

Too Much On The Beat "Party Bout To Pop"

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[Intro:]

Ayyy

Too Much, YT, and uhh... Faze

Let's go

[Chorus: x2]

1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, rock

5, 6, 7 o'clock, 8 o'clock, rock

11 o'clock, 12 o'clock, the party bout to pop

The party bout to pop, the party bout to, party bout to

[Too Much:]

Swagger, ultra mean, indeed it's he

Too much, spotless from his feet to his tee

Chick lookin from a far and don't believe it's me

Crack a smile, watch em run like dmc

Cause I'm fresh than a mug, gettin pressed by the sluts

Cause I'm, too clean like I slept in the tub

Got the spot jerkin as I stepped in the club

As long as lean up in my chest than I'm good

We gone jerk all night, honeys still boppin

YT and Faze, guaranteed poppin

And me, I'm straight from a dc comic

My neck stone cold just like steve austin

Or boston, thought you knew

Straight sick of these lames, I burry more than drew

What it do, the party bout to pop

So lil mama can stop starin at the clock like

[Chorus x2]

[YT:]

The party bout to pop like a mothafuckin glock

So I hit up all the bros at about 8 o'clock

I'm like, let's function they say somethin that it's not

So I sagged all the bros at about 9 o'clock

On the way to the party and we bout to make a stop

For some mango kush, and some jose cuervo

Tryna get turnt, tryna have my eyes lay low

It's nothin to YT I get bread like a bagel

You a hole, I stack like legos

In the party turnt up, don't give a damn who say
I jerk, I bounce, I dip
I lean, I step, I skip
And your girl, I flipped
Spit a little game and leave her hangin like a lip
Ha, so don't even trip
I get it poppin like a pimple in this bitch

[Chorus x2]

[Faze:]

The party bout to pop, the party bout to pop
Let's get the shit jumpin, like hopscotch
Ayy, I'm a beast on the beat and yeah, I got props
I'm a beast in the street and yeah, I got guap
Smokin blizzies like I spit ashes
Chick magnet, yeah I spit magic
I'm a steez, from my toes to my elbows
To my brain, it's a wrap like gift baskets,
Damn, and you could hate, you could hate
Cause a nigga laughin straight to the bank
Ay, I got fits and I'm back in the spot
Plus my money still rise cause I'm stackin alot
Oh you got some new kicks, this will happen alot
Cause I ain't talkin fast food when I'm jackin the box
And any means or issues, I'm a ball
And if you tryna chief, I'm the nigga you could call like

[Chorus x2]

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