

Party Crashers

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 here
Uhh
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, uhh
Me 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 sure
Loungin' 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 toke got me blasted
Took another toke then I passed it, choke
Fantastic, herb ain't no joke
Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashish
Ladies on the dance floor, shakin' they asses
That millon 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 is
Yo 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 shit

Now 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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