

# Halloween

Jon Bellion

One, two  
One, two, three, quatro

See, I need an excuse to call a couple buddies  
And you need an excuse to dress a little slutty  
You could be my Nicki, we could ditch like Summer Jam  
You could be my Alice, treat Manhattan like it's Wonderland  
Transporter, Jason Statham, in my brother's van  
Give money to the bums, I'm trick-or-treating with a couple grand  
When I kick a dirty verse, get a dirty hearse  
'Cause I can be October, baby, you could be the 31st

Oh, ho, ho  
We'll kill the night no suspects  
Oh, ho, ho  
You're Marilyn and I'm James Dean  
Oh, ho, ho  
Dance like a stripper named Candy  
Oh, ho, ho  
Treat every night like it's Halloween

Go, go, yeah  
You could be Rihanna, I could be the rude boy  
You're the desperate housewife while I could be the pool boy  
If you tryna jerk then I could be a New Boy  
You could be the pitbull and I could be the chew toy, woof!  
Garbage man, janitor, mop it up  
I'm be Seth Rogen, I'll pretend to knock you up  
Treat me like I'm King James, heat it up, Wade and 'em  
Treat you like I'm Rocky, I'mma beat it up, Adrian

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Oh, ho, ho  
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Treat every night like it's Halloween, oh, ho, ho  
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