

# After Dark

## Hieroglyphics

[Pep Love]  
Hieroglyphics y'all, what?  
The mic's on you! After dark  
Yeah

[Chorus: Pep Love]

After dark, is gripping season  
After dark it might happen for the wrong reasons  
After dark, and it don't cease  
until the break of dawn, I shoot the breeze

[Pep Love]  
In the heat of the night... what you gon' do?  
After dark... yeah!

Why don't you come into, what I'm into  
Slip into darkness, and listen, I rhyme monumental  
Never I fault or halt or alt-er my ulterior  
Assault to inferior thoughts are feeble!  
In the process the party people wobble  
but it don't fall down, and it won't stall now  
Beware, the boy's bad after seven  
When the lights go click my mic injects nitro  
into my bloodstream, I get to gushing  
Cold crushing lyrics so much reach out and touch things  
unexplored, from hits to flops that plummet  
The synopsis is we rock this shit  
Day and night, but it gets intense  
to extends a pleasure unmeasurable when I'm layin pipe  
in domes, protected, by the microphone  
When night fall I fall in my zone and it's on

[Chorus x2]

[Pep Love]  
I see the moon and get hectic like the ocean  
Who that in the back causing commotion?  
Draped in black, killer on the attack  
Around the time the hoes hit their stroll and the pros mack  
I don't know how to act, so give me a smack  
on the blackhand side telling me that I'm intact  
It is the, charisma, that gets ya paid  
but flame me this is when I got ta vic ya  
It never rains in the Northwest  
We profess to be the best the rest can Rest In Peace  
Cause night time is the right time  
for the Hieroglyphic icons to drop bombs

[Chorus x2]

That's how we rock the mic  
Hieroglyphics imperial!  
Non-stop!  
After Dark, the sun ain't shinin  
Trail of blood  
Mind power, the next level, night time

[Pep Love]

After dark, you see the joint sparkin  
Dogs, barkin territory that I'm markin  
cannot be, walked upon  
or your worst fear will be embraked upon  
I'm bringin armaggedeon to your chest, and you know the rest  
is history, like Rapunzel's, golden tresses  
I, couldn't care less about a nigga in a vest  
I was shootin for the knees makin him dance and plead  
for me to put em out they misery, my word wizardry  
is a dream you had about, you was coming clean  
When you woke up, your heart broke up, be dawn  
Leaving you with the reality that the day goes on, until

[Chorus x2]

[various talk, fade]