

Little Brother "After The Party"

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Ayo baby, come over here
Lemme, let me holla at you for a minute
(I am your conscience)
Nah, nah, I'm saying f'real, come over here
Nah f'real let me, lemme holla at you f'real, no, no
bullshit
(I am making a total ass of myself)

Fuck nah
(I am your conscience)
Ayo check it out, ay umm
You wanna go to the Waffle House, get some food?
(I just did another pick-up line that didn't go over)
No, what the fuck you mean no? I'm sayin yo, I'm aight
(Maybe I should tell her what a famous rapper I am)

(Yeah, that'll get her on my side)
I'm Phonte from Little Brother, you heard, you know me
Can't stop, won't stop
(She's never heard of me, wow what a surprise)

(I am your conscience)
Aight look okay maybe you got a bad mouth
Aight, whatever for, I'm just saying
Now don't, don't make a nigga go home tonight man I,
I
(Maybe you should just say something nice to her and,
wrap it up)

I, I mean, I'm just saying like you looking good,
knaahmsaying
(You're not fucking tonight)
Don't let a nigga go home alone tonight
(I am your conscience)

Parking lot pimps, 9 out of 10 more parking lot simps
Ladies want lobster but settle fo' shrimps
Dikembe Mutombo, blocking all attempts
Niggas ain't pimps

Tugging elbows
When you walk by, compliment you on your toes

Heard all the cons now listen to the pros
Knew you looked girl that's just the way it goes

As if you didn't know; I saw you at the bar
I'm leaning on this Escalade, but it ain't my car
When you gon' recognize I'm something like a star
My crib down the street, we ain't gotta go far

I know I sound wrong, but I'm just being real

No games, aim is to tell you how I feel, trying to cop a
feel
Me and you backseat, I just wanna chill
If looks could kill, first name would be Bill

Out on a Friday night, fake smiles and flashing lights
Where do all the lonely people go when the party's
over?
Everybody is your friend, I hope this never ends
Cause I don't know where lonely people go when the
party's over
(And the people go)

The milk's gone bad, the bees flew South
The honey's all gone and the birds talking 'bout
They ain't hanging out 'cause they gotta go to work
One just had a daughter, one gotta go to church

I think I need to work on me 'cause it hurts
To see every weekend eating all my paystub
Always trying to impress these niggas
With expensive-ass liquor I don't even like the taste of

I think it's sickening
Things we do to see and be seen on the scene
We seem to love it, so lost when the lights go off
We sit and we often wonder what's the meaning of it

It's like nobody want to live they life
They just wanna re-enact the same scene every night
Everybody's selling fantasies, no matter what the price
Like I'll love you forever, but forever ends tonight

This is the last call, for the jump off express
All potential passengers
Please leave your pride and dignity in the parking lot
And come holla at the nigga in the red '93 Civic
One deluxe pass, on the jump off express gets you

One meal at the 24 hour restaurant of your choice
Followed by 15 minutes of passion on my mamma

futon
Those with self-esteem need not apply

Shit, I think I'm just go on hit up this cookout on Capital
Boulevard
Go on get me a fancy, banana pudding shake
And a side of hush puppies
Just call it a goddamn night man, it's over

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