

Friday Night

Young Gunz

3,2,1 Go

Its a friday night and the bass was bumpin the honeyz was rockin the party was jumpin it wasnt long for everybody knew (just blaze) Whats on the b box (Youn Gunz) T ravel wit the heat rock before I hit the club hit the weed spot it goes 1,2,3,and

Its like king midas as I was told young C was on the block 13 years old I dont mean to brag I had the meanest bag the suppliers was my peeps I was bringin half took charge of the block appearan the ave still bringin cash on the scene at last still gloves and mask as i proceed mad mats, mad gats, mad hollow seed, Ya man actin crazy roll wit the kid, playa been hella pimpin you already know what it is, they dont gotta notice the whip, I dont show them the wrist, they already know that chris and they know tha to stick to the script it dont last long hittem and i last long cant drive em south long send em in a cab home you takin mad long get cha bags gone I aint got a dime for you time for me pass on

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Back in effect vest, mach in the tech, show you how to clap wit perfect when they actin a mess we from north PHILLY free, peedie crack and the rest mac south side O and sparks back on the West we the leaders of the new school,heated cause my jewls cool get my jewls cool every weekend its a new crew bout to set the record straight soon as the record break ship t2 more to the store wath it levatate

Yeah we never late early in the game we brought pain yup heavy spen up in every state yeah you bond to hate tiered of the boad and tape 7 60 bound to scape put em all around ya face time to cool walk in ya place get every dime you got up out of ya safe plus you gettin more surrounded wit bait before the law come surroundin ya place my dogs get every pound of ya cake

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We the present and the futer you might as well get used to us we been
around a minute givin em
what they wanted the niggas they never fronted but still sick to they
stomache once they hear
about the gunnaz yeah they know they girl comin you try to tell her "
Please baby dont wear
that" but she's on her own think she aint tryna hear that you knowin
whats gonna happen after
the party C and Neef up in the sweat we fishin out the lobby back aft
er back she trippin all
off that army me , cuff my lib not even probably the gang hereso thes
e chickens get bodied we
show you how we switch up better than the party, did it in the party
me slippin out hardly baby
bareta tucked the addition we army hit them niggas up then we breeze
off calmly bucky right
behind me the ROC behind me Yup

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Chris and lil neefie
(6x)