Foxy Brown F/ Method Man "Have a Good Time"

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(chorus)

You can have a good time anytime that you wanna have a good time

You can have a good time anytime that you wanna have a good time

You can have a good time anytime that you wanna have a good time

You can have a good time anytime that you wanna have a good time

You can have a good time anytime that you wanna have a good time

You can have a good time

(verse 1)

It's Saturday night, I'm on the usual standing in the long line

Waiting for my hand to be stamped so I can get mine It's never me and who, it's always the same crew Me with a few ends rollin' with a few friends Fake smiles, yeah we got 'em in the pocket books For all them frontin' niggas with the rented cars that wanna look

Music blastin' in the cars while they passin'
Mini skirts high, hoping we can catch an eye
To get a duplicate number from the last week
You rap outside but inside the club you can't speak
Talkin' bout yeah, you wanna keep it real on the phone
But got me on the list just to bone
I don't think so, let me mingle, cause I'm single
Movin' to the next man, with a drink in my hand
It's all about a good time on the weekend
Party on the Sunday when you should be sleeping

(chorus)

(verse 2)

Gin, juice and tonics, stereophonics got me open Swayin' up the crowd make you wanna go wild so high Can't stop Cause you feel good When you brushin' thighs catchin' eyes off the guys when you walk by

It's Saturday night, now can you see this And if it wasn't packed in the club it wouldn't be this good All the fellas from the hood Be givin' out your number all night if you could Relaxing, no pistol packin', now what's this feelin' Temperature's risin', bass lines through the cieling Time to get a drink, I think champagne will do Pass a glass to me, and slide four bottles to my crew Why I thought you knew, that Nonchalant will make you feel right It's past midnight, and this funk's tight It's all about a good time on the weekend Party on the Sunday when you should be sleeping (chorus) (verse 3) >From inside to outside, fellas on the slow ride Creepin' while they peepin' out the jeep an' damn Yeah I feel like swayin', And if you ever fronted all night yeah you know what I'm saying But oh, what I'm feeling, and you know I'm willing To give it to you like it is so you know you're dealing With the true one, big fun, hell I 'fess If I roll past you're house then you're best to get dressed While I'm sippin', still trippin' off the last week Honeyz makin' moves but they still can't catch me Cause I'm swervin', been in ever curve an' Checkin' out the scenen so I'm just observing >From a 8-50, ladies are you wit' me And if you want's to roll, holler, can you come get me Cause it ain't no joke when we creepin' Yeah, just party on the Sunday when you should be sleeping (chorus)

(chorus)

(ad libs till fade...)

A'yo turn that shit off!!!

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