

Muph + Plutonic f/ Fatlip, Pegz "Pessimists Like to Party Too"

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[Fatlip]

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
Yeah, yeah what, check it!

[Verse 1 - Fatlip]

I step in the place, quarter past eight
Got a shot of vodka, straight with no chase
Laced with the cash flow, ready to trick off
Like a big boss, I kicked off the slick talk
The one that I picked was all on my dick
Talking bout she had to work tomorrow but she would
call in sick
Ahh she was thick! Just the way that I like it
I knew that I'd like it, like I was a psychic
I took a photograph of her arse with my psychic
To show my baby mamma the type of bitches that I get
Cut to sitting in inside her, hitting that marijuana
She looking beautiful body that'll blow the ?poliner?
Check out my new persona, just in case you don't know
me
The moral of this story, your boy's a player homie
Best wishes from the ex-pessimist, say word
Peace to my niggas, peace to my my nerds

[Hook - All] x2

Even the pessimists like to party
To the rapid rate of our heartbeats and...
Even the good girls get nasty
We pessimists love to party too

Muph, what's going on man?

[Verse 2 - Muph]

Well I step in the place and off my face
Prepared to dance to any of the songs that I hate
I'm dedicated, my flavour is an acquired taste
We get acquainted, she claims I'm her favourite, ay!
We sway together, the music's shit but we make it
better
She could be my greatest pleasure, I'm thinking grapes
and leather

She thinks I take forever, but I take it slow
I want to make her know exactly how to grace my flow
I like to lay low like fucking on the floor
She's a tight package, something fun to explore
Once she sat on my lap, I had a hunger for more
Shit, you'll be in love before the end of night fall
OK mate, cut to champagne and in the taxi
Me and this sweet suger, getting busy in the back seat
Long legs, large hips, a tip with the cab fee
The pessimism hidden, yet to living you'll catch me

[Hook] x2

[Verse 3 - Pegz]

I stepped in the place, said Pegz is my name
I came to find Muph and get off my face
Oh, wrestled to the ground and pepper sprayed
Strip searched for drugs and checked for aids
Then I jumped on the dance floor, podium limelight
Busted a move, my little homies can idolise
DJ spinning, controlling my vital signs
Ready to blow like Napoleon Dynamite
Met a girl by the bar, over Jimmy and Coke
She had an innocent face and a criminal tone
Can't remember her name, or getting back home
But she's got me butt naked on her videophone
It's like spending the morning, with Jennifer Hawkins
Forgetting every second that whatever's important
And waking up at Mardi Gras, next to Marky Mark
With a tattoo, which says pessimists party hard

[Hook] x2

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