I step into a house party Cortez's shinin' Khakis creased up Sharper than a diamond I wasn't invited So I might be out a place I'm peepin' the scene I feel no funk But feel the bass They bumpin' some of that Northern Cali type a shit Cold World Hustlers Mac Dre and Brotha Lynch I'm catchin' the vibe The atmospheres I'm sweatin' But still holdin' the nine In case a homie got to bang Directions one to one When it comes to the sets Cuz it just might be fun tonight I usually don't expect it See if your wandering eyes glancin' my way Who'd a thought out on a Saturday or a Friday

Although it's an off night It just might turn out right Although it's an off night Don't junk it till dawn light (2x)

Three choices it appears to me
But the brunette with the booty is steering me
She's got them bright green eyes
Proper face, thick thighs
Tits average size
All in all she's the prize
I smoothly make my way across the room
My confidence is high
With three 40's consumed
Hit her with some small talk
Then back off some
If the conversation stops
It was a false alarm

She pursued to chop it up
And asked if I liked to groove
I said, "Baby I'm a gangster
When I dance I barley move"
So if that's cool with you
Then fo' sho' lets hit the floor
But I must admit
My specialty's to stop and get low

Although it's an off night It just might turn out right Although it's an off night Don't junk it till dawn light (2x)

The party's gettin' humid And the heat I can't bear So baby I'm a got out front And get some fresh air She said she'd like to go to And asked, "Is that alright with you" Not a problem But I might just hit the liquor store or two My Lark's down the block And since the night's hot If you want, it's convertible So we can drop the top Right there I had her caught A fish on a hook She was puddy in my hands I could tell by her look She asked if I was a playa I said, "That life ain't for me" Norteño from the Yoc Now that's a different story She fell for every word She was lovin' me no doubt Told my homies that I came with you It's time I headed out To the Lark, to the store, to my spot, To the soft white imperals on my bed I'm hittin' skins on and off Sometimes that's the way it goes Tryin' to get crackin' on the Lincoln It's all in the ass

Although it's an off night It just might turn out right Although it's an off night Don't junk it till dawn light (4x)