Afterparty

Roshon Fegan, Caroline Sunshine

Damn, yo, yo
Woke up in the morning, like ten a.m
Walked passed the Listerine, went straight for the gin
Osama Bin Laden on my chinny chin chin
Yo, Meth, the mailman
Yo, ghost, let him in
Will you sign, Mr. Ghostface, package for a friend, here
Right by the x, my bad, here's a pen
Gucci flip flops, I box my way to the kitchen
My keys is missin', my trees is missin'
No more parties, 'cuz doc need to listen
'Cuz something in my closet, go look, he's a pissin'
I cursed this bitch out, we be laid back
Yo, yo half a box of cereal gone, my milk's warm
Mad strong, this is John John, pro and con phenomenon
Stretch with a morning yawn, party 'til the break of dawn
Ladies throw your faces on, sing it when the break come on
Each meet son see
Boats suites dough beats
No cat give you these, rap flow triple G's
Meth, Ghost, Killa Beez, you know we ride
Wu-Tang, the best rap group of all time
Rush little shotgun, rest around nine
Refrigerator, fish and sweets with no swine
Dirty and Meth guest room with four dimes
And U-G. had a master headache
Him and Genius flew back from, Uganda black, gettin' that cake
Where Divine at? Wine at
Tell a DJ to rewind that, Killa killed it wit a blind back
Dime sack, you know we blew that wit the cognac
Them bowling ball lead head niggaz, we call them pawn yacks
I say my girl, like to party all the time, Ghost
Spend up my ends, every week, she always crime broke
Thank God it's Friday, I just got paid
Feelin' good like I just got laid

The next drink's on me, instead of, oh God, you think O.G
White girls they comin' out, like they Pink on E
So you better get the party started, we get it crunk regardless

We got the 'dro and hypnotic, them kids is puffin' garbage
Is where it's crackin' at, Street is you passin' that?
Mami's is grabbin' ass, Johnny, I'm grabbin' back
You know my habitat, you know my peoples
If you wit me, where you at there ain't nothin' compared to that
Come on
Each meet son see
Boats suites dough beats
No flows ill as these, him and Ghost, nigga please
Meth, Ghost, Killa Beez, you know we ride
Yo, I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got they cup, but they ain't chipped in
These cheap muthafuckas be grown ass men
Tight muthafuckas finish your shit then they bounce off with them
Come back again, drunk off your gin
And when they try to get you for they ends, that's no friend
Eh, eh, that's no friend, eh, eh
Yeah, I got me some Seagram's gin
Everybody got they cup, but they ain't chipped in
These cheap muthafuckas be grown ass men
Tight muthafuckas finish your shit then they bounce off with them
Come back again, drunk off your gin
And when they try to get you for they ends, that's no friend
Eh, eh, that's no friend, eh, eh
Yeah, greedy muthafuckas
Man, I swear I can't stand y'all muthafuckas
Always wanna get high, but never wanna buy
First one to come into the party
Last one to leave, man, fuck all that
Aiyo, check this out
Mr. Streetlife, tell 'em where we come from man

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