Party Crasher

Mozes and the Firstborn

Intro: club bouncer
Aww shit... not these niggaz again!
Aiyyo listen!
IÂ’m only lettin five of you motherfuckers in here tonight
If your man ainÂ’t on the guest list
He get to the BACJ of the fuckin line
And you know another motherfuckin thing?
I donÂ’t give a fuck if a bitch spill a drink
in this motherfucker tonight
IÂ’m kickin ALL yÂ’all the fuck outta here
[Method Man]
Uhh
MuhÂ’fuckers be up in the club scared to fuckin death
Nigga if you scared why donÂ’t yoÂ’ ass just stay the fuck home
Check it out uhh
Me and mines at the door, ainÂ’t tryin to pay your fees
Stop playin, you fuckin with me, I push my way in
Bum rush thereÂ’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 ainÂ’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 ainÂ’t no joke
Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashish
Ladies on the dance floor, shakin they asses
Got millon dollar broke niggaz, that makin passes
Honey with the eye glasses, body work is Boombastic
Skin like blackberry molasses, mmmmm
At last itÂ’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 wonÂ't hesitate to snatch a Cuban
You know what this is...
(Â"Yo Duke thatÂ's your diamonds right there God?
Yo that shitÂ'll go RIGHT where my people ainÂ't right now..Â"
Â"Yo donÂ't touch my shit!Â")
Now itÂ's on in the lavatory, I heard a scream
End of story couldnÂ't find shorty, party sceneÂ's
now a fucked up chaotic thing, wonÂ't be long
before the sirens intervene, the terrotory
CanÂ't we all get along, without the ruckus
Got big bouncin muhÂ'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 yÂ'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 IÂ'm dead sober
In the midst of this whole shit foÂ' 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, itÂ'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
(sirens)

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