

MC Chris

"PW/OM"

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Blue jeans, check! Black-T, check!
Record my raps on a cassette tape deck.
Wearin' no sweats 'cause Nike owns Chucks.
Three rows of studs 'cause hoes wanna fuh-!
Axe to max on my nasty socks,
synchronize with a text but I guess I'm blocked.
I'd leave voicemail but it would just be mocked.
Wake up my mom, dad'd clean my clock!
"Hey, mom, it's me - no need for alarm.
Gonna be a party that's the straight-up bomb.
Here's your keys and your coat and Louis Vuitton."
She's like, "Uggghhh...," and you know that it's on!
She's gotta do some errands and a couple of chores,
drop the videos off, hit the grocery store.
"If your gonna be a bitch, trick, get on all fours!"
"If you don't watch that lip, it's goodbye to your porn!"
Word is born, say no worries and we're out in a hurry.
I beg for Mickey D's, cold mac a McFlurry.
Pulls the Prius into Payless and I start gettin' worried.
Turn on the radio, started listning to Journey.

Don't start the party with out me!
Say it one more time, but this time say it loudly!
I said don't start the party with out me!
Say it one more time, but this time say it loudly!

I bet there's pot, I never tried it.
Bet there's lots, I'm so excited.
My first beer, no fear, why fight it?
Hope it's not a problem that I'm not invited!
Got a party jones like I'm a Kennedy.
Eleven-fifteen, night was never meant to be.
My maternal enemy is sure to be the end of me.
She in there buyin' shoes like she a centipede.
Next to the pharmacy, I mac on a magazine.
Party's thumpin' in my brain, blood throbbin' to the
beat.
I can see the honey bees while they're breakin' up the
trees,
shotugn with tongue; that'd be off the heez!
Bitch, please! Not Barnes and Noble!
Clock's tickin', everybody's totaled.

By the time I get there, there'll be nobody home.
Don't get me started, just get me stoned!

Don't start the party with out me!
Say it one more time, but this time say it loudly!
I said don't start the party with out me!
Say it one more time, but this time say it loudly!

PARTY!
...Without me...

CVS, Payless, Barnes and Blockbuster.
Hit by tear gas made of minimall mustard.
Buyin' tampons, rentin' Prince of Tides,
Grease 2, and Just One of the Guys.
One hell of a night, one hell of a ride.
If you're not allowed to drive, gotta empathize.
I'm way in the back, prayin', "Jesus, please!"
Watchin' Dora the Explorer on the DVD,
and why didn't we hit the party in the first place?
"Cause I don't want my son gettin' shit-faced!"
I did a spit take, it's almost midnight,
keg's tapped, no fun, no fist fights.
Goodnight, goodbye, sweet Bacchanal
that was somewhere in the condos by the shopping
mall.
She's says I'm too young for beer and drugs.
"Maybe when you're grown up, you can go and get
crunk."

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