

# In The Night

Lancey Foux

Don't call in the night  
My face too hot, I've gotta hide from the light  
I'm driving, one hand on the wheel and the other gripped tight  
On this money, gotta pay off all the hype  
Switch my number everyday, don't call in the night  
Ooh, don't call in the night  
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I'm going through it all  
Dior shades hide my eyes  
I caught myself a case  
It's fucking with my sleep at night  
I've gotta leave the ends  
Gotta get me out of sight  
They wanna pree the Benz  
But the cab my choice of ride  
As the weeks go on  
And I get closer to the time  
Man's tryna put together a plan  
They can't find  
I'm fucking on this decoy chick  
Just to kill time  
I miss the ends, I weep a bit  
But going back is a crime  
So I dip through [?] at the tip  
[?] number forty, still kicking  
Shoot [?] to get through to my liquor  
I left home, came back, never bitter  
Say I'm rubbish so I pull up and litter  
Ring, it's my ringer

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