

## Former Fat Boys "Slumber Party!"

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excuse me miss i got little question to ask  
i know we just met but i was hopin i could grab your ass  
and will grab me back, while i'm checkin ya rack  
spilled my drink on you on purpose so we could have a  
good laff  
watch some flick  
cuddle, play  
watch that chick  
sip champagne  
clothes off  
pillow fight  
video camera  
nightlight

now we hooked up once  
we've hooked up thrice  
you've slept left side  
and i've slept right  
and we meet by chance  
never making plans  
tap you on the shoulder take your hand  
dance, like Howie Day you and i collide  
and i can feel in your touch you got sex on your mind  
but we're both playing games cuz we both wanna win  
there's lots to lose and we don't wanna lose again  
then its one shot, two shot, rum, jack, chase  
then its short kiss, long kiss, see how she tastes  
then its left hand right cheek see how she shakes  
then its my place her place lights on closed drapes  
hold up cuz her friend's all pissed  
you'll regret going home with him, don't do this  
fuck that bitch, fuck this plot twist  
i'm not leaving tonight i want a good morning kiss  
so we all walk home and i promise i'll be good  
i try, never quit like the little engine that could  
not leaving till i get suck sex so good  
the big bad wolf walking home little riding hood  
but the nights not done  
there's lots more fun  
she invites me in  
i'm in wink nod gun

but the jokes on me cuz this was all her plan  
Coldplay playin, candles on her nightstand

good morning sun. good morning note.  
sorry, have to work let yourself out she wrote  
so i guess that's the game, leave, ignore, forget  
and me i fucked up cuz i let her get in my head  
and the phone rings voicemail, "beep" i'll call you back  
yeah right. how many times have i fallen for that  
and it all comes down to we wanna get laid  
but don't wanna get played  
and its a trade  
its ok, play games, be lame, its alright  
i'll have a slumber party with someone else tonight  
she'll be hands on the headboard, ass to the sky  
enjoying a whole lot of \$ucksex inside

friday night, your fat friends me to come out  
hmmm...i wonder what the hell this is about  
every move is calculated, every move is planned  
black shirt, washed jeans, cologne, tag left hand  
bring a bottle of wine? fuck i'm bringing an ex  
ingredients for jealousy...mmmmm....check.  
walk in, light the torch, no going back  
let her and her girlfriends sit, sip, have a little chat  
and plot their next move, but they won't jump me  
sex in the city, i got every dvd  
these girls think its real, so that's how they act  
and they been kickin my ass, and i'm about to fight  
back  
i introduce laura she's in on take  
cuz she wants a little action, she goes both ways  
and we're one two three, drinking 151  
last call, but the night and the girls is young  
back at the ranch man its 5V 1D  
this girl, my, ex and her friends and me  
and hot tubs bubbling the clothes is all gone  
girls on girls on me then a sing along

let's hook up, let's go  
let's have a slumber party whoa!  
let's hook up, let's go  
let's have a slumber party whoa!  
let's hook up let's go  
let's do it real slow  
let's hook up, let's go  
let's have a slumber party whoa!

