

Tricky F/ Terry Hall**"It's Friday Night"**

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[Verse 1]

I just left the mall gettin' fresh as I can
Can't hardly walk cause I got so many bags in my hand
I'm spinnin' like that eight, winkin' at women as they
walk by
Eyes red, I got the munchies, I'm zonin' cause I'm so
high
How many Caddys for sho' sittin' on them fattys and
Vogues
Fussin' with my niggas cause they keep on slammin'
my doors
Hit the crib, now they chiefin' while I'm changin' my
clothes
I put the Cadillac up and bust out with the Range Rover
I went to see my nigga Cool, I know he got sticky too
I pulled up he on the front porch puffin' a blunt or two
I copped an ounce now it's time to bounce and sweat
on some hoes
But first I stopped at the store and got us some
Optimos
Now we ready to roll, Lil' Rock twist up the blunts
I just love it when the women be jockin' them gold
fronts
On the highway, pushin' 95 on the dash
Tryin' to hurry up and get there cause that's how we
mash

[Hook x2]

It's Friday night and I'm feelin' alright
Blowin' sticky green plus I got the bank roll tight
I bet cha' the bodies will hit the strip baby
Hit the brakes on the feet and make it dip baby

[Verse 2]

We on the strip and so tight, I'm seein' cars for miles
Women smilin' yeah I know they jockin' our styles
I got diamonds against the wood, I'm knockin' up out
the frame
I'm hangin' all out the window, them women callin' out
my name
And bumpin' Thug Pasion, she ridin' tight ho

Flickin' hard on them twenties like was a car show
So many freaks on the set, pretty legs and tight shorts
The only hard part is makin' the right choice
Tryin' to find something super-duper stout tonight
Take her to the room and put her on the house tonight
That's how we do, runnin' game on bitches we put em'
out
After we finish runnin' trains on bitches it ain't no doubt
I met a young freak, she came and got in the Rover
She had shorts up the ass now ya know it was over
Time to hit the tel, knock her off and bounce the scene
That's an every day thang when a nigga be ridin' clean

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

We dropped the freak off and headed back to the strip
I'm sippin' Moet, that bubbly got me ready to rip
Turn the pager off and seein' hoo-gobs of niggas
With they guard on like they gon' really rob some
niggas
We don't worry bout jackers cause we strapped for that
kind of shit
We focus on ballin' tryin' to push up behind a bitch
Hoes jockin' for sho' I seen em' lookin' off in the truck
Come on lets go home and put them legs off in the
truck
We met some more freaks, fine as hell, they were nice
peep
I'm rubbin' on titties I put my hand up thighs quick
They asked us to follow them to the room and smoke
some bud
They smokin' with hoes, we jump on it they show us
love
We down for whatever, I bust a U and got right behind
her
She rounded her friends up and they jumped in the
Pathfinder
We trailin' em' to the room and you know what time it is
Back to the telly now nigga we flexin' ain't that some
shit

[Hook x2]

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