

# Guestlist

## Alvaro & Jetfire

Beat, beats  
Bangin'  
Blingin' lights  
No fights  
Strictly the vibe  
The hype shit  
Packed with freaks with all types of tight shit  
Glam or ous  
No rush  
Patiently waiting  
For the perfected performance  
With friends  
I'm rolling blunts  
Holding cups filled with hen  
Chillin'  
With ice  
Feelin' nice  
I've only been  
To this spot twice  
And it only gets  
Better  
With time  
But it woulda been 100 percent better  
If I wasn't outside  
All night standing on line  
Trying to get in fo' free or less  
Unless  
Out side on line cause the homie  
The homie got the wrong code address  
Add it to the stress  
Yea we got in but I can hardly see  
Makin/ my way through the peoples  
Like swimmin' through the sea  
Dope  
Damn the epitome  
Cappatope E take it to a higher degree  
  
Cipher, bound  
Whats it like to (rough?) around

In the twenty one gun salute  
Man  
Competition don't rest  
Like a veteran in battle  
Standing outside  
In the line  
Knees rattle  
Heart beat sinks with the vibrations that fleet  
From the harmonic corridors me and my party freakin' to  
Ace that came before  
Didn't even have the taste  
The musi  
The lights  
Wait till they embrace  
Like  
Love is doing a slow jam  
Duck in the shadows  
Wait for a change in the program  
While I roll a gram point five  
One fifty one got me spinnin' with the vibe  
Barely got behind security we got the ride

Alright backup the guest list is closed  
Yo homie I cant handle that  
Man I got like forty bucks  
And I could hook you up with a lil' weed  
Aight kick it up twenty mo'  
Man we straight?

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the fairest  
Whose the big baller  
Run his shit in the terrace  
Girls  
Dream apparets  
Wanted by sugar daddy derrace  
He swishen off the ever clear  
But we can see the clearess  
I feel it a mile away  
So baby let us come and let us give it  
Roll me with those eyes again  
I hope he understand  
You wanna live out your fantasies  
Out with another man  
Flakin' on your girlfriends

Gettin' lost on carol Anne  
And pull two guys  
Rum and coke  
Hold the ice  
I believe they're all the price  
The cover charge of living large  
In between the social margin  
They be paying the price  
So you can be the superstar

Don't know if its perfect

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written by Wilcox, Emandu Imani Rashaan / Robinson, Romye / Hardson, Trevant Jermaine  
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