

# Say Goodnite

Keith Murray

Now get 'em, yeah, we gonna set shit straight  
All y'all niggaz out there, let me tell you something right now  
None of y'all niggaz don't know me  
You crazy, punk ass nigga hiding behind the microphone  
(Y'all ready for this)

Yo, you's a lyin' frontin' fake ass thug everybody know it  
You pussy and I'm just the one to show it  
Word to everythin', I love and don't love  
This nigga ran from me one night after the club y'all

And I'm very hardcore, I live out my metaphors  
Don't ask me what happened just go ask that nigga jaw  
I'll tear your roof off sucker punk motherf\*\*ker  
I'll rush you, crush you, right

This is a constant reminder for you to keep shit straight  
Stab you, throw you overboard faggot you dead weight  
Rest in peace to all those who thought I wouldn't do it  
Crack craniums is what you get for thinkin' stupid

The bomb bazee kid is back in the house  
So all you punk niggaz go back in the house  
Violent as the bible, kill all my rivals  
With the two piece with the scope on top sniper rifle

So stop tryin' to see where your eyes can't follow  
Say goodnight to the world and goodbye to tomorrow  
You rave accuse, it's a must you get bust  
We're not to be f\*\*ked with toys, ain't us

And y'all niggaz ain't never hug no block like me  
Sold workin' to fiends and hustlers and shook the D's  
I ain't proud or braggin' but it's plain to see  
Ain't half of y'all pussy come up like me

I run in these streets from sun up to sun up  
You the type to get found in the back of the club stabbed up  
And with the hands you can't get none  
So you little bitch niggaz run for your guns

I see caps gotta get peeled  
Some of them niggaz gotta die to show the rest that shit is real  
And you know how it's done son  
They pop a lot of shit, then finger f\*\*k the phone 911

Yeah, so duck me when you step in the place  
'Cause I'll spread that nose all over your face  
Niggaz always wanna try to talk it out too late  
Hit you with the dirty 30 and crack your chest plate

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And f\*\*k critiquin' what I got what I say and do

Fuck him them niggaz and all of you  
Yeah, and while poppin' your gums I hope you feel rich  
When you done you can eat the peanuts out my shit

I'll rock you maggot redrum faggot  
Drink come maggot you can't do me no damage  
I'll shank your think tank, make you drink blood  
Bitch, take off them fatigues and put on somethin' pink

I'll wake all up with the sixteen inch gig bone handle, oh, my Lord  
And then I'll chop all up with the double edge fifty inch sir gladiators  
What's that a sword, sneak up on you quite like a killer in the house  
Put the barrel in your mouth boom, blow your brains out

Got talkers we doers  
Catch you in the back retire you from runnin' like Carl Lewis  
And I ain't going back to jail, hell no  
Put me in your mix I'm takin' you to hell, let's go

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Yeah, no more battle and no more battlin'  
You have been officially token out  
Go wipe your ass, you piss bags, scallywags  
Yeah, all motherf\*\*kers stab crushin' niggaz

Nigga Sye Diggy, hell pity  
My nigga Digie Grand, B.L  
All you up there crushin' up niggaz  
Big Africa, see you up in there too, baby

Keep my whole street unit is for same, word  
Y'all niggaz know what time it is  
Stray crushin' these niggaz  
(Y'all ready for this)