

Great Night (feat. Ces Cru)

Tech N9ne Collabos

Drink, smoke up and
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch

Before the final destination we make a pit stop
To get keisha then who sits in the back twist crops
Every move a nigga make in the spot chicks watch

So it's very little tick tock to get bought
Start with Cadillac margaritas, the cat and that
Gargle beatas you stabbin' that heart or haul

It's the habit that scarred the nina
But I'm buzzin' shots by the dozen

Dare of the crew, Caribou Lou guzzlin'

It's on like a dome light

When you're tryin' to stuff a bong pipe and zone right

We hit the nation, makin' punani precipitation

And we only got three stipulations

Drink, smoke up and
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch

Give up that stuff, Bitch
Smoke one, drink some, get done
Smoke one, drink some, get done
Who do I resemble if I ain't ready and willin'

I'm packin' a pack of kill but I'm straight with bein' a villain
My bloody gear from yesterday's probably what I'm still in
But a party ain't a party 'till Strange is up in the building
Which is the way I murder a bitch I'm a Michael Vick

And it's obvious she wants Donemis told me she like to lick it
Said it was A-OK if you know the play I'mma stick it

I'm flippin' wicked my scheisse I get it while taking' whip-its
Dig it, I'm a shovel it's funny why try to play me
Get high as fuck then we fuck I would say we are tidal wavy
Bustin' right in your butt cause I know you don't want a baby
I'm half a mile from oblivion still nobody could save meDrink, smoke up and

Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch

Give up that stuff, BitchSmoke one, drink some, get done
Smoke one, drink some, get doneRollin' with the fellas tippin' vow pull a chella

Two lips on the blizzy I flip I get busy
Couple of chicks with me, thick as a brick city
The liquor they sippin' on, pinker than Miss Piggy
Bright lights, little city the middy big trouble
Do me a dirty dozen deliver me six doubles
Indica strain Malcolm, Malcolm is in the middle
It's not the life all she about is that Jimmy Kimmel
I don't have no patience for Prima Donnas

But I'm havin' such a great night I'm bout to go easy on 'em

Marijuana meet my boss, get in line or give it time

But if you really want this shit to solidify baby you betterDrink, smoke up and

Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch
Give up that stuff, Bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>