

Benzino, Rock The Party

Yellow City, yea..
Benzino, yea
Yellow Man, yea..
Young Hef, yea (that's what they call me)
Yellow City, yea (that's where I'm from)
Benzino, yea (my nigga)
Young Hef, yea - c'mon rock

Checkin' in the closet for my blue Velour suit
Piping all around it wit the matchin' Timb boots
Hop up in the wagon wit the 20 inch shoes on... (ohh)
Riding down the street wit a twenty G stack
Shorty paging me saying "Zino where you at?"
Look up in the mirror five all up on my back it's... uh ohh
Pull up in the spot smoking in the parking lot
Everybody having fun niggas don't stop
Pray to God that I don't have to let the guns pop it's...
Maybe all the ladies wanna chill wit Benz and Hef
Pushing up the bottle 'till there's no more Heny left
Step it up to Louie now let's see what happens next... yo

We gon' throw the party - rock the party
Then drink Bacardi - freak somebody
Then leave the party to the after party y'all... (ohh)
(WHAT WE GONNA DO)
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Lookin' at the shorty wit the Frankie B Jeans
Thong hangin' out, butterfly belly ring
Butter leather boots with the tassles that's mean... (ohh)
Got up on that ass when she came up in the door
Rock it to the beat then we took it to the floor
DJ in the club spinnin' record back and forth {*scratching*}
People going hard cause you know the mood is right
Everybody screaming like they at a Tyson fight
Young Hef in the back wit a dime lookin' tight, oh-my, ohhh
Hit the sour diesel mami bouncin' on my lap
VIP crowded so I take it to the back
Up in the code room where you find Zino at, and Mario too
Yo (now everybody just)

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5 in the morning more drinks at the crib
Whatchu waitin' for? mami get your ass in!
Hop up in the coupe, girls riding wit my friend
&"Y-y-y-y-yo, y'all follow us, follow us"
Rollin' through the city wit the CD on blast
Pull up at the mansion had to dip up in the stack (yea)
Scene lookin' sexy shorty got a fat ass, oh-my-God
Step up in the place everybody gettin' wet
Sweatin' on the floor dancin' like they havin' sex
Poppin' Champagne taking bottles to the neck, uh uh uh, yea (c'mon)
Lookin' at my Jacob it's about that time
Suns comin' up 'bout to close the blinds (yea)
This is how we do almost everyday

Now meet me upstairs wit Courvoisier, yo

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What is a party if it don't rock?
We just gon' proceed to make it hot
A Yellow City party no it don't stop
We gon' rock...

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C'MON!

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