

# House Party (feat. Young Chris)

Meek Mill

I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin'  
Her friend knockin' at the door  
And she screamin' out I'm cummin' I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin'  
Her friend knockin' at the door  
And she screamin' House party, I'mma play  
The DJ Martin Lawrence  
You know I'm always survivor man  
Those guys, Kid and Play I tell 'em meet me in the bathroom  
I fuck her while the water runnin'  
Her friend knockin' at the door  
And she screamin' out I'm cummin'  
And my youngin' in my other room  
Fuckin' up my sheets  
She tell 'em boy, don't grab my hair  
Because you're fuckin' up my weave I got a hundred bottles Ciroc boy  
All my jewelry cold as fuck but I'm a hot boy  
All these stones in my chain make me a rock boy  
And I heard you niggas talking money, you should stop, boy I fuck bitches by the group, I get  
money by the pound  
French Montana on all these niggas ch-ch-chop 'em down  
Every time I'm in the club these niggas is not around  
Everybody talking money, I say prove it not a sound White girls gone wild  
We don't judge 'em though, they ain't on trial  
Bad bitches got 'em on dial  
It's bottoms up but it's going down  
Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the living room  
They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too  
Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two  
Bottles poppin' models, watching all in my living room Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party  
Welcome to my house party, party Meet us at the bunny ranch  
You know where the honey's camp  
Meek Milly, Young Chris  
You know why them honeys amped Gotta be a natural born star  
Doin' shit that money can't  
Daddy day care home

Why you think your honey ain't Who you think she stay with?  
 This that Kid and Play shit  
 Your main chick got our night job  
 You can get a day shift I'm a hit her from the back  
 Meek get her face shit  
 He ain't wanna sway up  
 In this motherfucker, hey bitch Hey bitch, hey ho, yeah, we on that lay low  
 And they all Simon says, she do what I say so  
 Got the whole house packed, you can get your spouse back  
 When we done partyin', where the molly at that loud pack Haters can't tell us shit, don't knock  
 me, tell your bitch  
 House party, poppin' on that Martin shit, we're yelling switch  
 Cold bottles, cold magnums, gold bottles  
 We spitting on each other pussy and them hoes swallow Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the  
 living room  
 They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too  
 Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two  
 Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the  
 living room  
 They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too  
 Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two  
 Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party ATL new will ville  
 Tryna to show em how my nigga louis will feel  
 Thursday call it meek mill ville  
 You got a car ride in a Benz man it's the real deal We in the movie room, we ain't watching  
 movies though  
 Lights camera action, we gon' make a movie ho  
 She lookin' all at my wrist, she love the way this music blow  
 Pack house is hot as shit, she tell me that I'm cooler though Cooler than a fan, fresh like it's  
 Easter  
 Homie, I don't even want your bitch, you can keep her  
 She say I ain't hit that, only you believe her  
 Pull off in the Lambo, I'm like hasta la vista Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party  
 Welcome to my house party, party Ciroc all on my table, bitches in the living room  
 They gon' ask who at the door, tryna get in too  
 Only me and my niggas, tell her bring a friend or two  
 Bottles poppin' models watching all in my living room

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>