

Marques Houston, After Party

Artist : Young Romeo f/ OmarionMarques Houston

Title : Afterparty

[Intro]

You ready
What's up everybody, huh
Yeah, I'm Omarion
Who that
Its a new Sheriff in town
Young Rome

[Chorus]

Welcome to my after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like, whoa, whoa, whoa
Welcome to the after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
I'm leaving here with somebody
So we can do it like, whoa, whoa, whoa

[Verse 1]

Okay
I rock long chains, white tees, and drinking from my bottle
Braids, freshly twisted, caressing a model
Tims untied tongue hanging out looking exhausted
Jeans sagging she asked (Where ya ass) I lost it
Asking me how much my bracelet costed
now shorty got a young baller to floss with
Don't touch the diamonds you might get frostbit
And looking at my chain might make you nauseous
I'm in a party crunk palming your dunka
Let me stand behind you and look at your future
Mami it look bright
So lets twerk on the dance floor all night
Damn your blouse is tight (make it bounce)
Girl are those cantolopes or breast-esses
'Cause I'm a freak I got multiple fetishes
You know
Hands down on the dance floor ass up
Its a after party
Niggas put your cash up (oh)

[Chorus]

Welcome to my after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like, whoa, whoa, whoa
Welcome to the after party (Welcome)
Hope that you're feeling naughty
I'm leaving here with somebody
So we can do it like, whoa, whoa, whoa

Yeah, ladies and gentlemen
I want ya'll to put your hands together
Clap your hands, clap your hands
Clap, clap, aaa

[Verse 2]

After me there will be no replacement
(Yo what's that smell)
My homie smoking in my basement
Marques went up to my room with a freak

He can use the bed, just take off my sheets
Everybody left the club, heading out to my castle
I had to kick this dude out for being an a*s*o*e
Cursing out his broad drunk loud and staggering
But she was in my ear saying things so flattering
But it didn't matter then
I was at her friend, in my driveway
Getting her number at her Benz
Now I'm walking through my royal doors
Stepping on my Boston floors,
Looking at broads who don't like to wear drawers
Everybody got their hands up
'Cause I'm a bad boy, and throw live parties like Puff
daddy, rome true player for real
And I don't trip when the crystal spill
We got more pimping

[Chorus]
Welcome to my after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like, whoa, whoa, whoa
Welcome to the after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
I'm leaving here with somebody
So we can do it like, whoa, whoa, whoa

Clap, clap your hands
Clap, clap, clap your hands
Ay Rome man
You know I'm a singer but man
You got me really wanting to rap

[Verse 3]
mama, mama game so sick
Call a doctor, ring, quick, quick, quick
The DJs bumping up in the club
I got two freaks putting on a show in the hot tub
Its smelling like bath and body works
Liquor on my breath, flipping up they dress
Showing me flesh, rubbing my chest
When I raise a cigar ?cause bottom line
My after party don't stop till tomorrow
Ah-ha!

[Chorus]
Welcome to my after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like, whoa, whoa, whoa
Welcome to the after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
I'm leaving here with somebody
So we can do it like, whoa, whoa, whoa

[Outro]
Yeah, yeah
Omarion checking in
Official T.U.G representa!
We got MH in the house, T Scott
C. Stokes you know I see ya boy!
I'm gone, I'm gone!

[Chorus]
Welcome to my after party

Hope that you're feeling naughty
Sexy how you move that body
Got me like, whoa, whoa, whoa
Welcome to the after party
Hope that you're feeling naughty
I'm leaving here with somebody
So we can do it like, whoa, whoa, whoa...