

Woodie, Off Night

(Woodie)

I step into a house party
Cortez's shinin'
Khakis creased up
Sharper than a diamond
I wasn't invited
So I might be out a place
I'm peepin' the scene
I feel no funk
But feel the bass
They bumpin' some of that
Northern Cali type a shit
Cold World Hustlers
Mac Dre and Brotha Lynch
I'm catchin' the vibe
The atmospheres I'm sweatin'
But still holdin' the nine
In case a homie got to bang
Directions one to one
When it comes to the sets
Cuz it just might be fun tonight
I usually don't expect it
See if your wandering eyes glancin' my way
Who'd a thought out on a
Saturday or a Friday

Chorus: 2X (Shannon Sanders)

Although it's an off night
It just might turn out right
Although it's an off night
Don't junk it till dawn light

(Woodie)

Three choices it appears to me
But the brunette with the booty is steering me
She's got them bright green eyes
Proper face, thick thighs
Tits average size
All in all she's the prize
I smoothly make my way across the room
My confidence is high
With three 40's consumed
Hit her with some small talk
Then back off some
If the conversation stops
It was a false alarm

She pursued to chop it up
And asked if I liked to groove
I said, 'Baby I'm a gangster
When I dance I barley move'
So if that's cool with you
Then fo' sho' lets hit the floor
But I must admit
My specialty's to stop and get low

(Chorus) 2X

(Woodie)

The party's gettin' humid
And the heat I can't bear
So baby I'm a got out front
And get some fresh air
She said she'd like to go to

And asked, 'Is that alright with you'
Not a problem
But I might just hit the liquor store or two
My Lark's down the block
And since the night's hot
If you want, it's convertible
So we can drop the top
Right there I had her caught
A fish on a hook
She was puddy in my hands
I could tell by her look
She asked if I was a playa
I said, 'That life ain't for me'
Norte'o from the Yoc
Now that's a different story
She fell for every word
She was lovin' me no doubt
Told my homies that I came with you
It's time I headed out
To the Lark, to the store, to my spot,
To the soft white imperals on my bed
I'm hittin' skins on and off (not yet)
Sometimes that's the way it goes
Tryin' to get crackin' on the Lincoln
It's all in the ass

(Chorus) 4X