

House Party (feat. Young Chris)

Meek Mill

I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin'
Her friend knockin' at the door
And she screamin' out I'm cummin' I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin'
Her friend knockin' at the door
And she screamin' House party, I'mma play
The DJ Martin Lawrence
You know I'm always survivor man
Those guys, Kid and Play I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom
I fuck her while the water runnin'
Her friend knockin' at the door
And she screamin' out I'm cummin'
And my youngin' in my other room
Fuckin' up my sheets
She tell 'em boy, don't grab my hair
Because you're fuckin' up my weave I got a hundred bottles Ciroc boy
All my jewelry cold as fuck but I'm a hot boy
All these stones in my chain make me a rock boy
And I heard you niggas talking money, you should stop, boy I fuck bitches by the group, I get
money by the pound
French Montana on all these niggas ch-ch-chop 'em down
Every time I'm in the club these niggas is not around
Everybody talking money, I say prove it not a sound White girls gone wild
We don't judge 'em though, they ain't on trial
Bad bitches got 'em on dial
It's bottoms up but it's going down
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the living room
They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin' models, watching all in my living room Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party Meet us at the bunny ranch
You know where the honey's camp
Meek Milly, Young Chris
You know why them honeys amped Gotta be a natural born star
Doin' shit that money can't
Daddy day care home

Why you think your honey ain't Who you think she stay with?
This that Kid and Play shit
Your main chick got our night job
You can get a day shift I'm a hit her from the back
Meek get her face shit
He ain't wanna sway up
In this motherfucker, hey bitch Hey bitch, hey ho, yeah, we on that lay low
And they all Simon says, she do what I say so
Got the whole house packed, you can get your spouse back
When we done partyin', where the molly at that loud pack Haters can't tell us shit, don't knock
me, tell your bitch
House party, poppin' on that Martin shit, we're yelling switch
Cold bottles, cold magnums, gold bottles
We spitting on each other pussy and them hoes swallow Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the
living room
They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the
living room
They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too
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Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party ATL new will ville
Tryna to show em how my nigga louis will feel
Thursday call it meek mill ville
You got a car ride in a Benz man it's the real deal We in the movie room, we ain't watching
movies though
Lights camera action, we gon' make a movie ho
She lookin' all at my wrist, she love the way this music blow
Pack house is hot as shit, she tell me that I'm cooler though Cooler than a fan, fresh like it's
Easter
Homie, I don't even want your bitch, you can keep her
She say I ain't hit that, only you believe her
Pull off in the Lambo, I'm like hasta la vista Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party
Welcome to my house party, party Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the living room
They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two
Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>