

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 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