

12 O'clock

Marques Houston

It's ya boi, M.H.

Joe Budden

(Joey)

We at it again

Ok, I got my bathin' apes, check, outfit, check

No need to iron, might need to iron

Wit these jewels on, it's likely they'll be iron

Ask mami dancin' beside me if she ridin'

Or what she sippin' on, mink got my fitted on

She somethin' vivid on, we came to get it on

Came to get it on, drink a lil' here

Everybody throw a drink in the air

It's goin' down, come on

I stepped in da party like whoa

What's da deal wit it? Ain't no hands in da air unless it's a drink wit it

Honeys lovin' 'cus they know I rock da bells in here

Thugs wit me 'cus they know I roll wit Kells and dem

Then I spot mami shakin' like a tambourine

Wanna eat it just like a jelly bean

Mami's givin' me all these nasty dreams

And I'm glad I brought my ass to the right party

Ooh, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'

Drinks in da club and now we all fucked up

DJ keeps spinnin' da cuts, ladies drop it like it's hot

'Cus we up in here tonight

Whoo, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'

Ain't no going home, the doors is all locked up

Don't nobody move ya body, it's a lockout

So everybody join da party

Stack my chips, make dem hits and

I can tell that y'all love my shit

And got my shirt off, wit my Timbs on

Here all night so you know it's going on

Mami shake it like a tambourine

Wanna eat it just like a tangerine

Mami's givin' me all these nasty dreams

Glad I brought my ass to the right party tonight

Ooh, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'

Drinks in da club and now we all fucked up

DJ keeps spinnin' da cuts, ladies drop it like it's hot
'Cus we up in here tonight
Whoo, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'
Ain't no goin' home, the doors is all locked up
Don't nobody move ya body, it's a lockout
So everybody join da party
No more excuses, now in the two doors exclusive
And everything is all inclusive
We can do it all if my boys included
On da phone wit her friends invite 'em all, let's do this
Get things juicy, it's more than enough room in da jacuzzi
For you to lose the feeling of a groupie
Leave ya dude lose the feeling of a hoopty
New Kells playing feelin' on yo' booty
Keys to the Ferrar, leave in the garage
Starts wit a massage, ends wit m

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