

Welcome to the Party (Remix)

Pop Smoke

Hey Wok and Breezy
Queens
This is a Melo beat Baby, welcome to the party (Uh)
I'm off the Molly, the Xan, the lean
That's why I'm movin' retarded
(That's why I'm movin' retarded)
Baby, welcome to the party, uh
I hit the boy up and then I go skate in a 'Rari
Baby, welcome to the party
Bitch, I'm a thot, get me lit (Get me lit)
Gun on my hip (Gun on my hip)
One in the head (One in the head)
Ten in the clip (Ten in the clip)
Baby, baby, don't trip
Just lower your tone (Lower your tone)
'Cause you could get hit
It's a MAC, fact, I'm in the black 'Bach
We never lack, lack with that strap (Ooh)
I'ma drive through but if you back back
It's gon' clap clap and that's that
I never tap tap if I don't like a ho
You act act like you like her though
Never backtrack if I ain't fuckin' with you
Can't sit with us but you might get go
All my pretty bitches, high-saditty bitches
Got a milli' bitches on go
All these silly bitches, I'ma kill these bitches
Yo Pop, who the fuck want smoke? (Brr)
Keep-keep it real, you really mad
'Cause your baby dad used to like me though (Ooh)
I-I ain't fuck him 'cause I ain't want him
Told him, "Take a hike like a hiker" though
Fendi moon boots, size six
Got me walking around like I'm Michael though (Yeah)
Paint my hair 'cause I'm Tyson (uh), Jordan, Angelo
Baby, welcome to the party (Uh)
Colorful weave and your makeup is beat
And that's how you act just like a Barbie (Barbie)
Baby, welcome to the party, uh
He wanna party with Barbie (Ooh) It's Big 092MLBOA (Uh), I make a call and it's war
I bet I kick down the door, I bet I send him to the Lord, uh
Got a bad bitch from overseas

Got a 10 pack in my jeans, I'm in Manhattan in these stores, uh
Don't try and run up on my V
I knock a nigga out his sneaks while I'm shellin' down his V, uh
Double G for the tee
No Alicia, I got keys, don't get your car Swiss cheese
Neno cooler then cooler,
he still an ooter, he don't settle for nothing, uh
Bluffin', pussy boy, stop all that bluffin'
.380 hold a ruler, I know some niggas that'll shoot you for nothing
Run, Ricky, yeah, he runnin', run, Ricky, yeah he runnin'
Baby, welcome to the party
I'm off the Molly, the Xan, the lean
That's why I'm movin' retarded
(That's why I'm movin' retarded)
Baby, welcome to the party, uh
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