

# Afterparty

## Cool Kids Of Death

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

Lyrics provided by

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