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'

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