How do you say shut-up in japanesse Navade Navade, navade motherfuckers Tracks like this I wish that I could do it all over But then again You always make the better call When you Sober Hung-over Thinking what the fuck was gong on The show went on late And of course the sound Didn't sound shit Like when we checked it at eight But it was all great Even though most rap crews Would have beat the sound Then ask later We the types that would kick the monoters Off stage Just cause fools be on faders You know the type of night When don't a damn thing go right And every broad your talking to want to be at the club on the same night Man life be fuckin with a nigga I sware But askin why me Would only draw my ass crazy So I try not to go there Fuck it just charge it to the game Sick of niggas not trying to buy a tape Sware they're larger than the game But nigga you ain't no better Wearin that tommy hill Like it's your Muthafuckin varsity letter You ain't earned it Your momma bought it Now you trying to floss it But that can cost you your life Oh that's right You from the suburbs Only in the hood for the night What about them nights You was on your way to the spot Got lost Put up in the lot Found out the club was over (DAMN) And to top it all off Everybody in the car was still sober Man that shit be addin up Have you in the car ride home Ouiet Mad as fuck Oh what about them times You took a bus to the spot Got stuck looked up And none of the homies

Was inside (DAMN)

So you shit out of luck All them times You were in the middle of the floor dancing Then had to duck Because some stupid muthafuckers Decided it was time To shoot the party up Man ya'll know whussup With all them wack nights you've had But remember it can always worse When you think it's all bad Nights like this Got me tryin to put my piss through brick walls Wish I was that bitch From out of this world Put my fingers together To make this shit pause And freak things to go my way For once Were movin all individuals Who front like them gold caps