

Monday Morning

El Pus

I took a toke and a guzzle now I'm ready to go
I think my brain's feeling fuzzy from the chemicals
The girl across the bar looks so pretty to me
But I don't know if it's her body or the ecstasy
We got one navigator and an old chevette
We're not sure which one we want to show her yet
I'm talking one shot, two shot, three shots, four
She came into the bar respectable but left a whore
We gonna party up, until we get enough
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh
I got some chickens in my coop, they down for gettin' it on
They hardly recognize my face but know the words to my song
I'm having visions of euphoria, just feeling lovely
Ain't got a nickel to my name but they still rolling with me
We pull up to the corner store to purchase some
snacks
But I head straight to the pharmacy to buy profilacs
I'm putting one stunt, two girls, three chicks, four
Into the back of my ride but I can fit no more
We gonna party up, until we get enough
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh
We gonna party up, until we get enough
So throw your hood up, uh, oh, uh, oh
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh
Picked up this chick 'cause we like the way she sounds
After a half an hour we don't like her around
She's tipsy and spilled a 12 dollar drink on the ground
And she has a lot to say but none of it's profound, uh, oh, uh, oh
Smoke, smoke y'all
Cheeba, cheeba y'all
Get crunk y'all
And you don't stop
We gonna party up, until we get enough
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh
(Smoke, smoke y'all)
We gonna party up, until we get enough
(Cheeba, cheeba y'all)
(Get crunk y'all)
So throw your hood up, uh, oh, uh, oh
(And you don't stop)
(Smoke, smoke y'all)
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'
(Cheeba, cheeba y'all)

(Get crunk y'all)

Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh
(And you don't stop)[Incomprehensible]It's Monday
Let's get it on, okay
Alright, rock and roll

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