

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)