

Party Crasher

Method Man

Aww shit, not these niggaz again
Aiyyo listen
I'm only lettin' five of you motherfuckers in here tonight
If your man ain't on the guest list
He get to the back of the fuckin' line
And you know another motherfuckin' thing?
I don't give a fuck if a bitch spill a drink
In this motherfucker tonight
I'm kickin' all y'all the fuck outta hereUhh
Muh'fuckers be up in the club scared to fuckin' death
Nigga if you scared why don't yo' ass just stay the fuck home
Check it out, uhhMe and mines at the door, ain't tryin' to pay your fees
Stop playin', you fuckin' with me, I push my way in
Bum rush there's plenty of us to tear the club up
Guzzlin' Bacardi and such, I split a Dutch
Bouncin' nigga lookin' like he want war
Now I ain't the one you got to front Pah pattin' me down like the law
As I stumble in the party
Topsey off the Limon Bacardi for sureLoungin' near the bar section, rolled the L
And kept steppin', concealed weapon, razor sharp
Blue star hatchet, in the sleeve of my jacket
Who that kid, on the dance floor lookin' for matches?
Burn somethin', one toké got me blasted
Took another toké then I passed it, choke
Fantastic, herb ain't no joke
Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashishLadies on the dance floor, shakin' they asses
That million dollar broke niggaz, that makin' passes
Honey with the eye glasses, body work is Boombastic
Skin like blackberry molasses, mmm
At last it's, time to step and make her mine
Niggas headin' toward the bathroom tuckin' they shines
Brothers got to keep it movin', playin' with kids
That won't hesitate to snatch a Cuban, you know what this isYo Duke that's your diamonds right there, God?
Yo that shit'll go right where my people ain't right now
Yo don't touch my shitNow it's on in the lavatory, I heard a scream
End of story couldn't find shorty, party scene's
Now a fucked up chaotic thing, won't be long
Before the sirens intervene, the territory
Can't we all get along, without the ruckus

Got big bouncin' muh'fuckers, tryin' to rush us
I can take a hint, what? Can smell the stench
Of a hell bent environment, the odds against us
Back to the wall y'all, refuse to fall
All hands on deck yes, prepare to brawl
Uhh, every time I try to have a good time why?
Somebody always fuckin' it up, killin' my high, damn
Monkey wrench they whole program, party over
By that time I'm dead sober
In the midst of this whole shit fo' soldiers, dead gone
You can tell that they was heat holders
Everybody hit the deck when they expose tech, I fled the set
Bitch slipped and caught a broke neck, some Brooklyn kids
Rushed the coat check, they whole set, stompin' Duke
Half to death and took his Rolex, it's horrible
Like a front page article, Mister Pitiful
About a step away now we critical, uhh
As I boned out I heard the people shout
Niggaz, yea cold turn the party out
Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh

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