

At Night

AZ

I don't give a hell what you spit
(This is)
Who you are, where you from
(This is projects)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(Urban wolves)
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin'
(Dream team baby)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(The sosa of the game has returned)
Who you are, where you from
(Brooklyn)
I don't give a hell what you spit
(Black sopranos)
Who you are, where you from
(Let's play)
And who the hell you be gettin' Nice and smooth, white knights, icy jewels
So cool, but the slightest shit ignite my fuels
Love it low, stay in mine, attach semi
'Cuz its hard to enter rap just passin' by
XK8, it's all good, the next they hate
Was never the type of nigga that flexed his weight
See, frontin' just ain't my forte, I'm all foreplay
Hoppin' out the Porsche, drop products on graves
My slow grind story niggas cosign for me
Y'all slouch rappin' fake trash niggas' rhymes bore me
Adore me, respect niggas way before me
Since a shorty, in love with big guns and orgies
Engaged to it, guzzlin' that beige fluid
Spazzin' like its the music that made me do it
Move through it if you that thorough, I'm certified
Through the grapevine, I know that niggas heard I'm live I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
(This is projects)
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin' I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
I don't give a hell what you spit
Who you are, where you from
And who the hell you be gettin' Look, look, I be postured up like I'm toasted up nice

Stop niggas from gettin' killed, broken up fights
 Blunted at the park jams, opened up mics
 Now its on us, in the I focus on right
 It's hardball, now niggas can't call foul
 Y'all can't get with me, I can't fall now Immune to the murderous plots
 Been about it way before niggas heard I was hot
 Heavy jewels, the type to keep the herb in the sock
 A fresh pair, and I fuck with them Germans a lot
 Let's play, pop bottles like its no tomorrow
 Ricky Ricardo, the young black Leonardo
 Part Spanish, my robe'll make the dark vanish Too complicated for y'all 85's, don't understand it
 Respect game, there's rules as a criminal
 So recognize I'm a five star general
 You touchin' who I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 And who the hell you be gettin' I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 And who the hell you be gettin' Yo, yo, at time its hard illin', it kinda scars the feelings
 But what y'all want from a game that's involved in millions
 Cars, and chillin', sex with they broads, but villain
 It could find a broke man, have him harm civilians
 It's like a Larson and razor blades but robbers spinnin'
 Niggas runnin' from court tryna dodge they sentence
 The odds is endless, moms can't calm the menace
 Its like Saddam's in us, comin' fully armed for business Chrome pubelies, smoke great, two tone
 seventies
 Five miles on the same line, the zone is deadly
 Hope heaven got a ghetto for us
 In the hood, for the hustlers that bled before us
 Weep slow, soak in, feel the Schweppervesence
 Specialize foot notes for the adolescents
 Locked in, there's beef in the game now
 I know its deep but the streets know the name now
 The war is on I don't give a hell what you spit
 (This is)
 Who you are, where you from
 (This is project)
 I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 And who the hell you be gettin' I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 I don't give a hell what you spit
 Who you are, where you from
 And who the hell you be gettin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>