

Anya Marina

"Party At The Liquor Store"

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(Anybody Killa)

There's a party goin' on, who's comin' with?
To kill the rest of that malt 40, and grab ya shit
I hope you got some money, cause I ain't got your back
Especially how cheap you was on the chronic sack
There's a party at the liquor store,
Don't be claimin' broke
Actin' like a cold 40 ain't good on the throat
Who you think that you foolin'? Cause it sure ain't me
Should'a borrowed five dollars from your old lady
Is there anybody's cup as empty as mine?
Pile into the Hoo-ride, seats recline
Stop at the weedspot, order up another
This is how we do it, MUTHAFUCKA
CD burned full of old school tracks
On the corner of the party store shootin' some craps
If this is something that you normally see
Then you probably live close to me

(Chorus)

There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!
There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!
There was a party
Anybody!
Party
Everybody!
There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!

(Colton Grundy)

I showed up, showed up
Khaki's creased
And a chicken head hangin' on either side of me
Sendin' me to the store
To cop some 40s
And I take my time, and make my way around the party
See my boy JD, and the weedspot on wheels
65 Impala, drop top, and make the shit hop
Come on out, sparks the blunt, with two bitches

Then came through the skunk, we got fucked up!
Seconds passed, the chicken heads came back
Now it's off to minglin' and see who else up in the
shack
The music started bumpin', there ain't no sign of the
pigs
If there was, I'd pull my shit and split they fuckin' wigs
I'm high as fuck, and stumblin' off six 40s
By the time I see my homie, ABK, up at the party
Chillin' with seven hoes and they sell toes
Or they dream about sex and those in birthday clothes

(Chorus)

There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!
There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!
There was a party
Anybody!
Party
Everybody!
There was a party at the liquor store
C'mon!

(Anbody Killa)

When I got there, shit was tight
So I rolled up a blunt of that chocolate tie
Everybody was chillin' out front, sayin' "What's up?"
Walk in to grab a 40 as I spark my stuff
Went straight to the back where the brew be at
Grabbed a cold 4-0 and proceeded to crack
Gotta dollar fifty sub and a bag of Better Made chips
Phone number from the hot bottle return bitch
It was a good day, perfect day to party
Hot bangin' bootyliscious freaks actin' horny
Man, this party store is kinda like the club
Besides the bums comin' in, cause the beer's cheap
enough
I was gettin' my groove on, big straight pimpin'
Aisle of the party store, Bud Light sippin'
I heard a gunshot, my drink dropped
I coulda swore it was the fuckin' cops

(Chorus)

There was a robbery at the liquor store
What happened?!
There was a robbery at the liquor store
What happened?!
There was a robbery
A robbery?
Someone got shot

He got shot?!
There was a robbery at the liquor store
What happened?!

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