

Up Late

Twisted Insane

(Up late) That's the only way to get it when you gotta make the product for the profit in ya pocket all day
But don't get it fucked up - I am nothin' like you bitch, I'm from the bottom and I came a long way
In the beginnin' wasn't with it, now she hit me on my line like all the time and say she wanna come play
And you already know that I'm a run it, you can find me in her stomach, they know I be (up late)

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Come one, come all, if you wanna ball, then come with me!
Oh shit, did the four fifth just fall out my Dickey?
They want me dead, but I send 'em all to come get me
I rise out my grave, hit 'em in the face with the fifty
I don't really talk, I'm with the action - Jackson
Aired up, get ya hair cut like Toni Braxton
Run deep in the Blood gang, got blood stains on the floor
You all know I get ghost - on the cadillacin'
Run up, put the venom in 'em, goddamn
Coulda' been a man in the mini-van
Pull up on 'em if a nigga really wanna touch my gangsta
Bust two from the sun-roof, pow-pow
Hit him in his tooth, doot doot doot
Give a nigga boost, one of the homies might shank ya
No love, too deep, on the creep right through the front door
With a black mask and a fat strap for the ones that be wolfen'
I don't give passes, fuck that, I don't need a Mac
I prefer take 'em in the back so he gets his ass whoopin'
Somebody is a victim, knock 'em out, the homies trippin'
Bitches know just how to pick 'em, babies, I ain't sayin shit
Adios, so nigga sign the photo with you mafioso, make a post and point the finger, Brain gon' put 'em in a ditch
Mmmmm... You livin' good but I'm in dungeons
You comfortable with the big gats, I'm straight with my gunmen
The Walking Dead - shoot me and I keep comin'
Some wish me 'way, bet I always be slumpin'
Faces of death, hit 'em in the chest with they goodnight
Your bitch on my line, steady cryin', she need good pipe
I be like, "I'm not try'na fuck with you" but then I be like, "Man fuck that, just come through, tonight!"
(Heh ha ha ha)
Bring three, I got one for the homie
Hit 'em up, man, come through, I got mo' for sho'
Bang 'em on a late night, gotta hit 'fo I taste blood
Bust three mo', then send-send that bitch out the do'

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I go Brain
And roam with the hooligans who provide no names
Divide yo' veins, fuck the world
I've been amongst your girl, now open wide yo' legs
Eyes low, fuckin' with that hydro, mane
So don't you be lookin' at me like I don't blaze
Take you a look and see where the pyros stay
Just a couple of niggas who gon' provide yo' fades
Sign me up! For the asylum, my nigga, I been nuts
People been lookin' at me like I give fucks
Levitate, but they try to run with they diamonds tucked
High, I'm up! Laughin' at 'em, make comparison
With they tobacco to a hydro puff
Nigga, sci-fi with the rhyme cyanide, kill the vibe
Bye, night, feel it every time I cut
Ray is the name
You niggas should stay in your lane
Think I won't swing 'cause I'm tame?!
I take me a drink and when everyone see what I
Do to you niggas gon' think it's a prank
Brain is the gang, makin' that cake with Insane
But still comin' straight for your chain
They go nuts, got so many of us, but y'all on that
Funny shit, we be up late for that change!

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