

## Long Nite

Three 6 Mafia

I gotta plan in command on your ass bitch  
This little short young niggas in them caskets  
You bein' front black nigga rolled up layed up on your ass hoe  
Better run by Koopsta, Crunchy, Juice, Paul, Boo, and Scarecrow  
Theres a whole lotta demons in my world today  
Which means you run into a nigga like Koop a nutcase  
Here I can tell by tha day its gonna be a long night  
When I take a swipe for you life my big black buldgin' nine  
Now while I'm kickin' niggas fiendin'  
Just to kill 'em though  
Before I go I get them Swishaz with them Navajos  
Upon tha mighty Mississippi  
Now can I fuckin' kick it  
You better answer quick  
Before I hit you for them riches

Cuz them niggaz want to really try to jump up  
But they know they gonna catch a couple  
of my sub-machine gun fire to they jaws  
I kick shit flyin' through tha air  
You wanna dare to test me ?  
I'm tha Infamous nightmare I wanna break some laws  
I practice secret forms of voodoo culture  
Dead flesh culture  
From my pet vultures  
Sleepin' in tha death defying beyond human measurements  
Into my private temple in tha middle of Mount Everest  
Smokin pine as I sky dive off a mountain  
In my mind blood squirtin' high out of fountains  
Countin corpses in my black fortress  
In tha hallway paintin' satanic portraits

See it was me, Lil Buck, and my nigga Lil Knife  
And some thug ass fool I never seen in my life  
We roll in Bobby's 'Lac with tha gold bones and vogues  
Full grain  
Cloth top  
Steady pullin' them hoes  
Tha nigga that I didn't know said he had some on a weed  
And stoppin' by tha crib so he can get up on some cheese  
I've seen shit in tha game as soon as he opened his mouth  
We dropped him off tha fool went behind tha fuckin' house  
I didn't think shit about it but some minutes had to pass  
Make me really not trust his busta ass  
I looked around and somethin' just made my eye switch  
Twenty mo niggaz dressed just like tha bitch  
Not takin' no chances I'm knowin' it's a stick up  
But when we tried to bail we got blocked by a pickup  
Dropped tha fools tryin to test my pimpin'  
To see what I'm all about  
But speakin to soon I got blasted  
When I stepped up out tha Cadillac  
Vision blur I'm seein' 9-9  
I was up on my back seein' a 6-6 up on a street sign  
Lil Buck slamed right into them durves  
Baby you want to scoop me as I cross straight to tha curb  
My nigga Lil Knife let tha Tech start rippin' me

From tha last hoes who still stood on they feet  
Now we gettin' tha fuck up out of the hood  
That was all wrong but takin some lifes made it right  
It was a long night

It was a long night when I was locked down in 201  
Back against tha wall smokin a square cuz it aint no fun  
Watch them niggas fight over phone calls  
Gettin' buck  
Knowin' when they get they life sentence man they ass stuck  
Niggas always nervous cuz they servin bustas with a swords  
Pullin' tha real killaz, GD's, Crips and Vice Lords  
Lower level aint a joke  
A nigga got his neck broke  
Thrown to tha ground like a bitch pickin' up tha soap  
But I wasn't goin cas a nigga like me kept my shank  
If a fool stepped to me his face'll be in tha paint  
Waitin' for a guard talkin' smart  
It'll be a fight  
In 201 locked down  
It was a long ass night

We caught them devils basement  
I walked down tha hallway  
Where tha walls are lined with candle light  
Sacraficin'  
Goin' it enter tha Triple Six Mafia gun room  
Soon I will choose tha weapon I find most appropriate  
For reasons I take tha Smith & Wesson and a Mac 10  
Paul walked in he grabbed a street sweeper  
Grim Reaper and a Glock 19  
Crunchy Black he took tha goddamn M-16  
Boo called tha Koopsta  
Told him to get tha shovel ready for burial  
Of the bodies  
Lets put them on Unsolved Mysteries  
Ease please creep up in tha trees with tha night scope  
And held it on tha blunt can blow nothin' but red dope  
Them niggas died in a blast we stuck they gas in  
Motha fuckin' Triple 6 assassins