

If You Ain't Here to Party

Luke Bryan

We got beer and a tub and some good lookin' girls
Dressed to the nines, lookin' for a good time
Jacked up trucks, stacked in thick
White rocks stuck in the mud grips And a big old bouncer at the door
But don't show him your I.D.
And don't you dare step out on the floor If you ain't here to party
You picked the wrong place
You picked the wrong Friday night
If you ain't here to party
You'll be missin' out
On the best damn time of your life
So go on and throw your card down
Knock a shot out
And get yourself in the zone
Yeah, you might as well
Go on and head your ass back home
If you ain't here to party There's a little old Louisiana band
Playin' a swampy jam and brown sugar tans
Lookin' so fine, shakin' that thing
In the zydeco cage and purple rain Raise your drink up in the air
And everybody sing along
Man, you're here all alone If you ain't here to party
You picked the wrong place
You picked the wrong Friday night
If you ain't here to party
You'll be missin' out
On the best damn time of your life
So go on and throw your card down
Knock a shot out
And get yourself in the zone
Yeah, you might as well
Go on and carry your ass back home
If you ain't here to party If you ain't here to party
You picked the wrong place
You picked the wrong Friday night
If you ain't here to party
You'll be missin' out
On the best damn time of your life So go on and pick someone out
Maybe make out
And get their number in your phone
Man, the only way
You'll be goin' home alone

Is if you ain't here to party Yeah, you better be here to party
Yeah, we're all here to party
Yeah, we're all here to party Throw your keys on the bar, you ain't drivin' your car
You're here with me, that's how it's gonna be
'Cause we're here to party, baby
Yeah, yeah, whoa If you ain't here to party, yeah
You picked the wrong Friday night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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