

# 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 lines, soul searching for the prize  
I take my time when deciding what to write  
Like the SAT while these other niggaz bite  
Underated 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 I can tell that you're terrified  
Check my record you'll see that I'm verified  
(Nobody want none) I terrorize  
(Don't nobody want none) Now you're terrified  
(Nobody want none of this here) It's bed time

Yeah this where second vers supposed to go  
I don't think I need to hit ya'll 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 resitution with all this ghetto flaugin  
Snow, that's for tobaggans, no won't be no pardons  
Or bargains, three striked then you +Yank+ed up like +A. Rod+  
and, uh, with no apartments, you got no home to run to  
You snitching on yourself and no its 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 overude  
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 something new  
(Something new, something new) ooooh-ooooh-oh-ooooh  
(Something new, something new)

Straight out the plastic, like a pair of footies, no show  
My nigga you can't no see me and thats for sho, four door  
Any kind of Cadillac I go slow, what I'm smoking on  
Some of that chokehold, no low, no mid  
Top of the line pine, because I blow big, been here for a while  
Your momma likes my style, and so do your kids  
I know you love it, cuz a hater loves to hate  
You need me like a junkie needs a razor blade and plate  
I'm dope nigga

[Chorus Two]