

Wake up in the morning feeling like P Diddy
(Hey, what up girl?)
Put my glasses on, Im out the door - Im gonna hit this city (Lets go)
Before I leave, brush my teeth with a bottle of Jack
Cause when I leave for the night, I aint coming back
Im talking - pedicure on our toes, toes
Trying on all our clothes, clothes
Boys blowing up our phones, phones
Drop-topping, playing our favorite cds
Pulling up to the parties
Trying to get a little bit tipsy

Dont stop, make it pop
DJ, blow my speakers up
Tonight, Imma fight
Til we see the sunlight
Tick tock, on the clock
But the party dont stop
Woah-oh oh oh
Woah-oh oh oh

Aint got a care in world, but got plenty of beer
Aint got no money in my pocket, but Im already here
Now, the dudes are lining up cause they hear we got swagger
But we kick em to the curb unless they look like Mick Jagger
Im talking about - everybody getting crunk, crunk
Boys trying to touch my junk, junk
Gonna smack him if he getting too drunk, drunk
Now, now - we goin til they kick us out, out
Or the police shut us down, down
Police shut us down, down
Po-po shut us -

x 2

DJ, you build me up
You break me down
My heart, it pounds
Yeah, you got me
With my hands up
You got me now
You gotta that sound
Yea, you got me
DJ, you build me up
You break me down
My heart, it pounds
Yeah, you got me
With my hands up
Get your hands up
Put your hands up
No, the party dont start until I walk in

x 2