```
There's a party, (five dollars)
In my pants, (at the door)
In my pants, (ten dollars)
In my pants, (at the door)
There's a party, (fifteen dollars)
In my pants, (at the door)
You're all invited, (twenty dollars)
Come on and dance, (a little more)
A group[?] on yesterday jeans today,
I gotta' rocket in my pocket and I just got paid
Sixty-nine Chevrolet parked on the lawn,
It's primer grey, and the engine's gone
So I strut like a pimp, to the bus station
I ain't got a job and need a vacation
I keep my ass squeaky clean like nutrigine
In my used secret shoes and new limousine
And if you give me all yo' money, you can be my number one, honey
There's a party in my pants,
Rockin' in the locker room at Marta coupa snake,
Takin' pictures of my dick while my bitches sit and wait,
Don't hate on the Ave, 'cause I treat my ladies bad,
I'm crazy in the face, and maybe I'm a fag
There's a party, (five dollars)
In my pants, (at the door)
In my pants, (ten dollars)
In my pants, (at the door)
And if you gimme' all yo' money,
You can be my number one, honey
There's a party in my pants,
(Be, be, be my number one, honey)
There's party in my pants and you're all on the list,
The doorman's big, and black, and he's pissed,
So don't bring no dudes, and hide yo' loods,
And slip me a Mickey for the pain in my kidneys
(five dollars)
(at the door)
(ten dollars)
```

(at the door)
(fifteen dollars)
(at the door)
(twenty dollars)
(a little more)