

Tracey Lee

"The Theme The After Party remix"

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featuring Busta Rhymes & Pirate of the Reepz

party ain't over

I stone high

RNF no doubt (2X)

flip over

Aha

Tray Lee

Verse One: Tracey Lee

Sathe music at the party

starting from the hotel lobby

lift from the fifth is how tha squad be

toss pulling chicks and shit discreetly

ha! in teams of six I'm a hid at least three

completely dipped in the fly shit

this happens when you fuck with a winner

an RNF temper contenders one amends per chance

seems a slimmin' in dinner a key figure

Tray Lee da hin da seeswigga (?)

Discreet to get the cream quicker

Why niggaz wanna come with it

all on da floor stay acidated It's war -

let's get down they do number one with the star
keepin the hip-hop theme drug
if you like it hot say what
people throw your mop in the air show love come on
Let's get up let's get down
people get lifted now Reepz & Busta
With Tray Lee don't quit now
You know we get down
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Pirates of the Reepz

We no pie when da trap-daddy is
can you feel this fag in that ass
lip-stick press left on da wine glass
please stick it in yo by-pass
standard procedure is the third leg stance
in downward position like Herman and Grees's(?)
the reeds get deeper down and explode
flip like ass and bask a flippo
763 RNF go Busta (what da deal don)
mr Tray Lee
Show These MC's how it's supposed to be
supposed to flee you don't know the meanin of me
Now when you send many wack MC's after me
when I die trayin' pie got a crew to leave your team
paralysed
wo thanx yo that shit is mo better

we gettin mo better cause da spin it mo clever

if sis wanna get it in the but nigga let her

spread her like an STD most FWD

then leave remain treed in the same PV

with nige in the flip mode out garage

chorus

wow it's party time (2X)

havin a party

Verse Three: Busta Rhymes

Wound up for the night so everybody passed out

just clap you hands get up on the dancefloor baby and
spread you ass out

let me all between the creeps's masterpieces brand
new releases

pick up my sons nephews and ma nieces

Busta Rhymes comin in and bustin you ass

like ma nigga Antonio Andorez.

drum bustin shepherd callin bomb shellin

shit on the wall that make me horse smellin

now what da fuck is goin on here

hit your back bigga (?) and break you

bust you ass academy in front of da whole capacity

who has the audacity suffers a beer

blows a rivet through the smoke I better be go ahead
take off your clothes

killing hot the dep hold your breath

mo niggaz than RNF making you wave your hand from

right to left

Busta Rhymes and Tracy Lee be like Jim Carry & Bruce
Lee maybe you wanna fight

all those who wanna & frontin me now

makin a pie about to open your eye and make you body
fly

Bust on an sayin fuck da wall we keepin hot

Tray Lee & Busta creamin on the same song

Chorus

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