

**Mana****"This is My Party"**

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[Intro: Fabolous]

Hey-hey-hey yo {3x}

F-A-B

Hey-hey-hey yo {2x}

F-A-B

Hey-hey-hey yo {2x}

[Verse: Fabolous]

Ain't no tellin' what this hypno' will do to me

I'm feelin' like I can do what I want now

Dip-low immunity

Shorty! just shake your hips slow and move wit me

Take a hit a this and sip slow and thoroughly

You're sneakin' out on your man, tip-toein' to the V

Cause I know you got him whipped though like

wannabe

Let's put on a live strip show just you and me

But girl, I'm lookin' at them lips though like who is he?

They ain't never seen a whip, clothes or jewelry

So when I ask "you wanna leave the zip-code?"

Say "sure" and be me

[Chorus 1: Fabolous]

But this is my party

Stroll by if you want to

Or ya'll can stay home

But why would you want to?

[Verse: Fabolous]

We gon' party, till we laid in graves

Sweat out our doobie braids and waves

Then scream "hey-hey-hey yo"

That groupie made a wave

Cause when she seen the whips and chains

She started talking 'bout she ready to be made a slave,

c'mon

[Chorus 2: Fabolous] (2x)

This is my party

So get fly if you like to

Get high if you like to cause I know you like to

Put your hands up as high as you like to  
And if it feels good scream "hey-hey-hey yo"

[Verse: Fabolous]

I don't know about y'all  
But we doin' it over here  
All the glasses got liquid that blue in it over here  
Cigars got somethin' sticky that's glueing it over here  
Ladies movin' it over there, movin' it over here  
I can fit a few in a Rover's rear  
We havin' a good time, don't ruin it overs this  
You see why we asks is to see ID  
Cause girls will do anything for some VIP access  
Me I relax this (easy)  
Cause I'm used to ballin'  
You could tell that these guys need practice  
But if it was a problem then I would confront you  
You saying "no" but ya eyes say you want to  
But a pitcher that probably slugs, pitches and talk a put  
I ride wit the top down and switch to the top-up look  
Would you believe most these bitches go bop up shook  
Their asses pokin' out like them pictures in pop up  
books

[Chorus 2]

[Verse: Fabolous]

Oh yea! We's off the Richter Scale  
Hate will get you, put in coffins quick as hell  
If the ladies would show it off and thick as hell  
For my hustlers knockin' off them bricks as well  
And everybody, up north that's sick in jail  
I probably feel y'all, send you all of the flicks in mail  
The Street Family speed off in six SL's  
To all them chicks that yell "hey-hey-hey-hey yo"  
Shake your glasses back and forth to mix it well  
Shake your ass back and forth as quick as hell  
And just from lookin' at them thighs from the front view  
Girl I know that these guys say they want you  
If I wake up in the sand, clothes from yesterday  
Same hoes from yesterday  
Lightin' clips to the same dro' from yesterday  
Her hang-overs yesterday  
You ain't mistaken we in Benz's today  
But we had them Range Rovers yesterday

[Chorus 2]

[Outro: Fabolous] (to fade)

Hey-hey-hey yo...

Hey-hey-hey yo...

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