House Party

Chapter 11

I tell em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin
Her friend knockin at the door
And she screamin out I'm cummin
I tell em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin
Her friend knockin at the door
And she screamin
[DJ Drama:]House party, I'm a play the DJ Martin Lawrence
You know I'm always survivor man
Those guys... Kid and Play
[Meek Mill:]I tell em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin
Her friend knockin at the door
And she screamin out I'm cummin
And my youngin in my other room, fuckin up my sheets
She tell em boy don't grab my hair because you're fuckin up my weave
I got a hundred bottles Ciroc boy
All my jewelry cold as fuck but I'm a hot boy
All these stones in my chain make me a rock boy
And I heard you niggas talking money you should stop boy
I fuck bitches by the group I get money by the pound
French Montana on all these niggas ch-ch-ch-ch-chop em down
Every time I'm in the club these niggas is not around
Everybody talking money I say prove it not a sound
White girls gone wild
We don't judge 'em though, they ain't on trial
Bad bitches got 'em on dial
It's bottoms up but it's going down
[Chorus:]Welcome to my house party party
Welcome to my house party party
Welcome to my house party party
Welcome to my house party party
Ciroc all on my table bitches in the living room
They gon ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin models watching all in my living room
[Chorus:]Welcome to my house party party

Welcome to my house party party
Welcome to my house party party
Welcome to my house party party
[Young Chris:]Meet us at the bunny ranch, you know where the honeys camp
Meek Milly, Young Chris, you know why them honeys amped
Gotta be a natural born star, Doin shit that money can't
Daddy day care home, Why you think your honey ain't
Who you think she stay with, This that Kid and Play shit
You're main chick got our night job, You can get a day shift
I'm a hit her from the back, Meek get her face shit
He ain't wanna sway up in this motherfucker, hey bitch
Hey bitch hey ho, yea we on that lay low
And they all simon says, she do what I say so
Got the whole house packed, you can get your spouse back
When we done partyin, where the mally at that loud pack
Haters can't tell us shit
Don't knock me, tell your bitch
House party poppin on that Martin shit we're yelling switch
Cold bottles, cold magnums, gold bottles
We spitting on each other pussy and them hoes swallow
[Hook x2: Meek Mill]Ciroc all on my table bitches in the living room
They gon ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin models watching all in my living room
ATL new will ville
Tryna to show em how my nigga louis will feel
Thursday call it meek mill ville
You got a car ride in a Benz man it's the real deal
We in the movie room, we ain't watching movies though
Lights camera action, we gon make a movie ho
She lookin all at my wrist, she love the way this music blow
Pack house is hot as shit, she tell me that I'm cooler though
Cooler than a fan, fresh like it's Easter
Homie I don't even want your bitch, you can keep her
She say I ain't hit that, only you believe her
Pull off in the Lambo I'm like hasta la vista
[Hook:]Ciroc all on my table bitches in the living room
They gon ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin models watching all in my living room

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/