

# Maniac

Eve

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  
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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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