

Friday Night

Christy Carlson Romano

Damn, this a bitch
Motherfuckin' thing
Ring CJ, do what he doin' in California
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
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 Llocc?
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 night
Two 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
Straight sellin' with my Texas G
Stayin' sucka free as I L-O-C
It's Friday night
Two players on a hoodrat chase
You niggas can't see me and you can't see my nigga Face
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
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, right
See them busters in the corner, they don't like my hood
I don't like their hood, so it ain't all good
So keep ya eyes on 'em
'Cos if it [Incomprehensible] line, we gotta slide on 'em, ride on 'em
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
Fuck 'em Locc, we gots some bitches at the Mariott
Straight sellin' with my Texas G
Stayin' sucka free as I L-O-C
It's Friday night
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 switch
It ain't no fun if my homey can't twist a bitch
I'll dare ya ass to try to run that 2Pac shit
I 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 night
Straight 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-Mack
Yeah, 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
You motherfuckers couldn't see us with glasses on, y'knowhutI'msayin'?

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