

Blood On The Dancefloor

"Party On"

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Verse one:

Girls on lock
Make it drop
Hand On glock
Party Hard, Never stop
Haters hate bitches talk
I'm to trash to even walk
I'm to gone to be found
Heat rising 40oz
Wrist. ankle. shackle. thighs
I'll black out till sunrise
I'll wake up with no regrets
With eleven girls in my bed
I'm back up, and going out,
Fuck my way through the crowd
Gotta raise my body, count,
Up and down,
Scream and shout
Live it up,
Party down,
Whiskey' shots till' I hit the ground

CHORUS:

There's a party that's going on
We'll stay up till' the break of dawn
Neon Lights! Bacardis in my sight
I'm feelin' good when the drinks are all gone
Live it up, Party on
Drink it down, Till' the sun comes out
Live it up, Party on
Drink it down, Till' the sun comes out

Verse 2:

I'm the center of attention,
And I'm tiltin 'em back.
I've got all my favorite boys, Jose, Johnny and Jack.
We eat nails for breakfast,
And whiskey for lunch,

But it's not my kind of party till there's a spike in the
punch!
Take a hit,
Take a sip,
Lose your head,
Let it drip.
Dubstep,
Move your hips,
Lose your grip,
Move your feet,
Leave this track on repeat,
Take the party to the streets.
Another boy, another drink, who cares what people
think?

Bridge:

Commencing Operation: Get Fucked up!

My name must taste so good,
Cause it's always in somebodies mouth.
At least I know I'm popular,
Cause all my shows sell out.
From L.A. to New York,
Parading coast to coast.
All these whores are just notches on my bed post.

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