

Little Brother, After The Party

(feat. Carlitta Durand)

[Intro:]

Aiyyo baby come over here lemme, let me holla at you for a minute
("I am your conscience! ")
Nah nah I'm sayin f'real, come over here
Nah f'real let me, lemme holla at you f'real, no, no bullshit
("I am making a total ass of myself") Fuck nah
("I am your conscience! ") Aiyyo check it out, ay umm
You wanna go to the Waffle House, get some food?
("I just did another pick-up line that didn't go over")
No~! What the fuck you mean no? I'm sayin yo, I'm... aight
("Maybe I should tell her what a famous rapper I am")
("Yeah - that'll get her on my side")
I'm Phonte from Little Brother, you heard, you know me
"Can't stop, won't... stop"
("She's never heard of me - WOW! What a SURPRISE! ")
("I am your conscience! ") Aight look okay maybe you got a bad mouth
Aight, whatever for, I'm just sayin
Now don't, don't make a nigga go home tonight man I, I
("Maybe you should just say something nice to her and, wrap it up! ")
I I mean, I'm just saying like, you lookin good knahmsayin
("You're not fucking tonight! ")
("I am your conscience! ")

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Parking lot pimps, 9 out of 10 more parking lot simps
Ladies want lobster but settle fo' shrimps
Dikembe Mutombo, blockin all attempts
Niggaz ain't pimps
Tuggin elbows, when you walk by
Compliment you on your toes
Heard all the cons now listen to the pros
Knew you looked girl that's just the way it goes
As if you didn't know; I saw you at the bar
I'm leanin on this Escalade, but it ain't my car
When you gon' recognize I'm somethin like a star
My crib down the street, we ain't gotta go far
I know I sound wrong, but I'm just bein real
No games, aim is to tell you how I feel
Tryin to cop a feel
Me and you backseat, I just wanna chill
If looks could kill, first name would be Bill

[Chorus: Carlitta Durand]

Out on a Friday night
Fake smiles and flashing lights
Where do all the lonely people go when the party's over?
Everybody is your friend
I hope this never ends
Cause I don't know where lonely people go when the party's over

(And the people go...)

[Phonte:]

The milk's gone bad, the bees flew South
The honey's all gone and the birds talkin 'bout
They ain't hangin out cause they gotta go to work
One just had a daughter, one gotta go to church
I think I need to work, on me cause it hurts
To see every weekend eatin all my paystub
Always tryin to impress these niggaz
With expensive-ass liquor I don't even like the taste of
I think it's sickening

Things we do to see and be seen on the scene
We seem to love it, so lost when the lights go off
We sit and we often wonder what's the meaning of it
It's like nobody want to live they life
They just wanna re-enact the same scene every night
Everybody's sellin fantasies, no matter what the price
Like I'll love you forever, but forever ends tonight

This is the last call, for the jump off express
All potential passengers please leave your pride and dignity in the parking lot
And come holla at the nigga in the red '93 Civic
One deluxe pass, on the jump off express gets you
One meal at the 24 hour restaurant of your choice
Followed by 15 minutes of passion on my momma futon
Those with self-esteem need not apply

[Chorus x2]

[Outro:]
Sheeit~! I think I'm just go on hit up this cookout on Capital Boulevard
Go on get me a fancy, banana pudding shake, and a side of hush puppies
Just call it a God damn night man, it's over

crbt2('Little Brother','After The Party')

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