

## 4th Pyramid

### "Friday Nights"

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I don't do them dances for what it's really worth  
I'm on the dance floor fingers up the mini skirt  
Bent off the Grigio me and my amigo  
Is known to fuck every night wherever we go  
It's Friday night and I'm new to the city

Brought a pocket full of 50's and my crew to get busy,  
man  
Hey, yo, man, hold up, man, who took the bucket of ice,  
man?  
Every night should be a Friday night

Flashes from the Nikon turn the mic on  
Snake charmer make her wiggle on the python  
Do these numbers, groupies love us  
Then it's back to smoke in Jacuzzi bubbles  
Sly grin on my face and I do mean trouble  
Order up another round and we do need doubles,  
motherfucker  
Cigars crack while I sport a jean blazer  
Rolling up the grass she like Josephine Baker  
Sparkle in the night, park it on the right  
Tip the valet then get lost up in the hype  
We smoke loud and burn those widows  
Sitting on the VIP couch with turquoise pillows  
Yes, it's Friday night

All access, fuck who the band is  
Take chances, fuck who your man is  
Do that shot, smoke that pot  
Shake that ass, oh that's hot, let's  
Ride the highway with views of the city, then it's  
Back to my place you're doing it with me  
'Cause it's Friday night

Catch me from the Copacabana to Caribana  
Or rolling on a bus out with Ghost in Atlanta  
Room 2512 at the Embassy Suites  
And when you in the lobby, girl  
Make sure you mention it's me  
Head across the elevators, make the right turn in

Story of life celebrated like I'm Iceberg Slim  
Every night should be a Friday night

Tan sweaters, butter pecan leathers  
Starlets unbuttoning their dresses  
Friday night, why waste life?  
Same bad decisions made and my mind ain't right  
I'm still the best, spill my Becks  
See nothing but the silhouette until the next  
Friday night

Cork wedges, red carpet entrance  
Sticky floors wiping sweat off the lenses  
Last call fights for cabs in the street  
Picking up the tab, shit there goes like half of the week  
Yeah, we puff pass on up past dawn  
And you all you remember next morning how you love  
that song  
It's called Friday night

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