Four in the mornin', and I know I should be snorin'
But I'm thinkin' bout my party in the (basement)
I've got stains on my rugby, so I guess I'll do the laundry
Lookin' fresh for my party in the (basement)
We'll be listening to Missy, spinnin' bottles till we're dizzy
Try to get myself a hickey in the (basement)
It's still four in the mornin', and I know I should be snorin'
But I'm thinkin' bout my party in the (basement)

Everybody
Bring the party
I said, everybody
Bring the party
To the basement

Dance, dance, dance

Makin' up a list like my name was Saint Nick So I won't invite Chris to my (basement) But we can call your sister Katie, 'cause I think she tried to date me Pretty sure she'll get crazy in my (basement)

[Black Prez:]
Yuh, ay
But now I step up in the party, right? (yuh)
I could tell that she the party type (yuh)
Then she show me what she party like
Fillin' up my cup wait, this Bacardi, right?
Bro...

Everybody
Bring the party
I said, everybody
Bring the party
To the basement

Dance, dance, dance

Everybody
Bring the party
I said, everybody
Bring the party
To the basement