

BYOB

Yung Joc

Joc Joc don't stop, oh my God you're so hot
Catch me on yo' block with 4 glocks and 4 shots
Bet you niggaz know not, try me like a ho not
Niggaz run in, kick the do', fuck a do' knock
Gotta make the quarter, I mix it with the soda
I chop the dope and sell it with the Razor Motorola
Hold up 'fore I have to load up, hollow tips they explode up
Leave you pussy niggaz wet as chocha stankin with the odor

Bring your own beer to the party - aight~!
Bring your own beer to the party - aight~!
Bring your own beer to the party motherfuckers
cause I heard you came to have a good time - aight~!
Alright, alright, alright, alright - ah let's go~!
Alright, alright, alright, alright - ah let's go~!
Alright, alright, alright, alright - ah let's go~!
Alright, alright, alright, alright - let's go motherfucker!

Yeahhhhhhhh

Yung Joc so jiggy, Lear Jet to yo' city
Monday night, Magic City, thunderstorm when I'm tippin
Ice game, super nifty, super kush, two for fifty
Fat boy yellin out, pop bottles 'til I'm tipsy
I like my chick booty big-o, lay my head on them big ole's
Put her on her tiptoes, I get up in the middle
I don't wine them, dine them, or rest have 'em
I'm the #1 playboy, I press play and

Party like a rockstar, better yet, block bar
Lighter to the ceiling, grab a beer, pop the top boi
I.F. so clear, freezer burn both ears
Elders say "Oh dear" when they hear I'm near
Rubber burn first gear, platinum on my first year
Wood on my sheer, put my wood all in her grill
Roof on fire, sound the alarm
We don't need water (let the motherfucker burn)

Ha ha, 5 4 3 2, R-2-D-2
Let me see your robot, a little dance that we do
Pyrite, no left, I'm hype, with no help
On cloud 9 - heart racin like Corvette
I need a material girl in a material world
Give me slim on the backseat of my Imperial girl
Go and show me what you work with, girl that's a perfect fit
Hold up, stop, it hurts when you twist it

[Chorus - to fade]