

# Wanna Party (feat. Tink)

## Future Brown

Don't you wanna party  
Put some liquor in your body  
F-ck this club, let's get drunk  
Why you talking to me?

Let's go stupid, where's my music  
Hit that dance like you wanna abuse it  
Don't say sh-t when I'm in my zone  
Mix that sh-t with a little PatrÃ³n  
Little more turn up, even with a boner  
Baby you a dog, let me make that owner  
Meet my friends and let's make plans  
And let's get f-cked up while we can, right?  
Cause these bitches ain't loud enough  
And these niggas ain't throwing sh-t  
Family coupe in the back of the club  
And you best believe that I'm pouring sh-t  
Feel that up in your chest  
Bitch you better move like a f-cking reflex  
I'm a wild out like I'm strapped in a vest  
And if you want some you can be my guest  
Be my guest, I'm not impressed  
Now put that rookie ass nigga in a dress  
Cause he ain't on much and I'm too important  
These here pumps, you can hardly afford them  
Don't waste my time, or waste my drink  
Out my mind, and I can't think  
I'm f-cked up in this club so why you talking to me?

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