

Tweak, House Party

Now let me tell you 'bout a story

Way Back in the day

When my parents decided they

Would spend the weekend away

And like fools they entrusted

The house keys to me and said

You better not have one of those

Unruly house parties.

And now the first thing I did

As they rolled down the street

I picked the telephone up

And called all of my friends

'Cos tonight we're gonna party

Like the world's gonna end

Yeah tonight we're gonna party

So you better call the FBI

Yeah go call 911

'Cos tonight we're gonna party

Like the world's gonna end

I never should have

Advertised this gig on the net

There was like 2000 people by

By quarter to ten

And there were kids everywhere

Smoking all kinds of things

I said you better not be in my moms bedroom

Shagging

And now I guess the neighbors didn't

Dig the tunes that we spun

'Cos soon an entire SWAT team

Scaled the wall with their guns

And they was beating kids down

With nightsticks just for fun
Treating us like we was nothing
But criminals on the run
And the next thing I knew
I woke up in a cell
Yeah the next thing I knew they got me
Talking with the FBI'
The morning after and my head is in pain
Feels like I was hit by a small freight train
And I'm never gonna get that drunk again
I'm never gonna get that drunk again
Well maybe just not until next weekend'