

Posta Boy

"It's My Party feat. Cardan, Murphy Lee, Nelly"

Visit "[It's My Party feat. Cardan, Murphy Lee, Nelly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Nelly]

Whoo! (so filthy)
So filthy... so filthy

[Chorus: Nelly]

I said it's my party
I can get high if I want to
I can blaze or light if I want to
Or just smile if I want to (I said)
Now at my party, I can rule the world if I want to
I can drink 'till I hurl if I want to
Or take your girl if I want to

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

Now Murphy Lee gunna smoke when he wanna wanna
Bill the Corona-ona
Half a onion other California marijuana
I'm feelin' clean like my rims
I know I keep nines on my side but I still like tens
It's my party so I do what I gotta
St. Louis heard my motta'
Meanwhile bring your own bottle
Cause we gon' party till the lights come on
And if the song stop, fuck it cause my mic still on
Man, don't see her face but I see her thong
Man, she bendin' over like she giving me dong (damn)
What can I say I'm just a playa in my own way
Hate to see her leave but love to see her walk away
I'm with Posta, we like toastas
We make bread burn ya if you get any closa'
So once again this is my party
And if it turns into a jungle gym this is what you say

[Chorus]

[Verse: Cardan]

Check it, I step in the club
They like "ooh his Nike's"
He scream, she scream "he so icy"
Might see my girl but you don't know wifey
Girls say I'm cute so the dudes don't like me

Hey, I came here to party and live it up (live it up)
Pop ten bottles go home and spit it out
That's how we do it, cause money ain't a thing ma
You see the bling? there's plenty where that came from
Mami I'm just here to rock your body (body)
Ain't no drama inside my party
I came here in big ol' tires
Big Dog so I like to sit up higher
Mami sittin' back till they at martini
Posta pullin' up in the AP Lamb'ghini
It's my party I get high if I want to
Smoke blind take your baby bye bye if I want to, oh!

[Chorus]

[Verse: The Posta Boy]

Check it, check it, check it
I say it's my party so I do what I want to
End of the night I'm a screw who I want to
Truck out in the garage, get the coupe if I want to
I paint my shit blue if want to, yeah
Niggas think this The House Of Blues
Welll, this a Fo' Reel party come out to juice
Four hot sixteens, come out there too
And the Feds gotta lift you out the pool
I'm the rookie of the year who signed them top deals
Me and C-Love come through on hot wheels; mami
back away
Cause if I empty my pockets it'll look like St.Patricks Day
I'm the kid by the far blue 'vancin on
Those two those four, women glancin' on
Blew the wop in the party till the brancin' gone
Yo dirty let 'em hear what they dancin' on, I say

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Posta Boy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.