

Growing up in the 801
There's only one club
So we blow it up
Leave your church shoes
And your Sunday clothes
But bring your guilt and we
'Gon let it go

Quarter to twelve on a Saturday night
Hitting a J while we wait in line
Let's leave all those things
That we were taught behind
'Cause being ourselves
Could never be a crime

So what does your mama think, yeah?
So what does your daddy think?
Forget what they think
Forget what they think, yeah

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You, me and Moni
Gonna rock to the rhythm
That brings out rebels
And get higher and higher
You, me and Moni
Gonna rock to the rhythm
That brings out rebels
And get higher and higher

Me and my girl
We're the stars of the show
Everyone watches us
Out on the floor
I save her a seat
While she gets me a drink
And I love her so, so I don't care
What they think
'Cause that's how it goes
There's not a soul that don't know
Yeah, that's how we roll

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