

12 O'Clock

Marques Houston

It's ya boi, M.H.

Joe Budden

(Joey)

We at it againOk, 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 onI 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 demThen 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 partyOoh, 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 tonightWhoo, 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 partyStack 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 onMami 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 tonightOoh, 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 tonightWhoo, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'

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

So everybody join da partyNo 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 thisGet 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 mÃ©nage
Ends in me gettin' da skins to some DeBarge
Just 'cus she tellin' her friends it was garbage
Four a.m., gotta a babe on the cell
Five a.m., on my way to the tel
But then around six, same thing, different chick
XL mag, perfect fit, now to the bridge, let's go
Baby showin' me all these crazy things
Got me nibblin' on her belly ring
'Bout to get into the swing of things
She keep rubbin' against my swinga thing
We off up in the other room so hot
Shorty's about to take off that pink tank top
All I wanna say is, shorty drop it like it's hot
(Drop it like it's hot, drop it like it's hot)
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Drinks in da club and now we all fucked up
DJ keeps spinnin' da cuts, ladies drop it like it's hot
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Don't nobody move ya body, it's a lockout
So everybody join da party
Da, da, da
Rocafella records
MH, Joe Budden
(Joey)
TUG, Chris Stokes, I see you boy
(It's the Roc, you bastards)

Songwriters

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