Party Over Here

Gorilla Zoe

Party over here, fuck you over there
And there she blows
Slip into the bathroom, lock the door
Sniffing like a vacuum
And I know that it ain't nobodies business
But last time she was in there for twenty minutes
Her roommate Ruth sitting at that booth
Sucking on that wine like she's gonna find the truth
Just wait 'till her lips turn blood red
She'll fall in love with whoever, 'nuff said
And that's Johnson
He's always on some agro frat bro gangsta stompin'
Acts like he's the only white boy from Compton
If real G's show up, the attitude is gone
Jill forgot that they agreed no coke
Cause Jacks on the couch passed out with his mouth open
Led Zeppelin, Stairway To Heaven
Stay in step cause anyone can have a weapon
Just like Chad, real white trash
Short fuse quick to put his foot up your ass
Heads up, that's his wife Rebecca
And I advise you to try not to smile at her
And lets all have deep conversation
Alcohol and dialogue perfect combination
Throw in a cokehead or a pothead
Just cant stop them thought provoking topics
Look somebody puked in the fridge
Ain't that great, its where the beer lives
The music's too loud to hear the fire alarm
And imma set a fire if you don't change the song
C'mon

Nothing but love
Yeah there was a party, many people came through
Standing on the wall, cause that's what I do
Small-talk shot dialogue push snooze
Defense mechon cause I got a lotta shoes {issues}
The moment got stolen by a lady in red
With a campaign slogan about the straight edge

But her sentence is broken
Her focus a fraction
The ash on her Camels at an inch and a half
And her voice starts to crack
And her head starts to twitch
And Ant looks at me like, What's up with this bitch?
I can tell by the stains and the way she complains
That pills ain't to blame and it ain't cocaine
Shes had too, too, too much coffee
Nate must have drank a lot of Black Label
Tryin' to play the Rottwieler under the table
Now light another cigarette off of the stove
Both ya'll drunk, which one of ya'll drove
These people need to stay off the sauce
Im shocked that the neighbors ain't called the cops
The music, the drunk, the fights out front
And half of these kids ain't near twenty one
Who's party is this, who's home is this
How'd I get here man, I do grownup shit
Let me know when your games are all done
Cause I can't fuck with these games you call fun
Have fun
Party over here, fuck you over there

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