

# House Party

Meek Mill

I tell em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin  
Her friend knockin at the door  
And she screamin out I'm cummin  
I tell em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin  
Her friend knockin at the door  
And she screamin

House party, I'm a play the DJ Martin Lawrence  
You know I'm always survivor man  
Those guys... Kid and Play

I tell em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin  
Her friend knockin at the door  
And she screamin out I'm cummin  
And my youngin in my other room, fuckin up my sheets  
She tell em boy don't grab my hair because you're fuckin up my weave  
I got a hundred bottles Ciroc boy  
All my jewelry cold as fuck but I'm a hot boy  
All these stones in my chain make me a rock boy  
And I heard you niggas talking money you should stop boy  
I fuck bitches by the group I get money by the pound  
... on all these niggas ch-ch-ch-ch-chop em down  
Every time I'm in the club these niggas is not around  
Everybody talking money I say prove it not a sound  
White girls gone wild  
We don't judge em though, they ain't on trial  
Bad bitches got em on dial  
It's bottoms up but is going down

Welcome to my house party party  
Welcome to my house party party  
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Welcome to my house party party

Ciroc all on my table bitches in the living room  
They gon ask who at the door, tryna get in too  
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two  
Bottles poppin models watching all in my living room

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Meet us at the bunny ranch, you know where the honeys camp  
Meek Milly, Young Chris, you know why them honeys amped  
Gotta be a natural born star, Doin shit that money can't  
Daddy day care home, Why you think your honey ain't  
Who you think she stay with, This that Kid and Play shit  
You're main chick got our night job, You can get a day shift  
I'm a hit her from the back, Meek get her face shit  
He ain't wanna sway up in this motherfucker, hey bitch  
Hey bitch hey ho, yea we on that lay low  
And they all simon says, she do what I say so

Got the whole house packed, you can get your spouse back  
When we done partyin, where the mally at that loud pack  
Haters can't tell us shit  
Don't knock me, tell your bitch  
House party poppin on that Martin shit we're yelling switch  
Cold bottles, cold magnums, gold bottles  
We spitting on each other pussy and them hoes swallow

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ATL new will ville  
Tryna to show em how my nigga louis will feel  
Thursday call it meek mill ville  
You got a car ride in a Benz man it's the real deal  
We in the movie room, we ain't watching movies though  
Lights camera action, we gon make a movie ho  
She lookin all at my wrist, she love the way this music blow  
Pack house is hot as shit, she tell me that I'm cooler though  
Cooler than a fan, fresh like it's Easter  
Homie I don't even want your bitch, you can keep her  
She say I ain't hit that, only you believe her  
Pull off in the Lambo I'm like hasta la vista

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