

# Dinner Party

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Yung gravy, yung baby  
'Course we're inside of your lady  
Chasing money, whipping gravy  
'Course you know I'm Kevin Spacey  
Too much turkey in my body  
Sip that lean, we ain't that crazy  
Carpe daisy, Patrick Swayze  
Got your mom, she outta daydream (skrrrrr)

Dom Pérignon at the dinner table  
Got your bitch reporting live  
Like i'm watching cable  
And we got the honey jacket  
Tastes like fucking maple  
And we chasin' with the gravy  
That's a fucking staple (yuh, yuh, yuh)

What the fuck did you marinate this steak  
Because it's out of this world  
You're killin' me with, no no it's a family secret

White New Balance, so you know I ain't trippin'  
My girl thick but she sweet call her Kate Griffin  
Oooh, yeah i'm flexin' in the visor  
Your bitch had gravy for the fucking appetizer  
Me and baby act a fool off the Budweiser  
Pull up and I splash like a motherfucking geyser

Whip so precise, that I almost hypnotised her  
Fondue on that booty got me sayin' I'm a prize her  
The wine your sippin' on is decent, but my glass is finer  
I only got enough cash to take your girl to a diner  
I'm playing footsies with your mom, yeah girl your family dinner  
I might be stealing your wife but you know I ain't a sinner  
So, who gone sit at a dinner table  
Got your wife on stand, just a little later  
Yeah, who gone sit at a dinner table  
Yung gravy, yung baby yeah we be fake

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