

Tonight

Young Gunz

Psycho, like no, bitch ass niggas
So when you see the Young Gunnaz
Niggas betta get no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

Back to the block with the rats and the roaches
Sellin' crack to these smokers, givin' stacks to these cops
We don't get arrested we be back for the second
Even though Tough Luv pose to sold a million records
Niggas slept but we here, never left, never will
Nigga the shoes can't be filled, if we left from the deal
The best in the city, with the best in new My nigga Chad Wes on the trizzy
Finna make history, they can't get with the
Brothers from another, motherfuckers better know its untouchable
I just lay back, bust a O, puff the dro
Wit some hoodrat bitches that's fuckable
Back to the west coast, rollin' on that best smoke
G-4 white walls bikes with the best spokes
House Of Blues all my jewels, yeah I'm frontin' on em
Staples Center watchin' Kob drop numbers on em
Hydrolics on the wheel, cats heard of the Lac swerver
Waffle House to Fatburger
Niggas know we comin' through to your town
We get it poppin' like niggas with attitude and tha pound, my nigga down

So raise it up and show my niggas how we do it, it's the Daz and Young Gunna
z and we gettin' fucked up tonight, yeah yeah yeah
Tonight, yeah yeah yeah
So all my bitches and my niggas whose down with it gettin' fucked up tonight
, yeah yeah yeah
Tonight, yeah yeah yeah

You know I might go psycho
When I let the nine go
Cause bitch ass niggas when they see me all they hide though
Smoke till you drop mufucka yo get high though
We don't smoke bullshit, nigga we smoke hydro
Still ain't up on thangs
R-O-C is the name, Dogg Pound's the gang
It's like kids, they don't understand
I show and demand my plan
To get in and ended up with one hand
Get the shit cock blast with Daz
Comin' to see you Young Gunnaz with heat
Down with the Roc, I got the keys to the drop
I got the keys to the block, holmes know we don't stop
I put the Maybach seats in the Cadillac
Recline back, where the handles at
Any order bigger than this nigga fulfillin' that
Hoe half sixteen, eighths with the purple vapes
Get the stacks put the icing on the cake
Any day now, I make moves to bury ya
Carry the Pound up on my shoulders, you know that I'm darin' ya
Drag us there, where we don't fight fair
Nigga leave ya fucked up in intensive care
Bear to fact that I'm on the attack and
Snap ya back like this and like that

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It was a friday night and, my phone steady poppin
I keep gettin' calls, its a party out there in Compton
Bouncin' down Crenshaw, trippin' off that Hen dawg
Top down, wild sound, stash for the four pound
Switches for the misses, then I pull over Roscoe's
Thing for the cheese grits, chicken and waffles
Chick wit me yeah I met her at Bali's
Said she live in the Valley, the reason why I'm going back to Cali
The chick mean, flip cream, get up in them jeans
Eyes green yahmean
I love the scene, the weather and the green
We frontin' on Rodeo on back to back beans
Just the team, blowin on that good
Wherever a nigga go know he bringing the hood
C bringing the trees, D bringing the woods
It's all good, frontin as we should
And thats in every city we go
Niggas is snatching ya hoe
Places you don't even know
Niggas is sick with the flow
Realadel nigga fasho
Reppin that R and you already know

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