

**Brooklyn Zu f/ Preacherman****"Party with the Zu"**

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[Intro: 12 O'Clock] Yeah I wanna date you, huh Missy?  
Can I date you, date you? Can I go out on a date with  
you? Can I spoil you? Feed you? Can I go out on a date  
with you? [Chorus: Preacherman] If you wanna party  
with the Zu ma Let's get this party started Drunk up in  
the VIP ma Let's get this party started Back that thing  
against the wall now Bend down and touch the floor  
Whoa, never seen a thing shaped like that ma Bend  
down and touch ya toes [12 O'Clock] Hey sexy, see ya  
smell so sweet And them thongs you wear shows ya  
ass cheek You in the club like a freak, and ya job is  
police So won't you drop it down and touch ya feet?  
Let's pop some bottles, the kind that burn when you  
swallow And all ya girlfriends, they lookin' like models  
Treat us like celebrities from the time that we get out  
the car to the VIP What you drinkin' ma? See I like what  
you're wearin' and it's fittin' ya ma See you sexy in  
appeal, I could picture me ma I got mirrors on my ceil'  
when I'm hittin' ya ma When I'm hittin' ya ma, dang it...  
[Chorus] [Buddha Monk] Zu mackin', step up in the  
club Lookin' for that girl nails done and feed scrubbed  
Her elegance, got a thug issue We was stuck on the  
island like Ginger with Phil again Hulk adrenaline, got  
her ass bendin' Her waist cuffed, better feel, oh Mr.  
Pelican Zu backward man means under your zucinni  
Persperation from this dance got that thing stringy  
Keep it there ma, let me know what you drinkin' Don't  
stop ma, how many chips before I'm hittin' it? You right  
there ma, girl I'm not kiddin' Swerve in a Suburban with  
an ass like Free's [Chorus] [12 O'Clock] Yeah let's take  
her to the crib, yeah that girl in the pink (Come here)  
We could sex on the covers of this mink Kitchen table  
or the bathroom sink What do you think? Don't act like  
ya shit don't stink Can you get me somethin' to eat?  
Chick, I'll buy you a Frank Lemme play with ya hair while  
ya head down there See I hope that you share, I got my  
man right here You scared? You like it in the front or  
the rear? Say yeah [Buddha Monk] Keep it there ma, let  
me know what you drinkin' Don't stop ma, how many  
chips before I'm hittin' it? You right there ma, girl I'm  
not kiddin' Swerve in a Suburban with an ass like Free's

Yes, club night, bottle pops, model hops I look at the  
room right, look at knees right And she's like now (Go  
down baby) I'm like, "LL, yo slow down baby.. whoa!"  
[Chorus]

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