

Come 2nyte

DJ Quik

Alright look

Turn them cell phones off, turn that camera off
As a matter of fact nigga, turn your memory off
I don't want nobody knowin what just went on here
Look...

Now we don't want nothing but the H-O-E-S
Black Tone, Craf Dog and me less
All the niggas that came to see anything less
Than a stripper in a NBZ, yes
I'ma pass on the bud cus I'm off the Showpin
Ran outta rubbers still tryin to go up in
Ease up a store run, I'ma throw a ten
But I aint trynna pink panty no more gin
Getting sculled goin out to Playa Hamms, ouch
?? and Alonzo layin on the couch
Passed out, sippin on the Mickeys big mouth
With Big Jam baggin on the whole damn house
Penthouse Playin, nigga, who's the Clique?
Hoes like you and her and you to pick
Shabby Bleu, Pimpin Karl you'z the shit
Niggas fuckin hairlines aint moved a bit
Fly in here like flag (Yup)
Jealous muthafuckas wanna call me a fag (No)
Shall I skeet my copy to yo woman in a latex bag?
Got her washin out her panties in my Maytag (Punk)
Nigga stay mad
Beer in the Volvo (Yeah)
I flag 'em down; gotta show my new logo
He said he love it; now we off to where the hoes go
Cus aint nuttin like some fuckin on a solo
Now what you hoes know?

Come 2nyte, we'll do the most wanted things
We'll party like there's no end to the parties we begin
And if you shook off Tonite, you don't repeat what you see
Do it like, it's the last time then we back at it next week

Now KK hooked me with a blind date
Got me on the phone mackin to her all night
They say they comin out to meet us on the next day
How come they never look nuttin like what they sound right?
But the bitch got ass like a apple
A derriette with a glass full of gin and snapple
A hairy wet, damn, make a nigga wanna wrestle
When I went to make a play, wouldn't no hassle
Then they tell me AMG is comin out with the rum and the coke
And broads in the Range Rover, they aint comin broke
Asian and Italian with the fuckin skin tone
That make you wanna bang 'em with the Vodka Jim Bone
It's been ten years, (Yup) aint much change
Niggas still party hard, haters still get it
Remember that sweat suit?
You know the gray one with the burgundy trim, nigga I can still fit it
Allen Ives on my feet
Black khakis and my fro lookin so neat
And when I'm chillin with my niggas we so street

You know the kind of muthafuckas that you wont meet
But you got a choice, either you can kick with the hardcore
Or marks in them shear shirts that be chillin in The Source
When the dick is bomb that'll make her call more
Now bang her from the back, nigga make her fall forward

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Wake up feelin groggy of some nightal
But got a feelin of tuition about tonight y'all
I think it's down again cus G-one got a grin
And tryin to fill me back up with Showpin
Now I'm runnin from Minnie and Jackie with the blunt
How many more days can I really just party or just bunt
I'm tryin to kick back
But Byze 1 keep callin me to let me know how we gotta get out make it crack
Black Tone, Hi-C, Suga Free and me
Listen to the same shit and we all agree
That you gotta party till we platinum
Fuck Osama Bin Laden
Nigga drink up like we back in '93
Compton is the city that I claim, I don't know much
But I know the CPT just can't be touched
So tonight I'm gonna party like it's
Nineteen ninety bad little hoes keep callin me Prince
Where the incense?

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