Maniac

Ladies and gentleman (Ladies and gentleman) One-two, one-two E-V-E, party time

All my East Coast niggaz get all the chips All my West Coast niggaz get all the chips All my Down South niggaz get all the chips All my Ruff Ryder niggaz get all the chips Let's go, let's go, let's go Let's go, let's go, let's go

Yo, yo whatcha need from a bad bitch, that bitch (Ladies) Don't fuck around if you strapless Real thug hide his money in his mattress See him in the club with his team never stackless Want what we got, shorty got me hot Might have something to do with the drop top Big thang, big man Spotted, your number, your name, got it Freaks out, baby mother sneaking out (Big boys in the back pull your g's out) Thorough chick tell a nigga pile it on Bitches what they call us? (Brick house stallions) Now we feelin' it, drinks all in me Lady but a thug, double shot of Henney Nigga look good, nigga got it all Can help but to speak ("Damn daddy how ya doing?") Babygirl grew up, mommy ain't around Searchin' for a thug in the club to hold me down, ughh Find the one that's running it all Top dog, his game sunning 'em all, huh Whiling out, people piling in (Oh shit, watch out) Damn not again Another nigga knocked out, that's how it go Move to the other side, another drink (let's go) Yo, yo, yo Ladies are you feeling it (Hell yeah) Niggas are you feeling it

(Hell yeah) What we gonna do with this shit (Tear it up) What you got beef with a bitch (Play it up) Shit, drunker than a mother fucker Another round from the bar for my dog nigga Here now (all night long) Dance floor shoutin' (That's my song!) DJ mix it up, who got heat?

(Swizz Beats nigga what?) Almost seeing double Bet you be in trouble if he pull me I got no time to cuddle Fuck it let me have another drink Damn how you get to the bar? Let me think Line for the bathroom, I ain't waiting in it To the front chicks hatin' (Uh-uh I know she didn't) Shit yes I did, moving right along Gotta get back before they play the last song (Last call for alcohol) Damn I knew it Thirty minutes till it's over, better do it One more drink, one more dance Papi staring at me in the corner you got one more chance Gotta eat, head to the diner Thinkin' you gonna see me next week (Try and find her)

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