

# Rock The Party (Young Heff Remix)

**Benzino**

Ayo (Benzino where you at?)  
It's Yellowman, Benzino wanna rock the party  
And we gonna bring this to the after party  
Queen Bee wanna rock the party  
Uh, uh, oh (Oh my God)  
Yeah (Benzino where you at?)  
(Bounce) Yellow City gonna rock the party  
(This is the G-Mix)  
Young Hef wanna rock the party, Petey Pablo  
Yellow City, yea

It's your girl Queen Bee with the poisoness sting  
Chinchilla draggin' with the diamond G-String  
Bouncin' on Lorenzos I'm the Bee with the wings  
Who the fuck want what? (What?)  
Bettin' it all at the crap tables, rip the casino  
From Vegas to Reno, me and Benzino  
We gonna rock the party and drink Bacardi, all damn night  
Awww watch me shake my ass like a fresh bowl of jelly  
Quite Bootylicious like Beyonce and Kelly  
Love to see guys with tattoos on they belly  
Let's get nasty from the car to the telly  
Ooh, I got my girls with me, so go get your boys  
Come ride with us, we on the tour bus  
If you treat us right, and you spendin' the night  
Then we gon' freak

We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bakardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all  
Now what ya'll gon' do?  
(We gon' take it off, we gon' turn it out  
It's hot in here, we gon' burn it out  
We gon' throw that thang, we gon' back it up  
Now what ya'll gon' do?)

Benzino rock the city and you know I can't stop  
Back at the lounge with a mean Diddy Bop  
Shorty lookin' mean and her whole team hot  
Yo' what's up? Yo' what's up with ya'll?  
She sippin' cranberry with a splash of Belvedere  
What? Five carot 'conia ice in my ear  
Always drinkin' Coniac with ice when I'm here  
... Nice  
Feelin' how 'Zino put's his game to the test  
36, 24, I think you know the rest  
What's your secret ma? How you fit in that dress?  
... Oh damn!  
Now it's gettin' heated and you know what's on my mind  
Me and you, outta hear, I think it's that time  
Make you tap out when I creep in from behind  
Now that's what's up, now everybody just

Hey hey hey hey  
Me met a bitch of my dreams, corn jack  
Come on, liquor inside my head like that  
Pants saggin', Carolina hat to the back

I'm in New York City, can you hear me goddamnit  
Weavin' through the traffic, shootin' usual daps  
Tryna find Benzino, is it him in the back  
Bring it back, porn channel X on the back  
Be like hey hey hey, how'd she do that?  
Pretty headed woman, with her fine self  
Bow-legged cutey with her tight legs  
Tryna get outta here with her friend in the black dress  
Spread her hoochie coochie on my sun beam bread  
Now I been sayin' to myself, Petey Petey  
Get freaky, damn boy I can't even say it  
And I got no need to be scared  
Some things ain't supposed to be said

Yeah, we gon' rock  
Yellow City, we gon' rock  
The after party, we gon' rock  
(Now what ya'll gon' do?)  
We gon' rock, we gon' rock tonight  
Cuz a Yellow City party don't stop  
Uh, we gonna rock tonight  
Now what ya'll gon' do?