

## El Pus "Monday Morning"

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I took a toke and a guzzle now I'm ready to go  
I think my brain's feeling fuzzy from the chemicals  
The girl across the bar looks so pretty to me  
But I don't know if it's her body or the ecstasy

We got one navigator and an old chevette  
We're not sure which one we want to show her yet  
I'm talking one shot, two shot, three shots, four  
She came into the bar respectable but left a whore

We gonna party up, until we get enough  
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh  
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'  
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh

I got some chickens in my coop, they down for gettin' it  
on  
They hardly recognize my face but know the words to  
my song  
I'm having visions of euphoria, just feeling lovely  
Ain't got a nickel to my name but they still rolling with  
me

We pull up to the corner store to purchase some snacks  
But I head straight to the pharmacy to buy profilacs  
I'm putting one stunt, two girls, three chicks, four  
Into the back of my ride but I can fit no more

We gonna party up, until we get enough  
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh  
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'

Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh

We gonna party up, until we get enough  
So throw your hood up, uh, oh, uh, oh  
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'  
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh

Picked up this chick 'cause we like the way she sounds  
After a half an hour we don't like her around  
She's tipsy and spilled a 12 dollar drink on the ground

And she has a lot to say but none of it's profound, uh,  
oh, uh, oh

Smoke, smoke y'all  
Cheeba, cheeba y'all  
Get crunk y'all  
And you don't stop

We gonna party up, until we get enough  
So throw your hands up, uh, oh, uh, oh  
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'  
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh

(Smoke, smoke y'all)  
We gonna party up, until we get enough  
(Cheeba, cheeba y'all)  
(Get crunk y'all)  
So throw your hood up, uh, oh, uh, oh  
(And you don't stop)

(Smoke, smoke y'all)  
We're gonna rip it up and we ain't stoppin'  
(Cheeba, cheeba y'all)  
(Get crunk y'all)  
Till we get to Monday morning, uh, oh, uh, oh  
(And you don't stop)

[Incomprehensible]

It's Monday  
Let's get it on, okay  
Alright, rock and roll

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