and then we can switchIt ain't no fun if my homey can't twist a bitch
I'll dare ya ass to try to run that 2pac shitI goes high-ho silver like the fuckin moan ranger
Playin here's out my dick inside a total fuckin stranger
You fuckin with a texas cowboy, i puts it down boy
You ready for the second go (you know it!)
I go two or three hours and i'm sendin these bitches off on their way
(see ya!) you's a fool cj!
(nigga, how you like the southern california freakin?)
Dogg, i'll be back every motherfuckin weekend
It's friday nightHook: cj mackStraight sellin with my texas og
Stayin sucka free as i l-o-c
It's friday night
You motherfuckers better lay back
(cos you can't see that face)
Or it's just the nigga c-mackOutro: cj mackYeah mr scarface and cj mack
Puttin in much work for rap-a-lot and rap-a-lot west for the 9-5
You motherfuckers better stay down
Cos y'all punks couldn't see us with ultrasound
Coward
[scarface] you motherfuckers couldn't see us with glasses on
He he, y'knowhuti'msayin?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>