

## Party After 2

Sheek Louch

Hey, come here baby  
I know you ain't tired  
Whaa, what that mean, ay pour a drink  
We gon party you with me  
Homie bring that in

I got five sexy women plus some five star love in my house  
And on the walls, got Gucci linen  
My bartender keep the bottles poppin' all night, ni-ii-ght  
Ni-ii-ght, ni-iiii-ght, niiiiight  
All night

I pull up in that Maserati  
Come inside baby its the after party  
What you like, Ciroc? Or the dark Bacardi?  
I got a couple dutch's rolled up  
I don't see the hold up, like that, everybody growed up, we grown  
My little chocolate thing, my butter pecan momma  
My white girl is hot too and she like Obama  
My little asian chick and my Jamaican girl,  
Wind on me, wind on me  
Damn cause she love the  
My left hand is froze, high got me spillin' Rose  
On her thousand dollar redbottom open toes  
I be in the hood, but tonight I'm not  
I got the party jumping off in my own spot

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You're now listening to this lyrical Christening  
Haters wan' be dissin' him casue their baby momma on me  
I make the women horny, just the way that I am  
D-Block, the way I look up in that black Lam'  
Chain watch bezel iced out, God Damn!  
Real, in the hood that's my fam  
I do Patron shots, she like red wine  
She looking at me like she ready for her bedtime  
They call me Don Don, flow so ridiculous  
I like 'em fat too, come here, are you ticklish?  
Eat my like a liquorice, or better yet your favourite dish  
You think I'm home by myself, hater remember this!

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Cause we don't stop til it's gone  
Stop til it's gone  
So don't leave me, leave me  
The ? burning my soul, ?  
Don't leave me, leave me

Oh-oh-okay, thinkin' 'bout you, blue lingerie  
Quarter past 2, shawty swing my way  
So hit the phone, you can tell it's on

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