

Friday Night

Mr. Cheeks

Ooohhh...

Mad shit jumpin off, now I like this

Ok, yeah, yeah hey yo

Friday night, just got paid
I'm runnin wit my mans we got plans of gettin laid up
Sticky green burnin sittin on twenty's
Pocket full of money and we hollerin the honeys yo
Stress less of death and we let the chain swing
Makin we out for the same thing
Hittin up the spot where they say is jumpin at
I'm straight and man I'm bringin somethin back
Me and the wild one we just copped a nice one
And two brand new toys fuck the price done
Big nigga style say when I switch lanes
Stay doin big thangs smoke while I get brains
Line full of women can't wait to get in
Checkin mo sippin mo spittin
Dancefloor packed do it in the doe stack
Those that hit the see is get it get the
Now where the hoes at Let's get it on and poppin
Invite a few through, that's how the crew do
DJ got the crowd jumpin
The music from the speakers got the floor thumpin
I'm tryna run in sumthin

[Horace Brown]

We go straight from the top down to the flo'
We makin the crowds all the while down
Smokin about a pound
You know we be puttin it down
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby
Sex make the beats so crazy
You know we be knockin them out
So what are you talkin about

Yo, I got the cherry on G
With me up in V-I-P
And my bottles damn near empty

I got this chick talkin shit in my ear
Word I think she's tryna tempt me, tempt me
Oh, I see things is on and poppin now
The whole crowds hoppin out
There's no stoppin now
Mad chicks up in all my niggaz wit me
My shit takes off like a rocket
While your pockets hurtin
Niggaz mad because me and my team we bring the funk
You and motherfucker you gon' talk
I keep my fresh on and the chick keep me me
We mad dollar niggaz and we be some sticky green
Holdin shit down
Niggaz know what's on and poppin when I hits town
Get down
Honeys want to take flicks
Take sips of the licks and they shake hips
Oh sho we go
Baby...
Why now...

[Horace Brown]

We go straight from the top down to the flo'
We makin the crowds all the while down
Smokin about a pound
You know we be puttin it down
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby
Sex make the beats so crazy
You know we be knockin them out
So what are you talkin about

I slide boo I got the top drop
They barricade the block
sneakers pop
You let us through the door
Chicks attack the dancefloor
A war
I see what it's back for
I got my money team
Rollin up gangsta lean
We twistin up green
I know you niggaz recognise Queens
My thirst liquor who you got wit ya
I bang out shorty system now she want a picture
And numbers she can wow

So we can get foul
I got a going chicks why'all ain't goin now
Yo all up in my face
The speakers hit bass
My niggaz wylin in the club with a open case
Yo V-I-P chain my man spit game
Yo kid it's not a game ya need to learn the name
It's Q and W, boys one fam
I put a like this we got it locked down

[Horace Brown]

We go straight from the top down to the flo'
We makin the crowds all the while down
Smokin about a pound
You know we be puttin it down
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby
Sex make the beats so crazy
You know we be knockin them out
Just shut your mouth
Ahhh...
Ooohh....

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by KELLY, TERRANCE COCHEEKS / BROWN JR., HORACE / DUNCAN, GARFIELD / LEVAY,
SYLVESTER / PRAGER, STEPHAN / SUSSWELL, WALTER T.
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>