

## Woodie "Off Night"

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[Woodie]

I step into a house party  
Cortez's shinin'  
Khakis creased up  
Sharper than a diamond  
I wasn't invited  
So I might be out a place  
I'm peepin' the scene  
I feel no funk  
But feel the bass  
They bumpin' some of that  
Northern Cali type a shit  
Cold World Hustlers  
Mac Dre and Brotha Lynch  
I'm catchin' the vibe  
The atmospheres I'm sweatin'  
But still holdin' the nine  
In case a homie got to bang  
Directions one to one  
When it comes to the sets  
Cuz it just might be fun tonight  
I usually don't expect it  
See if your wandering eyes glancin' my way  
Who'd a thought out on a  
Saturday or a Friday

Chorus: 2X [Shannon Sanders]

Although it's an off night  
It just might turn out right  
Although it's an off night  
Don't junk it till dawn light

[Woodie]

Three choices it appears to me  
But the brunette with the booty is steering me  
She's got them bright green eyes  
Proper face, thick thighs  
Tits average size  
All in all she's the prize  
I smoothly make my way across the room  
My confidence is high  
With three 40's consumed

Hit her with some small talk  
Then back off some  
If the conversation stops  
It was a false alarm

She pursued to chop it up  
And asked if I liked to groove  
I said, 'Baby I'm a gangster  
When I dance I barley move'  
So if that's cool with you  
Then fo' sho' lets hit the floor  
But I must admit  
My specialty's to stop and get low

[Chorus] 2X

[Woodie]  
The party's gettin' humid  
And the heat I can't bear  
So baby I'm a got out front  
And get some fresh air  
She said she'd like to go to  
And asked, 'Is that alright with you'  
Not a problem  
But I might just hit the liquor store or two  
My Lark's down the block  
And since the night's hot  
If you want, it's convertible  
So we can drop the top  
Right there I had her caught  
A fish on a hook  
She was puddy in my hands  
I could tell by her look  
She asked if I was a playa  
I said, 'That life ain't for me'  
NorteÂ±o from the Yoc  
Now that's a different story  
She fell for every word  
She was lovin' me no doubt  
Told my homies that I came with you  
It's time I headed out  
To the Lark, to the store, to my spot,  
To the soft white imperals on my bed  
I'm hittin' skins on and off [not yet]  
Sometimes that's the way it goes  
Tryin' to get crackin' on the Lincoln  
It's all in the ass

[Chorus] 4X

