

Like a thief in the night, I stay up late
Boogieman working hours are beyond great
Neon shakes, my thoughts race
The milk-ky ways, my work-space
Black ink on a black skin, hand-writing
Hand-gliding, (?) type white shit (light it) (calmly)
This song you'll worry (sorry)
That's a whole 'nother story
Back to the drawing board
What's really going on?
Should I write about life?
The shit that I'm on
Makes sound (?) by the candlelight
Ignite my flava, passion towards mics
No hype, only red "record"-light
We come nice with dope verses, we dumb tight
Son nice, done hung nights on a (?) line
(Summertime) Cross my mind, that's fine

R:

I'm past bedtime (bedtime)
Way past bedtime story (story)
Respect my ('Spect my)
Late night blazed-up story