

## Little Brother f/ Carlitta Durand

### "After the Party"

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[Intro]

Aiyyo baby come over here lemme, let me holla at you  
for a minute

("I am your conscience!")

Nah nah I'm sayin f'real, come over here

Nah f'real let me, lemme holla at you f'real, no, no  
bullshit

("I am making a total ass of myself") Fuck nah

("I am your conscience!") Aiyyo check it out, ay umm

You wanna go to the Waffle House, get some food?

("I just did another pick-up line that didn't go over")

No~! What the fuck you mean no? I'm sayin yo, I'm..  
aight

("Maybe I should tell her what a famous rapper I am")

("Yeah - that'll get her on my side")

I'm Phonte from Little Brother, you heard, you know me

"Can't stop, won't... stop"

("She's never heard of me - WOW! What a SURPRISE!")

("I am your conscience!") Aight look okay maybe you  
got a bad mouth

Aight, whatever for, I'm just sayin

Now don't, don't make a nigga go home tonight man I,  
I

("Maybe you should just say something nice to her and,  
wrap it up!")

I I mean, I'm just saying like, you lookin good

knahmsayin

("You're not fucking tonight!") Don't let a nigga go  
home alone tonight

("I am your conscience!")

[Phonte]

Parking lot pimps, 9 out of 10 more parking lot simps

Ladies want lobster but settle fo' shrimps

Dikembe Mutombo, blockin all attempts

Niggaz ain't pimps

Tuggin elbows, when you walk by

Compliment you on your toes

Heard all the cons now listen to the pros

Knew you looked girl that's just the way it goes

As if you didn't know; I saw you at the bar

I'm leanin on this Escalade, but it ain't my car  
When you gon' recognize I'm somethin like a star  
My crib down the street, we ain't gotta go far  
I know I sound wrong, but I'm just bein real  
No games, aim is to tell you how I feel  
Tryin to cop a feel  
Me and you backseat, I just wanna chill  
If looks could kill, first name would be Bill

[Chorus: Carlitta Durand]

Out on a Friday night  
Fake smiles and flashing lights  
Where do all the lonely people go when the party's  
over?  
Everybody is your friend  
I hope this never ends  
Cause I don't know where lonely people go when the  
party's over

(And the people go...)

[Rapper Big Pooh]

The milk's gone bad, the bees flew South  
The honey's all gone and the birds talkin 'bout  
They ain't hangin out cause they gotta go to work  
One just had a daughter, one gotta go to church  
I think I need to work, on me cause it hurts  
to see every weekend eatin all my paystub  
Always tryin to impress these niggaz  
with expensive-ass liquor I don't even like the taste of  
I think it's sickening  
Things we do to see and be seen on the scene  
We seem to love it, so lost when the lights go off  
We sit and we often wonder what's the meaning of it  
It's like nobody want to live they life  
They just wanna re-enact the same scene every night  
Everybody's sellin fantasies, no matter what the price  
Like I'll love you forever, but forever ends tonight

This is the last call, for the jump off express  
All potential passengers please leave your pride and  
dignity in the parking lot  
And come holla at the nigga in the red '93 Civic  
One deluxe pass, on the jump off express gets you  
One meal at the 24 hour restaurant of your choice  
Followed by 15 minutes of passion on my momma  
futon  
Those with self-esteem need not apply

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Outro]

Sheeit~! I think I'm just go on hit up this cookout on  
Capital Boulevard

Go on get me a fancy, banana pudding shake, and a  
side of hush puppies

Just call it a God damn night man, it's over

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