Late Night Creepin'

Bun B

Well when the moon comes up and the sun goes down
And the street lights start comin' on in the town
When the kids go insideand old foks go to sleep
That's when real G's come out on the creep
Midnight movin through the city on the low
Sippin' on some sizurp and smokin on some dro
Got the TVs on, both my screens on flow
Pop trunk on dis bitch and I'm ready to go
You never know what the night might hold
At the hour of the fungus actin way too cold
You see work gettin bought, and work gettin sold
If you real you can roll, but if you fake you might fold
Now a days its a struggle to survive
Some of these dark alley ways will eat you alive
I'ma grip my grain, and cock my gun
And show these mother fuckers how its done
When your late night creepin....'Cause we don't come out till after dark
With nothing less than 28 grams of spark
And nothing less than 16 ounces of sip
Everytime that its time to flip
You can find me
Rollin through the hood leanin in the lac'
With a woman on the front and a fifth in the back
Haters on the prowel on the one time peepin'
We don't give a fuck we just late night creepin'In the late night
That's w, that's w,
That's when real G's see come out on the creepI got my two 4-5s and they loaded and locked
Keep em' both on cock for I step on the block
It's the grave yard shit 'cause we out on the grind
And we don't care about time 'cause its money on mind
We the first ones out tryin to get us some bread
We ain't worried bout sleep fuck goin to bed
We the last ones to leave after hittin them stangs
Take it back to the boulevard with four's on swang
I do my thing and you can't tell me different
Cross the wrong line and your body might skip it
I'm programmed automatic with this G shit
And that go for every other cat you see me with
Glock turned on with the burn on the hip

I'm blowin on the deuce by the candy painted whip
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Everything sells, bitches to the bass pipe
I seen it all eyes redder than a brake light
Blood shot 20 20 through the gauge sight
I'm in a gold lac bought it all from sold sacks
I ain't braggin homie these are just the cold facts
We known to hold gats and nobody hold back
Fuck a cheap shot I'll take out your whole back
So bring your whole pack better bring an extra clip
Ain't nobody walk away 'cause ain't nobody give a shit
Bitch I'm livin and I love it it's beautiful
Somethin like the smell of crap when I'm watchin your noodle blow
We famous pharmisuticals and breakin the bits
We blazin two up in the cuticals to breakin the bread
Don't give a shit you never heard of us
We known among the murderous
For toatin heavy metal push the good shit pour the purple up'Cause we don't come out till after dark
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