

Party to Damascus (feat. Missy Elliott)

Wyclef Jean

Me and Clef on this track what you want
Heard you wanna battle us both I hope you don't
Hand me my mic, two woofers in my trunk (huh)
Sound like gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-gonk-ga-ga-gonk
I drink that Dom Perignon (oh)
I drink that shot of Petron to turn me on (uh)
I got that red eye bomb, get you stoned (yeah)
I got them gunshots, head knock 'til my bed stop
Hey, I'm from a place called New Jersey, they call it the New
Jersey land
I'm only here for one night girl, I'm on the plane tomorrow
But I love the way you move girl and do that belly dancin
So let's play you're my teacher and won't you give me my first lesson
I teach you what you want (oh yeah)
The things you need to know (oh yeah)
Come in and shut the door (yeah)
Lets get this party goin (uh huh)
Baby let me show you, how you can satisfy a girl needs
In the mornin, in the evenin
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin I can't fight it
You got me speakin another language
Bo, Habibbi, Nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
Cause this party gonna go to Damascus
Yeah, she said her dad's in the Army and he's the number one sniper
And if he ever found out, he'd have me swimmin with the fishes in the water
Now I'ma say somethin crazy girl, I love you
I know we meetin for the first time in the club, but this feels like a deja vu
I teach you what you want (oh yeah)
The things you need to know (oh yeah)
Come in and shut the door (yeah)
Lets get this party goin (uh huh)
Baby let me show you, how you can satisfy a girl needs
In the mornin, in the evenin
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Bo, Habibbi, Nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
Cause this party gonna go to Damascus
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it
W-Y to the Clef
Boy I keep it realer than the titties on my chest (yeah)

"Milk does your body good," come on take a sip
Like, it taste good don't it
You's a fine dreadlock, come on get
How many times Missy crushed the very best?
How many bombs on my summer, Funk Flex? (uh)
As many times as Teddy Reilly said "yep, yep"
Did you get it?
I stays on your mind like a fitted (uh)
Like diddy itmake you walk for cheesecakes to the city? (woo)
Rough chick, dirty jeans, ain't nothin pretty (uh)
Me and Clef steppin to the mic to get busy (c'mon)In the mornin, in the evenin
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin I can't fight it
You got me speakin another language
Bo, Habibbi, Nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
Cause this party gonna go to Damascus

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