Spiked Punch

Â¡MAYDAY! & Murs

Somebody put a little bit of that alcohol
In my little red cup and we can drink it all
Muthafucka, this that heat this that panama
Y'all boys want a single I'm the catalog
I'm like New Year shots and doughnuts in the parkin' lot
And good pot when my music drop
And even if I eva wanted to, I'd neva stop
Hol' up, muthafucka, someone spiked the?We got Bloods and Crips in the parkin' lot
Somebody talkin' 2 much so he might get shot
This nigga play too much and he say too much
He from whooopty whooop and he from such and such
I'm like what the fuck? Can we all just chill?
Befo I make a phone call and this shit get real
Matter fact fuck the phone call, this ain't 06'
I'm bout to knock ya out on some ol' school shit
And this a total mix of bi-coastal spit
Murs Mayday, Mayday Murs, what a loco fit
I got shade in the distance, sun on my back
But I keep runnin' fo' the ones who feelin' under attack
Had a late night convo up with Nick Carter
Went to sleep awake now I feel a bit smarter
Ladies in the front keepin' us a bit harder
The Punch bowl filled with the smiles of a martyrWhat ya think ya a part of?
A world full of honors
A planet full of bombers
Or a little bit of ganja
I got a crew over yonder
That wanna make world wonders
We here to party all summer
And spike every bowl with the love down under
All I see is pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada
Pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada
Pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada
Pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada (spiked punch)
Show me love up in the club
Gotta show a lil love to the ones that I love (spiked punch)
Give me love up in the club
Gotta give a lil love to the ones that I love (spiked punch)
Where the love up in the club?

Gotta get a lil love from the ones that I love (spiked punch)
Give me drugs up in the club
Gotta get a lil buzzed with the ones that I loveAnd I ain't bout no second guessin'
Broke the watch on my wrist I ain't stressin'
Cash on the beat cuz it sound expensive
When I see what I want I ain't apprehensive
Club full of thugs tryna release tension
And a couple bad? Tryna give me affection
Murs in the studio givin' us lessons
Over shots of tequila makin' shit infectiousWhat the fuck is bachata? What's up with arata arato, what's up with my vatos
De Los east? Los no mismo, I'm not from the east coast
Bout to bail to the store fo' a? Of Fritos fritas, what's up with the chicas?
What's up with yo homegirl? Esta la Bonita
She lookin' at me crazy, I might get her pregnant
I'm way too turnt so I gotta let Wrek inAnd we get extra questions, 'where the hell Plex been? '
'Are y'all really Tech's friends? Can ya get guests in? '
I don't need a job so this interview's over
Came to pop lock till the profit is so sure
Then get the closure feelin' oh so sore
From runnin' round the planet doin' damage with no cure
Give me, give me horns and confetti galore
Grabbin' everythin' in sight and we ready fo' moreAll I see is pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada
Pussy, Prada, whole lotta Colada
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