Party Hard

Wooh Da Kid

(Trap-A- Holics, Real Trap Shit)
-Woo Da Kid-
Woo Woo Da King, party like a dread head
Fuckin like an animal, walk up is your best bet
BSM Party like a white boy
Mixin brown an white but I swear I feel alright boy
Smoke, Drink, p-party with a red cup
I need a nasty girl, don't want a dead fuck
KO red thuggin Screamin YNS
An I'm not DJ Khaled but we are the best
Sh-She Fell in love, wit my slick ways
she from oakland so you know she knows what colours black and grey
She fell In Love, With BSM
Not even with a Teller, Scopin C an M
Chorus
X2
She fell in love (with my guitar)
Only because (She want a star)
BSM all we know is party hard

BSM we don't need no body gaurd
-Kay-O-
I-I get Benjamin's , An a Ferrari
Pull up in front, VIP parking
I'm the star, Of the party
They take your pictures, Status Paparazzi
Before I make it in, They stop me
She want my autograph, inside an I'm feelin cocky
She wants spreadin my ends, says she wanna be mine
Dirty Diana She's tryina get up in my mind
Shorty bad, she know I wanna
I left with all, just to stun her
They say they ballin, Not like assumptions
Suicidal room, blew the brains out that Mutha fucka
Chorus
X2
She Fell in love (with my guitar)
Only because (she want a star)
BSM All we know is party hard

BSM we don't need no body guard

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