

Young Nights

Abstract

There was something 'bout those young nights
Lit up by the moonlight
Take a hit, a couple sips, and we would get the mood right

Young and reckless, couldn't tell us nothin'
All the drama, guess I called it karma
For the late nights doin' what we wanted
Mountains molded our traditions
Solo cups with double vision
We would hide the camp on hidden
Pass like it's an expedition
Every night a premonition
This one might get out of hand
If the cops roll up on what we doin', wouldn't take no chance
We took refuge in those woods, hidin' where they never looked
We would take whatever option led to us not getting booked

Try to keep it down-low
That never worked out though
Whole place shakin', prayin' no one call the five-o
Somethin' 'bout a party under pressure, it just feels like home
Trust me, if you know, you know

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Times we had would go by too fast

Could you take me back to dirt roads?
Passin' 'round a spliff rolled in the backseat
Someone on the phone said their parents gone the whole week
Sittin' too impatiently while waitin' for an addy
We get that location, hit the pavement like a track meet

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