

Nighttime Maneuvers

Little Brother

Yo... I need some ice cream, I need some...
For the nighttime

Uh, for the 9-1-9, for the 9-1-9
When the sun go down, we still shine and vine
Still shine and vine, for the 9-1-9
And the 9-1-9, and the 3-3-6
When the nighttime come, that's how we do that shit
That's how we, that's how we do that shit

Aiyyo, it's the new fla-vour, the next step
Phonte, the best kept secret since the AIDS cure (word)
I stay raw, whether they bootleg it or pay for it
Old school like Prince Dejour
When he was hostin Rap City with fingerwaves on
I put my name on the map through dismantilin
Embarassing arrogant cats and battle 'em because they raps ain't astonishin
Got niggaz in the club spittin out they Heinekens
Like, "God-DAMN it, when that nigga Tay gon' rhyme again? "
He's nice with the homonyms (nice with them homonyms), I'll flow
I guess I got it from my mom and 'nem, fo' real doe
Who does it finer? This one is for the MCs' in Carolina
Three in the mornin, insomnia rhymers
That say, "Yo, let's put the drama behind us, just let the beats rock"
Started cyhper while the wack niggaz eavesdrop
9th mouse-clicked it on the b-box
9th always hit me on my sweet spot
(Uh) Go to the crib, drink some Peach Schnapps
And doze off to Pete Rock, what

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{"When the nighttime covers the city"}

Yeah, eh-yeaaaah
Eh-yaaaay, uh-huh

Ooooooooooh, nighttime...
Nighttime...
Nighttime...