

# 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 inside and 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 pharmiticals 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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Songwriters

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