

Spiked Punch

Murs

Somebody put a little bit of that alcohol
In my little red cup and we can drink it all
Motherfucker 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 parking lot
And good pot when my music drop
And even if I ever wanted to, I'd never stop
Hold up motherfucker, someone spiked the motts

We got Bloods and Crips in the parking lot
Somebody talking too much so he might get shot
This nigga play too much and he say too much
He from whoop whoop and he from such and such
I'm like what the fuck? Can we all just chill?
Before I make a phone call and this shit get real
Matter fact fuck the phone call, this ain't '06
I'm bout to knock you out on some old school shit

And this a total mix of bitchcoastal spit
Murs Mayday, Mayday Murs, what a loco fit
I got shade in the distance, sun on my back
But I keep running for the ones who feeling 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 keeping us a bit harder
The Punch bowl filled with the smiles of a martyr

What you think you 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 pussy, prada, whole lotta colada
Pussy, prada, whole lotta colada
Pussy, prada, whole lotta colada
Pussy, prada, whole lotta colada
(Spiked Punch)
Show me love up in the club
Gotta show a little love to the ones that I love
(Spiked Punch)
Give me love up in the club
Gotta give a little love to the ones that I love
(Spiked Punch)
Where the love up in the club?
Gotta get a little love from the ones that I love
(Spiked Punch)
Give me drugs up in the club
Gotta get a little buzzed with the ones that I love

And I ain't bout no second guessing
Broke the watch on my wrist I ain't stressing

Cash on the beat cause it sound expensive
When I see what I want I ain't apprehensive
Club full of thugs trying to release tension
And a couple bad bitties trying to give me affection
Murs in the studio giving us lessons
Over shots of tequila making shit infectious

What the fuck is bachata? What's up with Arata
Arata arato, what's up with my vatos
De Los east? Los no mismo, I'm not from the east coast
Bout to bail to the store for a bolsa of Fritos
Fritos fritas, what's up with the chicas?
What's up with your homegirl? Esta la Bonita
She looking 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 you get guests in?"
I don't need a job so this interview's over
Came to pop lock 'til the profit is so sure
Then get the closure feeling oh so sore
From running round the planet doing damage with no cure
Give me, give me horns and confetti galore
Grabbing everything in sight and we ready for more

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