

Party After 2

Sheek Louch

Hey, come here, baby, I know you ain't tired
What, what that mean? Aye, pour a drink
We gon' party, you with me?
Homie, bring that in
I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house
And on the walls got Gucci linen
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night
Night, night, night, night, all night
I pull up in that Maserati
Come inside, baby, it's the after party
What you like, Ciroc? Or the dark Bacardi?
I got a couple dutches rolled up
I don't see the hold up like that
Everybody grewed up, we grown
My little chocolate thing, my butter pecan momma
My white girl is hot, too, and she like Obama
My little Asian chick and my Jamaican girl
Wind on me, wind on me, damn 'cause she love the, ha
My left hand is froze, high got me spillin' Rose
On her thousand dollar red-bottom open toes
I be in the hood but tonight I'm not
I got the party jumping off at my own spot
I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house
And on the walls got Gucci linen
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night
Night, night, night, night, all night
You're now listening to this lyrical christening
Haters won't be dissin' him because their baby momma on me
I make the women horny, just the way that I am
D-Block, the way I look up in that black Lam'
Chain watch bezel iced out, goddamn
Real airport in the hood, that's my fam
I do Patron shots, she like red wine
She looking at me like she ready for her bedtime
They call me Don-Don, flow so ridiculous
I like 'em fat too, come here, are you ticklish?
Eat my like a licorice or better yet your favorite dish
You think I'm home by myself, hater, remember this
I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house

And on the walls got Gucci linen
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night
Night, night, night, night, all night
'Cause we don't stop 'til it's gone, don't stop 'til it's gone
So don't leave me, leave me
The DJ's playing my song, take up in my song
Don't leave me, leave me
Oh, oh okay, thinkin' 'bout you, blue lingerie
Quarter past 2, shawty swing my way
So hit the phone, you can tell it's on
I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house
And on the walls got Gucci linen
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night
Night, night, night, night, all night

Lyrics provided by

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