

## After Party

Rye Rye

Make that money honey,  
Don't let them make you like a dummy.  
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In the night, hit the club  
And then change jam in the after party  
And I jam at the after party,  
Jam at the after party.

Fuck a rich bitch, ain't got a Ferari,  
But I change jam at the after party.  
I jam at the after party,  
I still jam at the after party.

In the night, hit the club  
And then change jam in the after party  
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Fuck a rich bitch, ain't got a Ferari,  
But I change jam at the after party.  
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I told the bitch to get butt,  
What she's doing that for,  
Almost getting me and my strut.  
And y'all not getting much,  
Give a few back cause you know I don't really give a fuck.

I can make that ass got two ways, three ways,  
I don't care what he says she says.  
Say it to your face, but I'm on a high-speed chase  
For the money money money and the lock on your taste.

Lick it, lick it, lick it, lick me up,  
Love me, love me, love me, love me no time, can you step me up?  
Oh boy, can you get it up.  
Hey, do you like my guiddy up,  
I heard you balling like guiddy, huh?  
Well, I'm running my city, hun,  
I got the miggy man watch behind me,  
I ball so hard the motherfuckers can't find me.

And I'm like, I got flavors, much bunch of haters,  
I got got flavors, much bunch of haters,  
I got flavors, much bunch of haters,  
See, I'm a player, I'm a heartbreaker.

Tap, tap it to the wall,  
Imma knock these girls to the floor.  
Tap, tap it to the wall,

Imma knock these girls to the floor.  
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Chilling with the boys, looking blunt,  
Can I do the puff puff?  
Sipping with my girls, getting drunk,  
And feeling my stuff like  
My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard  
Damn right, is better than yours,  
Damn right, is better than hers,  
Imma teach you, now watch me serve.

Make that money honey,  
Don't let them make you like a dummy.  
Make that money honey,  
Don't let them make you like a dummy.  
Until I said get back, get back, get back and run  
Get back, get back, get back.  
Get you, get you, get you the funks,  
Get you, get you, get you the funks.

You better work,  
You better work.

I'm too official, I'm too official,  
I won't even need a woos a whip the bitch with a pistol.  
I'm the head hunter, but there are movies in the middle,  
And everytime I step in the party I be the lights  
I know you niggers in there they're calling me their wives.  
I gotta get this bitch her mind to eye.  
Don't step in my line,  
Cause when I do it, I do it for real  
Ain't no cut, cuts, I do it for bills.  
And I ain't talk a cause, bithc,  
I'm the life of the party, bitch.

Girls shaking that jello, jello,  
Everybody booty looking ghetto, ghetto.  
Getting that shit like jelllo, jello,  
When everybody booty looking ghetto ghetto.  
Girl shaking that jello, jello,  
When everybody booty looking ghetto, ghetto,  
Shake-shaking that jello, jello,  
When everybody booty looking ghetto, ghetto.

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