

## Yung Joc "BYOB"

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Joc, Joc don't stop, oh my God, you're so hot  
Catch me on your block with 4 glocks and 4 shots  
Bet you niggas know not, try me like a hoe not  
Niggas run in, kick the door, fuck a door knock

Gotta make the quarter, I mix it with the soda  
I chop the dope and sell it with the Razor Motorola  
Hold up 'fore I have to load up, hollow tips as they  
explode up  
Leave you pussy niggas wet as chocha stankin' with the  
odor

Bring your own beer to the party, alright  
Bring your own beer to the party, alright  
Bring your own beer to the party, motherfuckers  
'Cause I heard you came to have a good time, alright

Alright, alright, alright, alright  
(Ah, let's go)  
Alright, alright, alright, alright  
(Ah, let's go)

Alright, alright, alright, alright  
(Ah, let's go)  
Alright, alright, alright, alright  
(Ah, let's go, motherfucker)

Yeah, Yung Joc so jiggy, Learjet to your city  
Monday night, Magic City, thunderstorm when I'm  
tippin'  
Ice game, Super Nifty, super kush, two for fifty  
Fat boy yellin' out, pop bottles 'til I'm tipsy

I like my chick booty big-o, lay my head on them big  
ole's  
Put her on her tiptoes, I get up in the middle  
I don't wine them, dine them, or rest have 'em  
I'm the number 1 playboy, I press play and

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Party like a rock star, better yet, block bar  
Lighter to the ceiling, grab a beer, pop the top boy  
I.F. so clear, freezer burn both ears  
Elders say, oh dear, when they hear I'm near

Rubber burn, first gear, platinum on my first year  
Wood on my sheer, put my wood all in her grill  
Roof on fire, sound the alarm  
We don't need water, let the motherfucker burn

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5 4 3 2, R 2 D 2  
Let me see your robot, a little dance that we do  
High right, low left, I'm hype with no help  
On cloud 9, heart racin' like Corvette

I need a material girl in a material world  
Give me slim on the backseat of my Imperial, girl  
Go and show me what you work with, girl, that's a  
perfect fit  
Hold up, stop, it hurts when you twist it

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