

# Rock the Party

## Digital Punk

Yellow City, yeah  
Benzino, yeah  
Yellow Man, yeah  
Young Hef, yeah  
(That's what they call me)  
Yellow City, yeah  
(That's where I'm from)  
Benzino, yeah  
(My nigga)  
Young Hef, yeah, c'mon rock  
Checkin' in the closet for my blue Velour suit  
Piping all around it wit the matchin' Timb boots  
Hop up in the wagon wit the 20 inch shoes on, ohh  
Ridin' down the street wit a twenty G stack  
Shorty paging me sayin', "Zino where you at?"  
Look up in the mirror 5-0 up on my back it's, uh ohh  
Pull up in the spot smokin' in the parkin' lot  
Everybody havin' fun, don't stop  
Pray to God that I don't have to let the pop it's  
Maybe all the ladies wanna chill wit Benz and Hef  
Pushin' up the bottle 'til there's no more Henny left  
Step it up to Louie now let's see what happens next yo  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
Lookin' at the shorty wit the Frankie B Jeans  
Thong hangin' out, butterfly belly ring  
Butter leather boots with the tassels that's mean, ohh  
Got up on that ass when she came up in the door  
Rock it to the beat then we took it to the floor  
DJ in the club spinnin' record back and forth, ohh  
People going hard 'cause you know the mood is right  
Everybody screaming like they at a Tyson fight  
Young Hef in the back wit a dime lookin' tight, oh-my, ohh  
Hit the sour diesel mami bouncin' on my lap  
VIP crowded so I take it to the back

Up in the coat room where you find Zino at  
And Mario too yo  
Now everybody just throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
5 in the morning more drinks at the crib  
Whatchu waitin' for? Mami get your in  
Hop up in the coupe, girls riding wit my friend  
"Y-y-yo, y'all follow us, follow us"  
Rollin' through the city wit the CD on blast  
Pull up at the mansion had to dip up in the stash, yeah  
Scene lookin' sexy shorty got a fat, oh-my-God  
Step up in the place everybody gettin' wet  
Sweatin' on the floor dancin' like they havin' sex  
Poppin' Champagne takin' bottles to the neck  
Uh uh uh, yeah, c'mon  
Lookin' at my Jacob it's about that time  
Suns comin' up 'bout to close the blinds, yeah  
This is how we do almost everyday  
Now meet me upstairs wit Courvoisier, yo  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
What is a party if it don't rock?  
We just gon' proceed to make it hot  
A Yellow City party no it don't stop  
We gon' rock  
What is a party if it don't rock?  
We just gon' proceed to make it hot  
A Yellow City party no it don't stop  
We gon' rock, c'mon  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
We gon' throw the party, rock the party  
Then drink Bacardi, freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all, ohh  
We gon'

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>