I don't wanna meet your friends
I don't wanna be in this party
I don't wanna shake no hands
I just wanna see you shake your body
Plus, you told me yourself they be hating on you
They be hating on you anyway
So I say, "Fuck these bitches
'Cause I got four wheels, some hundred dollar bills
And somewhere we can chill with some strippers
Who don't know how to discriminate"

So you can meet me out in the lobby

Just bring your purse and your pretty body

Bet you think I'm up to no good but it's so good, you gonna love it

Now that's my type of party

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Turn the lights on
Didn't you say these bitches be hating on you anyway?
Why the fuck do you always wanna be around them, then?
I ain't with all that fake shit
We can go over here to take one and fuck with some real bitches, yeah

I ain't gotta impress no bitch, I'm rich
You is, too, so we ain't gotta fit in with no cadence
It ain't shit that can get you
They already think I'm way too hooked
And I'm no good, fuck 'em

Plus that Herve Leger is fitting right and them titties sitting nice Let me touch them  $\,$ 

Young nigga from the mill town pulling in a ye yo

You can call me what you want, just make sure you call all my shit pa  $\operatorname{\mathsf{per}}$ 

Let's leave, blame me, I could be the A hoe
And you can see I'm in the club, put your middle finger up
Why you standing on the table?

So you can meet me out in the lobby
Just bring your purse and your pretty body
Bet you think I'm up to no good but it's so good, you gonna love it
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