

After Party (ft. Omarion)

Young Rome

You ready
What's up everybody?
Yeah, I'm Omarion
Who that?
It's the new sheriff in town
Young Rome[Chorus]
Welcome to my after party (yeah)
Hope that you feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like (MH, T Scott)
Whoa ah whoa ah whoa
Welcome to the after party
Hope that you feeling naughty
I'm leavin' here wit somebody
So we can do it like
Whoa ah whoa ah whoa Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah
Young Rome
OKI rock long chain in my tee-shirt
Holding the bottle
Braids freshly twisted
Caressing a model
10-ton titan
Hey, you looking exhausted
Jeans saggin' she asked?
Where's your ass?
I lost it
Asking me
How much my bracelet costed?
She finally got a young baller to floss wit
Don't touch the diamonds
You might get frostbit
Looking at my chain
Might make you nauseous
I'm in a party
Crum crumaya dunka
Let me stand behind you and look at your future
Mami you look right

So lets twurk
On the dance floor all night
And your blouse
Make it bounce
Girl are those cantaloupes or breasteses
'cause I'm a freak
I got multiple fetishes
You know
Hands down on the dance floor
Ass up
It's an after party
Niggas put cash up, oh[Chorus]Yeah ladies and gentlemen
I want y'all to put your hands together
Clap your hands
Clap your hands
Clap, clap, clap your handsAfter me there will be no replacement
What's that smell?
My homie smoking in my basement
Marques went up to my room with a freak
He can use the bed
Just take off my sheets
Everybody left the club
Headed out to my castle
I had to kick a dude out
For being an asshole
Cussin' at his broad
Drunk, loud, and staggerin'
'cause she was in my ear
Saying thing so flatterin'
But it didn't matter then
I was at my friend
In my driveway
Getting her number at her Benz
Now I'm walking through my royal doors
Steppin on my porcelain floor
Looking at broads
Who don't like to wear draws
Everybody got their hands up
'cause I'm a bad boy
I throw live parties like Puff Daddy
Rome, true payer for real
I don't trip when the Cristol spills
We got mo' pimp[Chorus:]Lets do it again y'all everybody
Clap, clap your hands
Clap, clap, clap your hands

You know I sing, but you got me really want to rap
Let me kick something Mama mama game so sick
Call the doctor
Ring, quick, quick, quick
The DJ bumpin'
Up in da club
I got 2 freaks putting on a show in a hot tub
It's smelling like bath and body works
Liquor on my breathe
Flippin' up they dress
Showing me flesh
Rubin on my chest
When I raise a cigar
'cause bottom line
My after party don't start til tomorrow[Chorus]

Songwriters

EDWARD CHARLES / MARK A. MOORE Published by

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