

At the House

Blake Shelton

Don't need no tab, don't need no VISA
No bouncer looking like a wannabe Vin Diesel
Don't need your friends all getting jealous
Watching you walk in looking so good that you could sell it

Uh-uh, not again
Girl, let's get this party started where the party always ends

Got a yellow backdoor porch party light
Got a speaker in the window playing Barry White
You and me out here swaying, star-gazing
Gonna bring it back in, break the candles out
Get the mood turned on and the lights out
Lose a little something black and lacy in the couch
At the house
At the house
Yeah, that's what it's all about

Don't need no plans (nope), no reservations (uh-uh)
Nobody calling me up, saying, "where you at, man? We waiting"
We can keep it on chill (oh, yeah), or get a little obnoxious (uh-huh)
Go ahead and get your freak on, ain't nobody gonna stop us

Uh-uh, girl, just the essentials
You and me, a little Smithworks
Rockin' out this residential

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Mmm, yeah
At the house