

# Party Crasher

## Method Man

Intro: club bouncer

Aww shit... not these niggaz again!

Aiyyo listen!

IÂ'm only lettin five of you motherfuckers in here tonight

If your man ainÂ't on the guest list

He get to the BACJ of the fuckin line

And you know another motherfuckin thing?

I donÂ't give a fuck if a bitch spill a drink  
in this motherfucker tonight

IÂ'm kickin ALL yÂ'all the fuck outta here

[Method Man]

Uhh

MuhÂ'fuckers be up in the club scared to fuckin death

Nigga if you scared why donÂ't yoÂ' ass just stay the fuck home

Check it out uhh

Me and mines at the door, ainÂ't tryin to pay your fees

Stop playin, you fuckin with me, I push my way in

Bum rush thereÂ's plenty of us to tear the club up

Guzzlin Bacardi and such, I split a Dutch

Bouncin nigga lookin like he want war

Now I ainÂ't the one you got to front Pah

Pattin me down like the law

As I stumble in the party

Topsey off the Limon Bacardi for sure

Loungin near the bar section, rolled the L

and kept steppin, concealed weapon, razor sharp

Blue star hatchet, in the sleeve of my jacket

Who that kid, on the dance floor lookin for matches?

Burn somethin, one tokes got me blasted

Took another tokes then I passed it, choke!

Fantastic, herb ainÂ't no joke

Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashish

Ladies on the dance floor, shakin they asses

Got million dollar broke niggaz, that makin passes

Honey with the eye glasses, body work is Boombastic

Skin like blackberry molasses, mmmmm

At last itÂ's, time to step and make her mine

Niggas headin toward the bathroom tuckin they shines

Brothers got to keep it movin, playin with kids

that won't hesitate to snatch a Cuban  
You know what this is...  
(“Yo Duke that’s your diamonds right there God?  
Yo that shit’ll go RIGHT where my people ain’t right now..”  
“Yo don’t touch my shit!”)  
Now it’s on in the lavatory, I heard a scream  
End of story couldn’t find shorty, party scene’s  
now a fucked up chaotic thing, won’t be long  
before the sirens intervene, the territory  
Can’t we all get along, without the ruckus  
Got big bouncin muh’fuckers, tryin to rush us  
I can take a hint, what? Can smell the stench  
of a hell bent environment, the odds against us  
Back to the wall y’all, refuse to fall  
All hands on deck yes, prepare to brawl  
Uhh, every time I try to have a good time why?  
Somebody always fuckin it up, killin my high, damn  
Monkey wrench they whole program, party over  
By that time I’m dead sober  
In the midst of this whole shit fo’ soldiers, dead gone  
You can tell that they was heat holders  
Everybody hit the deck when they expose tech, I fled the set  
Bitch slipped and caught a broke neck, some Brooklyn kids  
rushed the coat check, they whole set, stompin Duke  
half to death and took his Rolex, it’s horrible  
Like a front page article, Mister Pitiful  
About a step away now we critical, uhh  
As I boned out I heard the people shout  
NIGGAZ, yea cold turn the party out!  
Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh  
( sirens )

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