

Halloween

Jon Bellion

One, two
One, two, three, quatro

See, I need an excuse to call a couple buddies
And you need an excuse to dress a little slutty
You could be my Nicki, we could ditch like Summer Jam
You could be my Alice, treat Manhattan like it's Wonderland
Transporter, Jason Statham, in my brother's van
Give money to the bums, I'm trick-or-treating with a couple grand
When I kick a dirty verse, get a dirty hearse
'Cause I can be October, baby, you could be the 31st

Oh, ho, ho
We'll kill the night no suspects
Oh, ho, ho
You're Marilyn and I'm James Dean
Oh, ho, ho
Dance like a stripper named Candy
Oh, ho, ho
Treat every night like it's Halloween

Go, go, yeah
You could be Rihanna, I could be the rude boy
You're the desperate housewife while I could be the pool boy
If you tryna jerk then I could be a New Boy
You could be the pitbull and I could be the chew toy, woof!
Garbage man, janitor, mop it up
I'm be Seth Rogen, I'll pretend to knock you up
Treat me like I'm King James, heat it up, Wade and 'em
Treat you like I'm Rocky, I'mma beat it up, Adrian

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