

CunninLynguists, Nothing To Give

<Cunninlynguists Nothing to Give Lyrics

Been, down. Been down
Late at night, what's gone wrong?
Been down. Been, down
Late at night the bad don't seem so wrong

(Hook)

When night falls and all lights off
You'll get robbed where I live
Crooks and robbers, villains and mobster
The nights got nothing to give
Whats gone wrong, when? Late at night
Niggaz be stealing, when? Late at night
Niggaz be killing, why?
Because late at night, the bad don't seem so wrong

(Verse 1: Natti)

Nightfall is curtain call for underhanded theatrics
Slugs travel through gun barrels
From hands that had practice
While rapist take the darkness
And make alleys they mattress
Jonesin' junkies twitchin among hookers with coochies itchin
Spreadin disease, spreadin they knees in different positions
In the abyss is children that get lost in the mix
Gunned down for fresh kicks or oppostie colored fits
Its demons brewed lewd manners behind tints
"Whats gone wrong?"
People sitting in position to help with distorted views
Only experience doeses of night that's on the news
Or BET showing the glamour without the blues
Or MTV helping you pick out Jessica's shoes
Just construes how you're living, confusing your vision
Nights a politician because only the truth is what's missing
Dirty cops fight crime with dirtier ammunition
The night's salivating waiting for me to finish spittin

(Hook)

(Verse 2: Deacon)

When them lights low and ain't no night glow from the moon
Scoundrels run towns, no hounds to hunt them down
Keep your sight low and get your life stole by some goons
Swindlers injure you, a criminal's heart's miniature
Men in the dark paint sinister art in the park
Son of the morning star? Stringing hearts like a harp
Playing melodies of jealousy, felonies strummed by
Hell and it's philharmonic, bewitching our young guys
"Whats Gone Wrong?"
We no longer seek light to give us power
That voice gets hushed by the rush of the Witching Hour
The touch of the wicked cowards that lurk in the dusk
In even-tide, heathens rise, searching for bucks
Anonymous and corrupt, assure obscurity
In a spell under it's viel, an impure security
We love it in our spirits 'cause we're suckers for lust
Most even fuck in it, we're too ashamed to be just

(Hook) (x2)>