

## Spiked Punch

iMayday!

Somebody put a little bit of that alcohol  
In my little red cup and we can drink it all  
M\*\*\*\*\*a, this that heat this that panama  
Y'all boys want a single I'm the catalog  
I'm like New Year shots and doughnuts in the parkin' lot  
And good pot when my music drop  
And even if I eva wanted to, I'd neva stop  
Hol' up, m\*\*\*\*\*a, someone spiked the?

We got Bloods and Crips in the parkin' lot  
Somebody talkin' 2 much so he might get shot  
This n\*\*\*a play too much and he say too much  
He from whooopty whooop and he from such and such  
I'm like what the f\*\*k? Can we all just chill?  
Befo I make a phone call and this s\*\*t get real  
Matter fact f\*\*k the phone call, this ain't 06'  
I'm bout to knock ya out on some ol' school s\*\*t

And this a total mix of bi-coastal spit  
Murs Mayday, Mayday Murs, what a loco fit  
I got shade in the distance, sun on my back  
But I keep runnin' fo' the ones who feelin' under attack  
Had a late night convo up with Nick Carter  
Went to sleep awake now I feel a bit smarter  
Ladies in the front keepin' us a bit harder  
The Punch bowl filled with the smiles of a martyr

What ya think ya a part of?  
A world full of honors  
A planet full of bombers  
Or a little bit of ganja  
I got a crew over yonder  
That wanna make world wonders  
We here to party all summer  
And spike every bowl with the love down under

All I see is p\*\*\*y, Prada, whole lotta Colada  
P\*\*\*y, Prada, whole lotta Colada  
P\*\*\*y, Prada, whole lotta Colada  
P\*\*\*y, Prada, whole lotta Colada (spiked punch)  
Show me love up in the club  
Gotta show a lil love to the ones that I love (spiked punch)  
Give me love up in the club  
Gotta give a lil love to the ones that I love (spiked punch)  
Where the love up in the club?  
Gotta get a lil love from the ones that I love (spiked punch)  
Give me drugs up in the club  
Gotta get a lil buzzed with the ones that I love

And I ain't bout no second guessin'  
Broke the watch on my wrist I ain't stressin'  
Cash on the beat cuz it sound expensive  
When I see what I want I ain't apprehensive  
Club full of thugs tryna release tension  
And a couple bad? Tryna give me affection  
Murs in the studio givin' us lessons  
Over shots of tequila makin' s\*\*t infectious

What the f\*\*k is bachata? What's up with arata arato, what's up with my vato  
s  
De Los east? Los no mismo, I'm not from the east coast  
Bout to bail to the store fo' a? Of Fritos fritas, what's up with the chicas  
?  
What's up with yo homegirl? Esta la Bonita  
She lookin' at me crazy, I might get her pregnant  
I'm way too turnt so I gotta let Wrek in

And we get extra questions, 'where the hell Plex been? '  
'Are y'all really Tech's friends? Can ya get guests in? '  
I don't need a job so this interview's over  
Came to pop lock till the profit is so sure  
Then get the closure feelin' oh so sore  
From runnin' round the planet doin' damage with no cure  
Give me, give me horns and confetti galore  
Grabbin' everythin' in sight and we ready fo' more

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