This is about to be a party Tryin' to reunite for the night This is about to be a party

And we all like
What it do? It's good to see you, na it's good to see you
Same girlfriend sittin' over there lookin' cute
I'm glad you found your talent and your putting it to use
What it do? It's good to see you, na it's good to see you
I'm g lad you're in town, I ain't seen you in a while
You been holding shit down, keep making the city proud
And we all like

Momma let us rent out the crib, tryin' to reunite for the night A couple bottles, everybody putting meon it, its about to be a party for the price

Where the folks I ain't seen in a while?

Heard you had a child, hope you turn that into a ring and a vow

Momma and the daddy ain't together, but they going through shit

Cause the momma caught the daddy sleeping around so she out

With the same homegirls that she used to call ratchet

Shut up Dizzy stick to rapping

I know, I ain't mean it I'm just making sure you looking through your glasse

I love to leave my friends laughing
We all came through, lets toast, drink, and smoke dank

Uncle Chewy only used to the homegrown
He sat back when the bone-bone
Ran thangs, he would smoke blunts with my momma while she did is cornrows
I'm just trying to bring life to the party, its 2014 where yo mind at?
Where you used to be, we supposed to be beyond that
It's funny cause I'm still dodging contracts
Looking at my life through a peep-hole
Can't bring time back, fuck it I'm a turn it with my people
Still moving at the right pace
Can't complain homie life's great

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Yo Hoppa run that back for me, I got something fly I want to kick  $\mbox{\for Model}$  And we all like

No flights, no drama, just fans Before this I ain't never give a damn

Who got some coke? Cause I'mma mix it with some hen Who got a swisher? I'm a fill it with a gram We at a party at the house going ham My niggas like damn you on MTV Jams? Man that shit so cray, I be smoking to your music every day Brother you don't understand (that's the reason you my men though) Now we talking through a bottle Reminiscing on Mr. Stellavato Graduated school to give niggas something to follow Cause you could be here today and you could be gone tomorrow Ain't nobody sitting on they own Niggas singing songs playing beer pong Its okay that we can't always do the right thang Cause I heard a little laugh can make you live long How about you fuck off instead of you trying to fuckup the day Don't know who you trying to scare a wrong place Since the tripping at the door with the next-door neighbors Football without the gear on, Hennessy damn near gone and that explains it a 11 You better calm down and shake it off Live by the three M's "Maintain, Mary Jane, Make Art", Make Art And enjoys your days off Can I get an amen?

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