

## After The Party

Little Brother

Aiyyo baby come over here lemme, let me holla at you for a minute  
("I am your conscience! ")  
Nah nah I'm sayin f'real, come over here  
Nah f'real let me, lemme holla at you f'real, no, no bullshit  
("I am making a total ass of myself") Fuck nah  
("I am your conscience! ") Aiyyo check it out, ay umm  
You wanna go to the Waffle House, get some food?  
("I just did another pick-up line that didn't go over")  
No~! What the fuck you mean no? I'm sayin yo, I'm... aight  
("Maybe I should tell her what a famous rapper I am")  
("Yeah - that'll get her on my side")  
I'm Phonte from Little Brother, you heard, you know me  
"Can't stop, won't... stop"  
("She's never heard of me - WOW! What a SURPRISE! ")  
("I am your conscience! ") Aight look okay maybe you got a bad mouth  
Aight, whatever for, I'm just sayin  
Now don't, don't make a nigga go home tonight man I, I  
("Maybe you should just say something nice to her and, wrap it up! ")  
I I mean, I'm just saying like, you lookin good knahmsayin  
("You're not fucking tonight! ") Don't let a nigga go home alone tonight  
("I am your conscience! ")

Parking lot pimps, 9 out of 10 more parking lot simps  
Ladies want lobster but settle fo' shrimps  
Dikembe Mutombo, blockin all attempts  
Niggaz ain't pimps  
Tuggin elbows, when you walk by  
Compliment you on your toes  
Heard all the cons now listen to the pros  
Knew you looked girl that's just the way it goes  
As if you didn't know; I saw you at the bar  
I'm leanin on this Escalade, but it ain't my car  
When you gon' recognize I'm somethin like a star  
My crib down the street, we ain't gotta go far  
I know I sound wrong, but I'm just bein real  
No games, aim is to tell you how I feel  
Tryin to cop a feel  
Me and you backseat, I just wanna chill  
If looks could kill, first name would be Bill

Out on a Friday night  
Fake smiles and flashing lights  
Where do all the lonely people go when the party's over?  
Everybody is your friend  
I hope this never ends  
Cause I don't know where lonely people go when the party's over

(And the people go...)

The milk's gone bad, the bees flew South  
The honey's all gone and the birds talkin 'bout  
They ain't hangin out cause they gotta go to work  
One just had a daughter, one gotta go to church  
I think I need to work, on me cause it hurts  
To see every weekend eatin all my paystub  
Always tryin to impress these niggaz  
With expensive-ass liquor I don't even like the taste of

I think it's sickening  
Things we do to see and be seen on the scene  
We seem to love it, so lost when the lights go off  
We sit and we often wonder what's the meaning of it  
It's like nobody want to live they life  
They just wanna re-enact the same scene every night  
Everybody's sellin fantasies, no matter what the price  
Like I'll love you forever, but forever ends tonight

This is the last call, for the jump off express  
All potential passengers please leave your pride and dignity in the parking  
lot  
And come holla at the nigga in the red '93 Civic  
One deluxe pass, on the jump off express gets you  
One meal at the 24 hour restaurant of your choice  
Followed by 15 minutes of passion on my momma futon  
Those with self-esteem need not apply

Sheeit~! I think I'm just go on hit up this cookout on Capital Boulevard  
Go on get me a fancy, banana pudding shake, and a side of hush puppies  
Just call it a God damn night man, it's over