

# Rock The Party

Benzino

Yellow City, yea..  
Benzino, yea  
Yellow Man, yea..  
Young Hef, yea (that's what they call me)  
Yellow City, yea (that's where I'm from)  
Benzino, yea (my nigga)  
Young Hef, yea - c'mon rock

Checkin' in the closet for my blue Velour suit  
Piping all around it wit the matchin' Timb boots  
Hop up in the wagon wit the 20 inch shoes on... (ohh)  
Riding down the street wit a twenty G stack  
Shorty paging me saying "Zino where you at?"  
Look up in the mirror 5-0 up on my back it's uh ohh  
Pull up in the spot smoking in the parking lot  
Everybody having fun niggas don't stop  
Pray to God that I don't have to let the guns pop it's... Maybe all the ladies wanna chill wit Benz and Hef  
Pushing up the bottle 'til there's no more Henny left  
Step it up to Louie now let's see what happens next... yo

We gon' throw the party - rock the party  
Then drink Bakardi - freak somebody  
Then leave the party to the after party y'all... (ohh)

Lookin' at the shorty wit the Frankie B. Jeans  
Thong hangin' out, butterfly belly ring  
Butter leather boots with the tassles that's mean... (ohh)  
Got up on that ass when she came up in the door  
Rock it to the beat then we took it to the floor  
DJ in the club spinnin' record back and forth {\*scratching\*}  
People going hard cause you know the mood is right  
Everybody screaming like they at a Tyson fight  
Young Hef in the back wit a dime lookin' tight, oh-my, ohhh  
Hit the sour diesel mami bouncin' on my lap  
VIP crowded so I take it to the back  
Up in the coat room where you find Zino at, and Mario too  
Yo (now everybody just)

5 in the morning more drinks at the crib  
Whatchu waitin' for? mami get your ass in!  
Hop up in the coupe, girls riding wit my friend  
"Y-y-y-y-yo, y'all follow us, follow us"  
Rollin' through the city wit the CD on blast  
Pull up at the mansion had to dip up in the stash (yea)  
Scene lookin' sexy shorty got a fat ass, oh-my-God  
Step up in the place everybody gettin' wet  
Sweatin' on the floor dancin' like they havin' sex  
Poppin' Champagne taking bottles to the neck, uh uh uh, yea (c'mon)  
Lookin' at my Jacob it's about that time  
Suns comin' up bout to close the blinds (yea)  
This is how we do almost everyday  
Now meet me upstairs wit Courvoisier, yo

What is a party if it don't rock?  
We just gon' proceed to make it hot  
A Yellow City party no it don't stop

We gon' rock  
C'MON!!