

She's a mess in her party dress, hey jack  
don't give up the crack. She's a mess in her  
party dress, she's clean if you know what I  
mean. She was a mess in the limosine, got  
cocked off of top shelf scotch. Baby gone  
done made a scene, this one ain't worth the  
lock.

Ain't too scared about fading away, gonna  
do it to you everyday.

Baby! My momma, how your baby grown  
up. Baby! My momma, how your baby  
grown up. Baby! My momma how your  
baby grown up. Baby! My momma how  
your baby grown up.

She drinks Cris and she's on the list, five  
hundred dollar bottle of wine. She's a mess  
in her party dress. Sorry, baby just one  
more line. Her ass is the size of Texas,  
thank god, and pass the ammunition. She's  
a mess in her party dress. Because love is  
not contrition.

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