

Post Up In The Parkin Lot

Jon Young

Sky Skrapin Entertainment

I don't... I don't need your VIP
I'll post up in the parkin' lot.
Post up in the parkin' lot
Post up in the parkin' lot
(4x)

Rider lookin so clean
Chevy lookin so mean
Sittin on some colored glass
Like a bottle of some Sobe
I'm at the club you know me
White Tee and Chuck Taylors
LA hat is to the back
The bouncers bein straight haters
Tellin me I can't come in
I gotta meet the dress code
But I don't do that silk shit
These dudes lookin like straight hoes
Gotta have a collared shirt
Naw homie I hate those
Said, "well those the rules" so bump that homie I'm a break those
Chevy with the Lambo doors and it got the popped trunk
Black and white paint job air brushed sayin "GOT DONKS? "
Speakers bumpin Lil' Boosie tellin me to swerve on em
Everybody goin wild parkin on the curb on em
Standin on the roof of the brand new Escalade
I don't need no VIP cause I'm already playa made
And I don't want nobody tellin me what I can and can't do
So I'm a post up in the parkin' lot and act a straight fool

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(I bring the party to ME!)
I refuse to take my fitted off and spend up on the cover charge
I ain't puttin on no button up to get up in the club at all
I sip until my cup is gone,
Smoke until the butt is off, and
Post up in the parkin' lot and wait up on the club to close
I can't get up in VIP, I ain't showin no ID
But I brought all the Shawtys so I'm a bring the party straight to me
They hate to see me pullin up
The speakers poundin' loud as fuck
Roundin up they chicks cause they insist on ridin out with us
They wanna see ferreal that's straight
Hope off in the Chevrolet
I tell em bring they friends and let em know that we got extra space
Them bitches hate then let em hate
Don't feed into they jealousy
They made cause you in the position that they'll never be
So let em be, make yourself at home up on these leather seats
Together we can roll out and just zone out to this melody

Sky Skrapin Entertainment, hooked up with them 80's babies
You can't be in the parkin' lot without hearin somebody sayin...

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Ay
I don't need a club to meet hoes
So what I gotta dress up for?
I'm here to throw some fuckin bows
And act a fool with my folks
They playin trap shit but scared to let the trappers in
It's packed in with fake cats
So why I wanna chill with them?
I'd rather post up in the parkin' lot and let loose
Got that king kong in the trunk, bangin them raw tunes
There ain't no cover charge
There ain't no dress code
The chick still shakin that ass man it's a free show
Donk riders in they whips show stoppin
Got the folks standin in line, starin and whatchin
Even got the Reaggeton chicks turnin heads
Got they mans all heated I can see em turnin red
Man fuck VIP it's a waste if you ask me
You blowin hunnies just to get up in some hoes jeans?
Shit I could get a chick walkin down the block bitch
It don't need your VIP I'll post up in the lot bitch!

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(4x)