

Night Night

Big Boi

The rhymes I designed are truly unrefined
Like diamonds with a spec of blood dug up out a mine
Flows flood between the ears right behind my eyes
Giving birth to the lines, soul searching for the prize I take my time when deciding what to write
Like the SAT while these other niggaz bite
Underrated and mostly hated but got a lot of fight
Like a player, play the background, fuck the spotlight Night night, I recite when I step up to this
mic
Reputation trump tight like the husband want a wife
Stay sharp as broken glass, get busted on or smashed
When your ass cross paths with this half of the Kast It's bed time, bed time
Tuck yourself and I can tell that you're terrified
Check my record you will see that I'm verified
I terrorize, now you're terrified, it's bed time
Yeah, this where second verse supposed to go
I don't think I need to hit y'all with another verse
But I think I might because I like to destroy shit There's no time to retreat and no surrender
Been ready for battle General Patton's no beginner
I keep it all Madden, I call the play then execute for the W
Leave the rest of you destitute, now put that money up Oh and your content is nonsense; How
you expect to
Get it a little restitution with all this ghetto flaugin'
Snow, that's for toboggans, no won't be no pardons
Or bargains, three strike then you yanked up like a rod And, uh, with no apartments, you got no
home to run to
You snitching on yourself and no it's your front they come through
Without a tap on your phone
The only thing they had to do is listen to raps on your songs
Lights out, the time for the nighty night's over rude
This is the final countdown to your swan song, you are through
All wack emcees and posers this is going out to you
Fuck boys will drop their jaws and all because
Here, here something new, something new
Something new, something new Straight out the plastic, like a pair of footies, no show
My nigga you can't no see me and that's for sho, four door
Any kind of Cadillac I go slow, what I'm smoking on
Some of that choke hold, no low, no mid Top of the line pine, 'cause I blow big, been here for a
while
Your momma likes my style, and so do your kids
I know you love it because a hater loves to hate
You need me like a junkie needs a razor blade and plate
I'm dope nigga It's bed time, bed time

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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