

24 Hrs

Esham

Yo, yo

Twelve AM is when the party get hype
At twelve thirty, probably high with your wife
By twelve forty five, we was livin' the life
The clock struck one, I was rockin' the mic
One fifteen, spilled a drink on my Nikes
At one twenty five, signed the tits on some dykes
At one forty five, they was cuttin' on lights
Last call for alcohol, so y'all better be right
Two AM and the girls' gone wild
Servin' footlongs like the Coney Isle
Everything on that Coney dog, onions and mustard
Next thing ya know, she was orderin' custard
Whipped out the sex pistol, I almost busted
Keep the hats on safety 'cause I just can't trust it

(Yeah) nigga (Bitch), pussy, slut, tramp (Lil' hoe) dirty low s
lut (Yeah) tramp bitch hoe (Yo), nigga, fuck, shit

Three AM I'm at the afterhours
After this Patrone, I'ma have the power
See, I came to get busy in a half an hour
Before I get it, you don't have to shower
Three thirty five I'm at the brothel house
Watch your mouth 'cause I'm not your spouse
I'm not Jay-Z, but I'll rock ya out
Knock ya out, number block ya out
Four forty four, steady gettin' it in
Nicki Minaj, a tua, me and two of them
I was pullin' out weave, she was gluin' it in
And at five o'clock we gon' do it again
Five fifteen, they was out those jeans
On a spin cycle like a washing machine
It was five twenty five and the party's still live
I was half past dead, man, I'm high as the sky
It was five fifty five, how did I survive?
It was six in the mornin' when the cops arrived

If you are offended by words like:
Shit, bitch, fuck, dick, ass, hoe, cum, dirty bitch, low mother
fucker, nigga, hooker, slut, tramp, dirty low slut tramp bitch
hoe, whatever...
Take the tape out now!
This is not a pop album
And by the way; suck my motherfuckin' dick!