

Party Heart

Stalley

[Hook]The music gets into my party heart
Now I'm just ready to go right before the party start
Girl I'm not gon' break your party heart
Girl I'm just letting you know because we bout to party hard
I hope you ready to go

[Verse 1: Stalley]Outside slamming Chevy doors, Chevy doors, Chevy door
Rims tall as John Salley though, Salley though, Salley though
Gold chains, mainly Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, and one of them Rolex links
Mister T necklace, Slick Rick rings, diamonds dancing through the night
Pregamed all day, waiting for the night
I'm on the tree, she on ketel 1 and Sprite
Told her take it light cause later on gon' be tight
6-4 low rider solid gold pipes, stars and the stripes
Spangled Banner cameras and the lights, stars out tonight
Red carpet life, standing on them couches, blowing clouds at bouncers
Spilling champagne on my trousers, it's a party all around us

[Hook]Me and LeBron got the same whips
Me and Dwyane on the same strip
Me and Wiz burn the same piff
Me and Stalley need the same pick
Me and Meek bone the same chicks
Me and Wale rock the same kicks
Contract like I play for the Knicks
My crib look like I'm still playing with bricks
My Chevrolet shines like a marble floor

Baby keep it raw, have you modeled before?
Fontaine Bleau, Club Liv, gold bottles galore
We can party hard in exclusive couture
Starting at your toes and I'm travelling north
Down south boy, diabolical boss
Hermes belt, spent a G for it
The G5 ready for a D-boy

[Hook][Verse 3: 2 Chainz]You know I like to party hard, hard, hard
Use a Glock for my bodygurad, guard, guard
Throw it to my dogs, now it's far-fetched
I be on the block with Ron like Ar-test
Niggas saying that they 'bout it but I'm 'bout this caper
Damn near got carpel tunnel trying to count this paper

Met a girl named Jamaica but she from Decatur
Got a brother with the work, trying to get my cake up
Had a crib with the lake when I was 24
Bought rims for the car off of (?)
Niggas round the city, they have been exposed
If you really getting money then it's really dough
I'm on the phone with a bitch that say she wanna smoke
Click on the other line, this bitch say she really broke
Man what gives? I got ideas, they don't wanna listen
All you gotta do is pay tithes and pay attention
I wanna thank God, for this permission, with this intention
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>