

Princess

"Cold Tea"

Visit "[Cold Tea](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, here's a big story 'bout Boston and cold tea
It was me Dougie P and Jeff we call him Kenney
Left from the Port on the Peter Pan Trailways
Chillin' with Doug's parents for a coupla days
Pat and Dave yeah that was Dougie's folks
Doug asked for the wagon but his dad said nope
We wanted to jet but Dave sparked the barbeque
So we ate up the chicken and then we cut loose
Pat drove the wagon yeah into town
She was off to catch the Boston Pops symphony sound
We thanked her for the ride and she gave Doug some
money
She said don't forget the subway closes at 12:30
Headed to the bar but I had no I.D.
I had to flirt with the bouncer just to gain entry
Had a few here and we had a few there
Bustin' all that shit in Harvard Square
Cold Tea-I need it
Shit Goddamn
12 rolled around and we was feelin' loose
Then the bartender says he's stoppin' sellin' the juice
All the bars here close at 1 am so it's time to head out
back to the
Suburbs again
But Kenny wouldn't have it he was rarin' to go
So for the after-hours we decided to scope
Asked all the locals where's the place to be
They said ya gotta go to Chinatown and ask for cold
tea
We were real psyched so we hopped the taxi
Spotted our place it was called the Dynasty
Smiled at the waiter, ordered cocktails for 3
He said we got the pork fried rice but we don't have no
cold tea
We was real bummin' but we needed a snack
So we ordered on up the fancy Pu-Pu Plat
Ate all the grease from that crazy platter
We had no cold tea we was just gettin' fatter!
Cold-T-Give it to me!
Shit Goddamn
We had no more money yeah and nowhere to go

It was just us on the street with some bums, some hoes
Then these Boston hicks stumbled onto the street
They was lookin' to do something that was 'neat'
They said we don't know what to do, do you
I said we're not from here, what the fuck is new
What is up with this Boston town
There ain't nothin' to do but but sit your butt on the
ground
My butt was real tired I was on the concrete so I said yo
let's go to
Park Street
We got in the hicks' car they was drivin' real fast
They was all juiced up, foot was glued to the gas
I thought we were gonna die for sure
So I motioned to my crew, I unlocked the door
He said don't worry honey I'm an Amtrack Conductor
And do you have a friend as cute as you, I'd like to fuck
her
I said to them yo ya'alls all dorks
Get me on that Peter Pan back to New York!!!
Cold-T-I need it!
Shit Goddamn

Visit [Princess](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.