

Faux Gucci Girl

Stroke 9

This night is not over yet
Not everybody's got what they came to get
Swing on by, you won't regret
If you meet at my place at three
Neighbors never understand
My post-party parties are never planned
Bring your supply 'cause I'm the man
You can watch the Sun rise with me

I wanna party in the Hollywood hills
With a hottie and a couple pink pills
DJ play something I feel inside my chest
My mind moves like a motor maxed-out as she spills
All over my body like chills
Tongues takin' turns trying to touch 'til we do the rest

Nobody wants to come back down
(Nobody wants to come back down)
Keep feelin the way we feel right now
(Keep feelin the way we feel)
There's nothing that matters to me now
The music in my head so high
So Sun, when you come
I'm not going home, I'm not done

This night is not over yet
Not everybody's got what they came to get
Swing on by, you won't regret
If you meet at my place at three
People gettin' down together Faux Gucci girl in patent leather
Bathroom trips that last forever let you be who you want to be
I wanna fly from this room to the moon
Fantasize as I flow to this tune
Realize it's never too soon to feel my best
My mood varies as she carries her heat to my feet
Back bobbing to the burnin' beat
Can't come down, tastes too sweet
As I reach the crest

A-two-three-four-five-sixty-seven
Another day takes shape, we play together
Another way to find a little piece of Heaven
'Til we're up all night again
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