

# Master P, Late Night Creepin'

## Verse 1 (Master P)

Four niggas in the Chev and we all strapped  
Put one up in the chamber case we had to bust caps  
Let me let you know bitch who you fucking with  
Master P killa murder motherfucking lunatic  
With the giggety giggety nine  
Put the glock to your dome and your shit will be giggety mine  
Break you off something proper bitch  
Ask me where I'm from the manor central soutside of the Rich  
Worry niggas can't stand me  
Cause I'm known on the turf for serving  
them fiends that fucking killa candy  
Break 'em off as I creep slow  
But if you run up on the P  
yeah you know you get your ass smoked  
12 o'clock and my beeper still beeping  
On my way to the northside late night creeping

## (Chorus)

Late night creeping (creeping)  
Should I say jacking or should I say skeezing

The dope fiends be begging me for crack  
Although they want to beat me with they baseball bats

## Verse 2 (Master P)

Red and to the blue will be the giggety plain giggety thang  
A nigga slang dope, but the P I don't gang bang  
Leave a sucker dead any mark on a slab of rock  
Arrive at your house smoke a sherm than a nigga laugh  
Play a game called show and tell  
And if the bitch is hella thick tell her meet me at the motel  
Cause slipping is a no no  
And the bitch better come true so long at the mo mo  
I'll leave a bitch dead and broke  
Check a hoe, I ain't no motherfucking got damn captain save a hoe  
So with my nine I be sleeping  
Check it out bitch if you catch me late night creeping

## (Chorus)

## Verse 3 (Master P, Lil'Ric)

I can't sleep at night my mind start playing tricks  
I'm having nightmares the ghetto's trying to kill me bitch  
I'm paranoid, I sleep with three fucking gats  
A tech nine, a oozie, and a carjack  
I'm addicted to money and bitches hella disturb  
A ounce of dank, that'll calm a nigga nerves  
I will mash on that ass like a gas pedal  
You owe me scraps I will melt you like a piece of metal  
I'm a bounce your ass just like a basketball  
And with a pig's blood, write your name up on the wall  
So make your fucking death wish  
And why you dead I'm gone steal your goods and fuck your bitch  
I'm a let you know life in the Rich ain't no joke  
So don't you coming riding without your straps hoe  
And you know the Rich is known for busting caps  
Diggety zap the P put the Rich on the giggety map

Lil' Ric

Yeah, back at that ass once again there  
Its your nigga Lil Ric, creepin through the windows  
Getting him for whatever I can get  
Now its time for my niggas to ride  
and let this shit fuckin clear

Verse 4 (Big Ed)

Late night creeping Big Ed and Master P  
P has got his tech I got my nine next to me  
Cause niggas like to jack and in the Bay it never stops  
But my hollow tips will leave more scars than the chicken pox  
Or run up ya like Emmitt  
Hitting like Bonds cause I have a nice slugging percentage  
Because a nigga's like loced  
Run on up, I'll call ya hickory because your gonna get smoked  
I ain't no joker g cause I'm TRU  
And everybody in my crew a TRU g too  
I thought you knew motherfucker  
I'm the type of nigga that'll leave ya fucking heart in the gutter  
With the rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat-tat  
P, I'm gone put this fucking nigga on his back  
I'm a show you why they sleeping  
Cause its me and P and we late night creeping

(Chorus)