

House Party

Reggae Regular & Clint Eastwood

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

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[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

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