Girls on lock Make it drop Hand on Glock Party hard, never stop Haters hate, b\*tches talk I'm too trashed to even walk I'm too gone to be found Heat rising 40oz Wrist, ankle, shackle, thighs I'll black out till sunrise I'll wake up with no regrets With eleven girls in my bed I'm back up, and going out, F\*ck my way through the crowd Gotta raise my body count, Up and down, Scream and shout Live it up, Party down, Whiskey shots till' I hit the ground

There's a party that's going on We'll stay up till' the break of dawn Neon lights! Bacardi's in my sight I'm feelin' good till the drinks are all gone

Live it up, party on Drink it down, till' the sun comes out Live it up, party on Drink it down, till' the sun comes out

I'm the center of attention,
And I'm tiltin 'em back.
I've got all my favorite boys, Jose, Johnny and Jack.
We eat nails for breakfast and whiskey for lunch,
But it's not my kind of party till they're spikin' the punch!
Take a hit, take a sip, lose your head, let it drip.
Dubstep, move your hips, lose your grip, move your feet,
Leave this track on repeat, take the party to the streets.
Another boy, another drink, who cares what people think?

There's a party that's going on We'll stay up till' the break of dawn Neon lights! Bacardi's in my sight I'm feelin' good till the drinks are all gone

Live it up, party on
Drink it down, till' the sun comes out
Live it up, party on
Drink it down, till' the sun comes out

Commencing Operation: Get F\*cked up!

My name must taste so good, Cause it's always in somebody's mouth. At least I know I'm popular, Cause all my shows sell out. From L.A. to New York,
Parading coast to coast.
All these whores are just notches on my bed post.

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