

Party After 2

Sheek Louch

Hey, come here baby
I know you ain't tired
Whaa, what that mean, ay pour a drink
We gon party you with me
Homie bring that in

I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house
And on the walls, got Gucci linen
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night, ni-ii-ght
Ni-ii-ght, ni-iiii-ght, niiiiight
All night

I pull up in that Maserati
Come inside baby its the after party
What you like, Ciroc? Or the dark Bacardi?
I got a couple dutch's rolled up
I don't see the hold up, like that, everybody grewed up, we grown
My little chocolate thing, my butter pecan momma
My white girl is hot too and she like Obama
My little asian chick and my Jamaican girl,
Wind on me, wind on me
Damn cause she love theÃ?Â¢?Ã?Â|ha
My left hand is froze, high got me spillin' Rose
On her thousand dollar redbottom open toes
I be in the hood, but tonight I'm not
I got the party jumping off in my own spot

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You're now listening to this lyrical Christening
Haters wan' be dissin' him casue their baby momma on me
I make the women horny, just the way that I am
D-Block, the way I look up in that black Lam'
Chain watch bezel iced out, God Damn!
Real, in the hood that's my fam
I do Patron shots, she like red wine
She looking at me like she ready for her bedtime
They call me Don Don, flow so ridiculous
I like 'em fat too, come here, are you ticklish?
Eat my like a liquorice, or better yet your favourite dish
You think I'm home by myself, hater remember thisÃ?Â¢?Ã?Â|

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Cause we don't stop til it's gone
Stop til it's gone
So don't leave me, leave me
The ? burning my soul, ?
Don't leave me, leave me

Oh-oh-okay, thinkin' 'bout you, blue lingerie
Quarter past 2, shawty swing my way
So hit the phone, you can tell it's on

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All night