

Arena Productions

"808 Party"

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Overflow, I've got an overflow of green bottles and.

What do you want, what else could you need, It's an 808 party going on.

What more do you want, what else could you need, it's an 808 party going on.

Where is the party this evening? Everytime my phone rings, It's at Kaleo's, Meet me at 808, And when I arrive I realize the truck next to me has bigger tires than mines. And when the door opens my eyes bug out, my jaw hits the floor, when the girls jumps out, sike! Looking like, looking like I should talk to her, just a passing, glance is all I got.

I kick off my slipper right by the door mat, and their kinda nice, so I know I won't be getting those back. But that's okay cause i'm in the party, and it taste like the kog's been spiked with Bacardi, in the nollie, the bass line stays fine. When I turn around, my face finds a fine face smiling at me. I smile right back, say Hey would you like to go on a date? 808 party.

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What more do you want, what else could you need, it's an 808 party going on. What do you want, what else could you need, It's an 808 party going on.

What more do you want, what else could you need, it's an 808 party going on.

Now these girls are looking hottie, when we're flowing of Bacardi. This flower fragrance, you'd be rubbing on my body. Tonight we tearing it up, for all the hotties. You got me at this 808 party. I'm getting hebegebees seeing floss bikinis. Pull down my beenie, for chumps that just see me, Throw my hands up for this tight ass beat. I thought I told you, it's Arena Produce for the street.

Cause we on a winning streak, every single week, Steinys, Heinys, Spiny and a pound of crip. See Arena's

got a party, straight out to face ya, homies and aloha,
nobody to diss ya. Getting faded, see that's the style.
We rock the island like a beatbox, keepin it wild. Wild
on E, Come get wild on me for free. Still slammin that
dub nasty.

Cause all through the days, we like slave to waves,
coming out of a cave, yeah we knows giving praise, till
the sweet aching, always sticking, come and hit it with
me, don't be so picky.

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There's a difference between me and other mc's. The
fact that I laugh when i'm spitting up, please. Listen up
Billy B's, always lining up with ease. And always
claiming homies that would cultivate the trees at ease.
We livin' on the B Isle. I wonder why this guy is fronting
negative vibes, it's like damn bitch lose the attitude, we
all grew up elementary school. Sipping booze and
twenty-twos, And heinys when we cruise, and we
choose to smoke bomb buds that Jimmy grew. And my
crew represents the double K-town, Hawaiians wide,
East side, South point and back around.

Putting it down, Big island on the map, where the kids
go surfing and the reggae music go rap. And we sit
back and rap, as we twist up organic classic, home
grown, sweet, toke, choke, and pass it.

Billy Blunt's on the microphone, ya see, Arena
Productions and Dub Nasty, always jamming with
friends and family. K-town's going down in history.

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