

# House Party

## Goldie Lookin' Chain

10 Past 10, the word's around,  
There's a party going down in Newport town,  
Loads of free booze and they gonna feed us,  
I steps to it in my new white Adidas,  
Like comedy, with John Candy,  
It's funny to see, my mate Ballsey,  
You think he's got the munchies and he's eating a Snickers,  
But he's walking around the kitchen in your mothers knickers,  
Party in the bedroom, the kitchen and the corridor,  
Everybody's high cos I'm the fucking draw ambassador,  
No smoking, what the fuck is that,  
I'll cane your 9-bar and I'll rob your fuckin' 4-pack,  
It's a house party like Kid N Play,  
The DJ's being sick in the fucking hallway,

Chain Gang crew and we're back on the draw,  
It's the party get on the dance floor!

10 Past 10, the party's on,  
So get down, and smoke a bong!

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You knows!

Sambuca, Tenants Super, just lager, rose wine - the pink stuff, error vodka!  
Weed, Eggies, Builders Whizz, Mushrooms.

Yellow Pages and French polishes,  
Antique tables and expensive furs,  
Oh son, you're never gonna learn,  
The living room carpet's full of fag burns!

Everybody's high with the lights down low,  
At the house party, or is it a bungalow?  
Feeling the vibe, and letting it flow,  
Just had a bong, now its going really slow,  
You're turning white and you're stumbling upstairs,  
You're like the zombie from my fucking nightmares,  
You're turning green with the thousand yard stares,  
Covered in sick, but you just don't care!

Oh 11pm things are just getting started,  
The music gets louder all the dickheads have departed,  
I roll myself a jazzy then I sit back and wait,  
For my boys to come back from the pub with a crate.

In your mum's drinks cabinet, break out the Pimms,  
And the Bristol Creams, it's like an episode of Skins,  
Wasted! Lost control of my bowels,  
Run out of toilet paper so I'm using your towels!

10 past 12 turn up the bass,  
Turn up the treble, I'm off my face!

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They got Gordons Gin, Grand Mariner, Metaxa, Bells Whisky, and Baileys Original Irish Cream.

10 past 2 the council knocks the door,  
The music's too loud and it stinks of draw,  
Some kids naked walking around with a stiff,  
And your next door neighbour's with the vicar having spliff,  
I can't believe it - where are all the birds?  
I'm not gonna pull so I break out the herbs,  
Shit on the walls like my man Bobby Sands,  
This party's got me fucked and it's ruined my plans.

Oh, you got any draw there??

I think Paul's got draw.

I don't.....I haven't got any draw left.....I'll have to go through the asht  
rays do roach-head classics.

10 past 6 it's all gone wrong,  
Run out of weed nothing left for my bong!  
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Who's at the door? It's the police, shit, shit, it's the police. Is it the police? Who's at the door??

Just as the fucking Ecky's kicking in as well man!!  
Fuck I'm going into space!

I'm not doing time for wrecking someone's house up,  
It's not even my house, I don't even know where we are!  
Who's house is it?!

Fucking hell it is the police an all!  
Shit!

Where's Paul gone?!