

Jon Young**"Post Up In The Parkin Lot"**

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Sky Skrapin Entertainment

[Chorus:]

I don't... I don't need your VIP
I'll post up in the parkin' lot.
Post up in the parkin' lot
Post up in the parkin' lot [x4]

[J. Cash:]

Rider lookin so clean
Chevy lookin so mean
Sittin on some colored glass
Like a bottle of some Sobe
I'm at the club you know me
White Tee and Chuck Taylors
LA hat is to the back
The bouncers bein straight haters
Tellin me I can't come in
I gotta meet the dress code
But I don't do that silk shit
These dudes lookin like straight hoes
Gotta have a collared shirt
Naw homie I hate those
Said, "well those the rules" so bump that homie I'm a
break those
Chevy with the Lambo doors and it got the popped
trunk
Black and white paint job air brushed sayin "GOT
DONKS?
"

Speakers bumpin Lil' Boosie tellin me to swerve on em
Everybody goin wild parkin on the curb on em
Standin on the roof of the brand new Escalade
I don't need no VIP cause I'm already playa made
And I don't want nobody tellin me what I can and can't
do
So I'm a post up in the parkin' lot and act a straight
fool

[Chorus x4]

[Calliko:]

(I bring the party to ME!)

I refuse to take my fitted off and spend up on the
cover charge

I ain't puttin on no button up to get up in the club at
all

I sip until my cup is gone,

Smoke until the butt is off, and

Post up in the parkin' lot and wait up on the club to
close

I can't get up in VIP, I ain't showin no ID

But I brought all the Shawtys so I'm a bring the party
straight to me

They hate to see me pullin up

The speakers poundin' loud as fuck

Roundin up they chicks cause they insist on ridin out
with us

They wanna see ferreal that's straight

Hope off in the Chevrolet

I tell em bring they friends and let em know that we
got extra space

Them bitches hate then let em hate

Don't feed into they jealousy

They made cause you in the position that they'll never
be

So let em be, make yourself at home up on these
leather

seats

Together we can roll out and just zone out to this
melody

Sky Skrapin Entertainment, hooked up with them 80's
babies

You can't be in the parkin' lot without hearin somebody
sayin...

[Chorus x4]

[Jon Young:]

Ay

I don't need a club to meet hoes

So what I gotta dress up for?

I'm here to throw some fuckin bows

And act a fool with my folks

They playin trap shit but scared to let the trappers in

It's packed in with fake cats

So why I wanna chill with them?

I'd rather post up in the parkin' lot and let loose

Got that king kong in the trunk, bangin them raw tunes

There ain't no cover charge

There ain't no dress code

The chick still shakin that ass man it's a free show

Donk riders in they whips show stoppin
Got the folks standin in line, starin and whatchin
Even got the Reaggeton chicks turnin heads
Got they mans all heated I can see em turnin red
Man fuck VIP it's a waste if you ask me
You blowin hunnies just to get up in some hoes jeans?
Shit I could get a chick walkin down the block bitch
It don't need your VIP I'll post up in the lot bitch!

[Chorus x4]

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