

White Devil "One Ticket To The Party"

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Verse 1:

Well, it's Friday and I can't wait
and like always my boss is fucking late
he's doin the rounds and passing out checks
while I'm fantasizing about wringing his neck
He's a trust fund kid doesn't have to think
Grin across his face like his shit don't stink
Can I take a bat to your head sir?
Dat what I said sir, you ass kissing loser
So the checks cashed and I'm headed home
Grab some food and Mickey D's to go
A few Red Bulls for the road wouldn't you know
There's a fine lady at the drive-thru window
Get the digits, tell her to be ready for eight
Not a fucking second late
Liquor store run, smokes and gum
Drop the Cosby kids off at the lake

Chorus:

You got one ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
It's Friday night and you need to get away
Fuck going back to work on Monday
One ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
Saturday night and you getting faded
5 am and your still fucking wasted

Verse 2:

Show up at the house and you know she's late
Filing her nails and putting on the war paint
It's like she's going into a battle, wearing a saddle
Strap on in the bag for after (nice)
She's gotta few friends and they late too
Let's hope they're hot and not still in highschool
One hour later and I'm mad as hell
Ditch the friends, fucking time to bail
So the cars rollin' and were on our way
Some 50 cent loaded in the tray
Grab the bowl, start the day

Mile marker 8, we begin to fade (or bake)
Show up late, clubs packed
Sword fight, front to back
Take my lady to the front row
Kiss the bouncers ass and in we go

Chorus:

You got one ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
Late Sunday morning and it's time to stop
feel like shit, hit the IHOP
One ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
Monday's and your back at the rat race
Ass for a face and a job that you still hate

Verse 3:

Excuse me! Hold the door I'm coming in
Got a fake ID and a girlie friend
Said her name was Sally and she's a 23-tight
Gave her a room and helmet just the other night (right)
Her legs are long, bikini line white
Dress her like a maid and bang her every night
She gets me in the club so I keep her around....daaa
tells me she loves me every time I go down on her

Chorus:

One ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
It's Friday night and you need to get away
Fuck going back to work on Monday (FUCK THAT!)
One ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
Saturday night and you getting faded
5 am you still fucking wasted
You got one ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
Everybody's rollin' in the shades
Late Sunday morning and it's time to stop
feel like shit, hit the IHOP
One ticket to the party
Checking out the hotties
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Monday's and your back at the rat race
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