

NITETIME

Bitch, there's a ghost in the house

I like the way they run, then fall, then die (okay)
I like the way they drop when I'm outside (huh)
I like the way they run, then fall, then die (okay)
I like the way they drop when I'm outside (okay, huh, huh)

Bitch, I'm not a heathen, that's the label that they gave me (okay)

I don't worship Satan, I'm too evil and he hates me (okay)
God cannot save me, Hell cannot take me
Godzilla raised me (wassup), earthquakes can't shake me (huh, huh)

Ashes to ashes, we knucking and bucking (yeah)
If we ain't fighting, who the fuck you touching? (yeah)
Empty out yo' block like, nigga, no Russian (yeah, huh)
Empty out yo' block like, nigga, no Russian (huh)
Wrap on my fist, let it rip, make 'em sick (okay)
Punch in the head, on his face, break my wrist (damn)

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Draco on my wish-list, hope I get it Christmas
Same Ruger, same shooter, all I did was switch clips
Boy, you stupid, I'm a shooter, 'til it go click-click
Fucking on a thick bitch, cumming on your bitch lips
Pussy, pull up, got my hoodie pulled up
Pussy shot out, got my fully tongue-tied
Quick to draw, hit the floor, them niggas duck-duck
Shoot you up, driving up, screaming "What, what?"
So bitch up again
You gon' have to pick up your friend
Matter of fact, pick up your chin
You might as well have to pick up your limbs

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