

Method Man "Party Crasher"

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Intro: club bouncer

Aww shit... not these niggaz again!

Aiyyo listen!

I'm only lettin five of you motherfuckers in here tonight

If your man ain't on the guest list

He get to the BACJ of the fuckin line

And you know another motherfuckin thing?

I don't give a fuck if a bitch spill a drink

In this motherfucker tonight

I'm kickin ALL y'all the fuck outta here

[Method Man]

Uhh

Muh'fuckers be up in the club scared to fuckin death

Nigga if you scared why don't yo' ass just stay the fuck home

Check it out uhh

Me and mines at the door, ain't tryin to pay your fees

Stop playin, you fuckin with me, I push my way in

Bum rush there's plenty of us to tear the club up

Guzzlin Bacardi and such, I split a Dutch

Bouncin nigga lookin like he want war

Now I ain't the one you got to front Pah

Pattin me down like the law

As I stumble in the party

Topsey off the Limon Bacardi for sure

Loungin near the bar section, rolled the L

And kept steppin, concealed weapon, razor sharp

Blue star hatchet, in the sleeve of my jacket

Who that kid, on the dance floor lookin for matches?

Burn somethin, one toke got me blasted

Took another toke then I passed it, choke!

Fantastic, herb ain't no joke

Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashish

Ladies on the dance floor, shakin they asses

Got millon dollar broke niggaz, that makin passes

Honey with the eye glasses, body work is Boombastic

Skin like blackberry molasses, mmmmm

At last it's, time to step and make her mine

Niggas headin toward the bathroom tuckin they shines

Brothers got to keep it movin, playin with kids

That won't hesitate to snatch a Cuban

You know what this is...

("Yo Duke that's your diamonds right there God?
Yo that shit'll go RIGHT where my people ain't right
now.."
"Yo don't touch my shit!")
Now it's on in the lavatory, I heard a scream
End of story couldn't find shorty, party scene's
Now a fucked up chaotic thing, won't be long
Before the sirens intervene, the territory
Can't we all get along, without the ruckus
Got big bouncin muh'fuckers, tryin to rush us
I can take a hint, what? Can smell the stench
Of a hell bent environment, the odds against us
Back to the wall y'all, refuse to fall
All hands on deck yes, prepare to brawl
Uhh, every time I try to have a good time why?
Somebody always fuckin it up, killin my high, damn
Monkey wrench they whole program, party over
By that time I'm dead sober
In the midst of this whole shit fo' soldiers, dead gone
You can tell that they was heat holders
Everybody hit the deck when they expose tech, I fled
the set
Bitch slipped and caught a broke neck, some Brooklyn
kids
Rushed the coat check, they whole set, stompin Duke
Half to death and took his Rolex, it's horrible
Like a front page article, Mister Pitiful
About a step away now we critical, uhh
As I boned out I heard the people shout
NIGGAZ, yea cold turn the party out!
Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh
(sirens)

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