

Night Time

Pete Rock

What's happenin? Shit I know somethin happenin?! 'Cause everything groovin!
Wow! This is very exciting, very exciting I'm glad y'all came
Yeah glad y'all talkin to the show

Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-YES NIYAH! -Beenie Man

A few shots of Patron that got me rollin so I jumped in the beamer
Got baby girl who pussy so wet it run like Katrina
She got on them high heels and they red on the bottom
The Loboutins I be re-routin her head game is a problem
(And I'm a man of my word, fuck what ya heard)
(Get it in clips, get it in six, soldiers get the whole bird)
Urk ya to third, pitch it and serve, dip it and swerve
Fuck ya girl in the mouth, 'til it a curve
With the night air that I breathe it got me sinnin fuckin women
Gettin money with niggas I ain't like, in the beginnin
Another shot and I'm gone, straight in the fifth gear
Diamonds and the wrist wear thank the Lord I'm here
Sex fiend gwopaholic I'm a drink it if I pour it
How much I'm gonna move before it said and done I can't call it
Treat to the end, believe and then I do it again
Live through my son and I know we 'gon win

Focus on the schemes in the night, bees in the night
Lookin for the D's in the night, see we in the light
Everyday we fiend for the night, triple beam tight
Aimin next team take flight, so see the light
Focus on the schemes at night, bees in the night
Lookin for the D's in the night, see we in the light
Everyday we fiend for the night, triple beam tight
Aimin next team take flight, so see the light
'Cause we like the night

Yeah! Camoflauge gremlins patrollin the rooftop
The youth got the Juice like 2Pac
Official crews move synchronized when maneuverin through blocks
They plot to take the hoochie that you got
Recruit movin old hoopty new uzi tucked in the toolbox
My dudes got the news in the loose spot, your too hot
Lay low niggas with bank rolls, to thank though
You gotta stop ack I don't think so, we got it locked
Load it we controllin the herb potent
I'm rolin smoke, foldin notes, spoilin off no go, like Hall & Oates
Zone coastin, I'm, watchin the roma float
Call the folks, couple of corner huggers who hold the toast
Professional, run the biz uncontrollable
Wisdom touch spirits have niggas catchin the holy ghost
Keep denyin my enemies and my homies close
Be cautious in what you talkin and where you walkin though

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Fiends chasin demons, gamblers tryin they best to break even your seed
Wakin up weezin, two shots primatine
Homeless man freezin, taxi cab speedin right by
If you black or Puerto Rican undercover d's reachin
Why service a wallet?
Late nights trip to Harlem for some beef and brollic could be a problem
After dark is when the drama starts lives fall apart
A whole 'lot of shit pops off
And body parts get dropped off at Van Cortlandt Park, either that or Orchard
You see the DVD, R.I.P. Rich Porter
Pete Rock yeah you peeped me in the gorgeous quarter to eight
Hydro plane and down to Palisades
Throwback cat like Mantle and Babe
And I could still shut 'em down like a Mariano save
Anytime, the Merlou sipper, Peter unwind
Always watchin my back lookin for one time

One, two, in the A.M
Be the math on the wrist, the last on the strip
Fiends see the glass, the hit, and go for a strike
Bases loaded 'cause everybody loaded with pipes
But these bags don't push no sound
'Cause they will get you bagged by police and get, pushed in the ground
You hear that "WOOP WOOP!" around before they surround you
Like the bow ties that to be too close I left you
Now if you wanna get into some gangsta shit that's fine
Do me a favor? Close your mouth and get on that line
'Cause night time be the right time to get off my crime
Like teeth, on a nigga sleep this is my grind
We in the dugout, 'cause everybody here spittin and we all bugged out
Better brings your rays to the clubhouse
My snub's 'bout, 38 on my waist
About two seconds in travelin on your face route, no doubt

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