

# Friday Night

## Mr. Cheeks

Ooohhh...

Mad shit jumpin off, now I like this

Ok, yeah, yeah hey yo

Friday night, just got paid  
I'm runnin wit my mans we got plans of gettin laid up  
Sticky green burnin sittin on twenty's  
Pocket full of money and we hollerin the honeys yo  
Stress less of death and we let the chain swing  
Makin we out for the same thing  
Hittin up the spot where they say is jumpin at  
I'm straight and man I'm bringin somethin back  
Me and the wild one we just copped a nice one  
And two brand new toys fuck the price done  
Big nigga style say when I switch lanes  
Stay doin big thangs smoke while I get brains  
Line full of women can't wait to get in  
Checkin mo sippin mo spittin  
Dancefloor packed do it in the doe stack  
Those that hit the see is get it get the  
Now where the hoes at Let's get it on and poppin  
Invite a few through, that's how the crew do  
DJ got the crowd jumpin  
The music from the speakers got the floor thumpin  
I'm tryna run in sumthin

[Horace Brown]

We go straight from the top down to the flo'  
We makin the crowds all the while down  
Smokin about a pound  
You know we be puttin it down  
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby  
Sex make the beats so crazy  
You know we be knockin them out  
So what are you talkin about

Yo, I got the cherry on G  
With me up in V-I-P  
And my bottles damn near empty

I got this chick talkin shit in my ear  
Word I think she's tryna tempt me, tempt me  
Oh, I see things is on and poppin now  
The whole crowds hoppin out  
There's no stoppin now  
Mad chicks up in all my niggaz wit me  
My shit takes off like a rocket  
While your pockets hurtin  
Niggaz mad because me and my team we bring the funk  
You and motherfucker you gon' talk  
I keep my fresh on and the chick keep me me  
We mad dollar niggaz and we be some sticky green  
Holdin shit down  
Niggaz know what's on and poppin when I hits town  
Get down  
Honeys want to take flicks  
Take sips of the licks and they shake hips  
Oh sho we go  
Baby...  
Why now...

[Horace Brown]

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We makin the crowds all the while down  
Smokin about a pound  
You know we be puttin it down  
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby  
Sex make the beats so crazy  
You know we be knockin them out  
So what are you talkin about  
  
I slide boo I got the top drop  
They barricade the block  
sneakers pop  
You let us through the door  
Chicks attack the dancefloor  
A war  
I see what it's back for  
I got my money team  
Rollin up gangsta lean  
We twistin up green  
I know you niggaz recognise Queens  
My thirst liquor who you got wit ya  
I bang out shorty system now she want a picture  
And numbers she can wow

So we can get foul  
I got a going chicks why'all ain't goin now  
Yo all up in my face  
The speakers hit bass  
My niggaz wylin in the club with a open case  
Yo V-I-P chain my man spit game  
Yo kid it's not a game ya need to learn the name  
It's Q and W, boys one fam  
I put a like this we got it locked down

[Horace Brown]

We go straight from the top down to the flo'  
We makin the crowds all the while down  
Smokin about a pound  
You know we be puttin it down  
It's Mr. Cheeks and Ho Brown baby  
Sex make the beats so crazy  
You know we be knockin them out  
Just shut your mouth  
Ahhh...  
Ooohh....

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