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