

Saturday Night

2 Chainz

Y'all niggas lame for that, y'all niggas lame for that
Shoot a man in his back, should be ashamed of that
Young niggas banging back, young nigga banging back
Then we gon' fade to black then we gon' fade to black

I left the crib walking, drove a Mercedes back
You wasn't blessed with ambition so who you gon blame for that
Tried to get off the Act, still didn't know how to act
Still pull up in the back, sit my ass right in the back
Tell my driver when he open my door to take off his hat
Double saran everything so that you know its a wrap
Double salute anybody that made it out the trap
Some of y'all probably still owe me from back
In the back in the back in the back in the back
I had that work right in front of me fuck all you niggas you wannabes
Most of you niggas is under mes, I'ma give ya ass some to see
My car don't have car keys, my crib got palm trees
Pussy smell like sardine you, need to get up of my lawn please
This a real nigga conversation, real nigga demonstration real niggas
No crystal or hilfigers, a bunch of ignorant lil' niggas
A bunch of red young tenders, dark skin queens, Puerto Rican princess's
Scratch my hand my palms itching, hit the dope start twitching
This a new kinda kitchen, marble countertops, see through fridge
3 thousand for the microwave, touchscreen stove lil bitch!
Please don't make me relapse, make me start back trappin
Everybody in the city, saying that boy Tity done started back snapping

I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
Tell her let's go have a bite, tell her let's go have a bite
I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
I hit the trap today, I'm gon' hit the club tonight, yeah
Treat every night like it's Saturday night, like it's Saturday night, yeah

I sat in the trap no one cooked at night, I treat my third stripe like its K
ryptonite
I stopped serving sacks over qualified, have you ever seen a homicide?
Have you ever seen ya partna die? Have you ever been traumatized
Even at graduation I had a bookbag full of yams, tryna multiply
Enough of the negative actions, I got my paycheck off passion
I'm wearing 4 bracelets for fashion, don't think its a race when I pass you
Stop talking that mafia shit, you never met Meech, J-bo or Illz
Luda charged me just to dip, was there when Chaka was swung on by Tip
I'm like oh shit we goon tear up this bitch, pull out a stick when you put u
p your fist
I'm like these niggas done fucked up my fit, funny how heaven and hell co ex
ist
Funny how life can put you in the mix, I sold the pounds and go hustle the b
ricks
I booked studio with the trap money, Lil Wayne used to come get the bags fro
m me
You still asking niggas for gas money, I look at these rappers like crash du
mmies
I look at these bitches that fuck with these rappers like bitch you just fuc
ked with my last homie

Kesha can come get the last from me, Heaven can come get the last from me
Harmony can come get the last from me, Halo can come get the last from me MA
MA!

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Treat every night like it's Saturday night, like it's Saturday night, yeah