Friday Night

Gran Rapids

*featuring P. Diddy
[Chorus - P. Diddy]Friday night everybody was drinkin
And the house was screamin
And the bass was kickin
And it won't be long 'til everybody knowin
That Loon was on the beatbox goin
Loon was on the beatbox goin
Loon was on the beatbox goin, goin, goin (goin, goin, goin, goin)
["hey and "cha nana" are repeated throughout the song][Break - Loon - talking - w/ ad libs](AHH!), uh, yeah, c'mon, uh, uh, yeah, c'mon ... c'mon
([P. Diddy:] I like this right here)
Uh, bring me in close, yeah
([P. Diddy:] ready? ready?)
Uh, uh, check it out, Bad Boy
([P. Diddy:] tell 'em, talk to 'em)
[Verse 1 - Loon + (P. Diddy)]Now it was me, P-D and three beautiful ladies (uh)
He was in the Ferrari, I was pushin Mercedes (yeah)
Blowin 'dro, you know, vision was hazy (haha)
To the point where I'm thinkin havin a baby (c'mon)
Now shorty lookin a nigga like he was crazy
Not my fault way shorty body amaze me (uh uh)
Swoll up, now ma what's the hold up (c'mon)
She never imagine me and Diddy would roll up (we here)
We showed up, drunk and 'droed up (haha, yeah)
Stunk and mold up, two Coupes and four trucks (that's right)
Wrist is glowed up, got chicks that sold up (c'mon, uh)
You know cats with chips, my clique got more bucks (that's right)
Oh shucks, she start gettin the picture
Three the hard way, menage with her sister (haha)
Started off in the lobby when I kissed her (let's go)
As far as Diddy, he probably already twist her (that's right)
[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Verse 2 - Loon + (P. Diddy)]Now back to B, I gots to be fly
Blowin O for B, I pack the seed I-3
28 is a fact in V-I-P

You can see how it be when we by (let's go)
Bottles of Dom, keep a model a arm (c'mon)
Might lose lot of my charm, when the dollars involved (that's right)
Beef evolve, I need everybody be calm (c'mon)

Heat involved, I squeeze, do you bodily harm (don't do that)
Moved to safe cause I moved that way (yeah)
I'm not no fool, I never put them tools away
I'm not that cool, blow one of you dudes away (uh uh, yeah)
If a nigga choose to move that way, but let's play (let's go)
Hey, I'm on a mission to fishin what nigga wishin (what?)
To make a hit, but I'm hittin while niggaz missin (don't stop)
I get malicious and bitches are never switchin (let's go)
Never run into kissin, I'm far from a politician (yeah)
[Chorus - w/ ad libs (starts with "Was a")][Verse 3 - Loon + (P. Diddy)]Now Loon rock the party and Loon got the hottie (yeah, uh huh)
The one that got the body, is sippin a lotta Bacardi (let's go)
Thank God, nigga ain't have to pop nobody (thank God)
Straight rock your body cause that will shock the party (a ha)
But before I leave and DJ stop the party (yeah)
I've ordered a hundred shots, to woman drop your body (c'mon)
Even though shorty hot, kinda like a hot tamale (yeah)
Gotta play my position but not to knock nobody
But I gotta leave this here spot with shorty
Even if nigga go out his way and drop like forty (yeah)
Nigga Loon is a freak but I'm really not that naughty (uh uh)
Niggaz hopin and wishin but Loon on top of shorty (c'mon)
Ham and cheese, I'm the man that please (yeah)
Like 27 degrees and some brand new skies (let's go)
Girlfriend please, you gon' need some brand new knees (please, that's right)
When I haul off and hand you these (what?)
[Chorus - w/ ad libs until fade (starts with "Was a")][Outro - P. Diddy - talking over Chorus and until fade][laughing], yeah, c'mon
Let's go, that's right
That's right, Loon, yeah
Cha nana
Bad Boy baby ... 2003
Baton has been passed
I see you Loon, yeah

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