

# All Night

Busta Rhymes

Turn it up (ha ha ha)  
Flimode (ha ha ha)  
Busta Rhymes (ha ha ha)  
Another banging niggas (ha ha ha)

All night  
To my east niggas West Coast and dirty south,  
we make ya wave your hands up high  
Light L's and drink some liquor it make ya wild out  
All night  
To my niggas and my bitches get money  
If ya running with me  
Wave your hands up high  
A yo I can't see y'all  
You know we hang out in the streets y'all  
All night

Yes yes y'all  
I be the god up in the flesh y'all  
Bless y'all  
With nothing but the best y'all  
Finesse shit and leave the spot up in a mess y'all  
Bitches, you know the street shit caress y'all  
Sex y'all  
And put a bounce up in your breast y'all  
Yes y'all we about to taste the success y'all  
And quiz niggas like a fucking drug test y'all  
And check y'all  
And let the liveliest niggas step in  
I keep the burner, what you think I'm turning mine in?  
What the fuck,  
Now all my live motherfuckers boggart or bring it straight to the front  
And let me give y'all niggas just what you want  
More fire for ya fresh off the press  
Shit blazing to death  
Bitches lust talking under they breath  
Hope you niggas know to put on your vest  
Or get a hole in your chest  
Who in this motherfucker  
Take you a guess

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Yeah-Yeah All my niggas

Yeah-yeah all my bitches  
Yeah-yeah all my thugs  
Yeah-yeah all my soldiers  
Yeah-yeah all my honeys  
Yeah-yeah all my playas  
Yeah-yeah all my live niggas c'mon  
Yeah-yeah  
The grand finale y'all  
Put it down and always repping for my family y'all  
What, lets form a nation wide rally y'all  
Of gutter niggas that will piss up in the alley y'all  
Fuck it, now I know you know my rep nigga  
And how it's hard to figure out my next step nigga  
So step nigga, nigga sit your ass down  
The way I mash down  
Will only leave a legacy for me to pass down  
Don't speak unless you're spoken to  
Get broke in two  
Flipmode we be the chosen few  
Yeah nigga entrap y'all  
I know some niggas that'll clap y'all  
And strap y'all  
Up to a post and back slap y'all  
Put y'all in a mailbox and leave open the flap y'all  
That's the hap's that make niggas take forever naps y'all  
Strap y'all all up inside of your seatbelts  
The beats felt like a fire watch the heat melt  
Your patent leather stack cheddar nigga  
Now or never  
Better, whatever nigga feel this hot Beretta  
Cause when we come you know we hit you with that shit for the head  
With nough shit just like the Lox and the dread  
Me and my niggas we be breaking this bread  
With all the blood that we bled  
See we was broke, now we flossing instead  
The shit I drop will never leave you mislead  
Might leave you tired of bed  
Shit ain't over till' the party is dead

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(2x)

Yeah all my live bitches let me see you just  
Wave your hands up high  
And all my niggas running around getting pussy  
All night