

Party To Damascus

Wyclef Jean

It's over, that's right
Missy with the preachers son, okay
It's over, okay, I told ya, yeah, J. Clef, let's go
Yeah, hey yo Clef
These motherfuckers ain't ready for this shit, hey Me and Clef on this track what you want
Heard you wanna battle us both I hope you don't
Hand me my mic, two woofers in my trunk
Sound like gonk ga gonk ga gonk ga gonk ga ga gonk I drink that Dom Perignon
I drink that shot of Petron to turn me on
I got that red eye bomb, get you stoned
I got them gunshots, head knock 'til my bed stop Hey I'm from a place called New Jersey
They call it the New Jersey land
I'm only here for one night girl
I'm on the plane tomorrow
But I love the way you move girl
And do that belly dancin'
So let's play you're my teacher
And won't you give me my first lesson I teach you what you want
The things you need to know
Come in and shut the door
Let's get this party goin'
Baby let me show you
How you can satisfy a girl needs
Oh yeah, c'mon, c'mon In the mornin', in the evenin'
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin' I can't fight it
You got me speakin' another language
Bo habibi, nishtage'a, bo habibi, nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
'Cause this party gonna go to Damascus She said her dad's in the Army
And he's the number one sniper
And if he ever found out
He'd have me swimmin' with the fishes in the water
Now I'ma say somethin' crazy girl, I love you
I know we meetin' for the first time in the club
But this feels like a deja vu I teach you what you want
The things you need to know
Come in and shut the door
Let's get this party goin'

Baby let me show you
How you can satisfy a girl needs
Oh yeah, c'mon, c'mon In the mornin', in the evenin'
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin' I can't fight it
You got me speakin' another language
Bo habibi, nishtage'a, bo habibi, nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
'Cause this party gonna go to Damascus Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, gotta have it W. Y. to the Clef
Boy I keep it realer than the titties on my chest
Milk does your body good, come on take a sip
Like, it taste good don't it You's a fine dread lock, come on get
How many times Missy crushed the very best?
How many bombs on my summer, Funk Flex?
As many times as Teddy Reilly said, "Yep, yep" Did you get it? I stays on your mind like a fitted
Like did it make you walk for cheap stakes to the city?
Rough chick, dirty jeans, ain't nothin' pretty
Me and Clef steppin' to the mic to get busy In the mornin', in the evenin'
In the nighttime, gotta have it
It's a feelin' I can't fight it
You got me speakin' another language
Bo habibi, nishtage'a, bo habibi, nishtage'a
It's official raise your glasses
'Cause this party gonna go to Damascus Yeah, hey yo Clef
What's up Missy
You know I love ya girl
What's up Missy
Let's go, I got the guitar soundin' like a sitar
Holy, holy, Jerry Wonder I need some security
Call police

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>