Night Night

Ive Mendes

The rhymes I designed are truly unrefined
Like diamonds with a spec of blood dug up out a mine
Flows flood between the ears right behind my eyes
Giving birth to the lines, soul searching for the prize
I take my time when deciding what to write
Like the SAT while these other niggaz bite
Underrated and mostly hated but got a lot of fight
Like a player, play the background, fuck the spotlight
Night night, I recite when I step up to this mic
Reputation trump tight like the husband want a wife
Stay sharp as broken glass, get busted on or smashed
When your ass cross paths with this half of the Kast
It's bed time, bed time
Tuck yourself and I can tell that you're terrified
Check my record you will see that I'm verified
I terrorize, now you're terrified, it's bed time
Yeah, this where second verse supposed to go
I don't think I need to hit y'all with another verse
But I think I might because I like to destroy shit
There's no time to retreat and no surrender
Been ready for battle General Patton's no beginner
I keep it all Madden, I call the play then execute for the W
Leave the rest of you destitute, now put that money up
Oh and your content is nonsense; How you expect to
Get it a little restitution with all this ghetto flaugin'
Snow, that's for toboggans, no won't be no pardons
Or bargains, three strike then you yanked up like a rod
And, uh, with no apartments, you got no home to run to

You snitching on yourself and no it's your front they come through
Without a tap on your phone
The only thing they had to do is listen to raps on your songs
Lights out, the time for the nighty night's over rude
This is the final countdown to your swan song, you are through
All wack emcees and posers this is going out to you
Fuck boys will drop their jaws and all because
Here, here something new, something new
Something new, something new
Straight out the plastic, like a pair of footies, no show

My nigga you can't no see me and that's for sho, four door
Any kind of Cadillac I go slow, what I'm smoking on
Some of that choke hold, no low, no mid
Top of the line pine, 'cause I blow big, been here for a while
Your momma likes my style, and so do your kids
I know you love it because a hater loves to hate
You need me like a junkie needs a razor blade and plate
I'm dope nigga
It's bed time, bed time
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