

# 12 O'clock (feat. Joe Budden)

## Marques Houston

It's ya boi, M.H.

Joe Budden

(Joey)

We at it again  
Ok, I got my bathin' apes, check, outfit, check  
No need to iron, might need to iron  
Wit these jewels on, it's likely they'll be iron  
Ask mami dancin' beside me if she ridin'  
Or what she sippin' on, mink got my fitted on  
She somethin' vivid on, we came to get it on  
Came to get it on, drink a lil' here  
Everybody throw a drink in the air  
It's goin' down, come on  
I stepped in da party like whoa  
What's da deal wit it? Ain't no hands in da air unless it's a drink wit it  
Honeys lovin' 'cus they know I rock da bells in here  
Thugs wit me 'cus they know I roll wit Kells and dem  
Then I spot mami shakin' like a tambourine  
Wanna eat it just like a jelly bean  
Mami's givin' me all these nasty dreams  
And I'm glad I brought my ass to the right party  
Ooh, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'  
Drinks in da club and now we all fucked up  
DJ keeps spinnin' da cuts, ladies drop it like it's hot  
'Cus we up in here tonight  
Whoo, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'  
Ain't no going home, the doors is all locked up  
Don't nobody move ya body, it's a lockout  
So everybody join da party  
Stack my chips, make dem hits and  
I can tell that y'all love my shit  
And got my shirt off, wit my Timbs on  
Here all night so you know it's going on  
Mami shake it like a tambourine  
Wanna eat it just like a tangerine  
Mami's givin' me all these nasty dreams  
Glad I brought my ass to the right party tonight  
Ooh, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'  
Drinks in da club and now we all fucked up  
DJ keeps spinnin' da cuts, ladies drop it like it's hot  
'Cus we up in here tonight  
Whoo, it's twelve o'clock and we partyin'  
Ain't no goin' home, the doors is all locked up  
Don't nobody move ya body, it's a lockout  
So everybody join da party  
No more excuses, now in the two doors exclusive  
And everything is all inclusive  
We can do it all if my boys included  
On da phone wit her friends invite 'em all, let's do this  
Get things juicy, it's more than enough  
room in da jacuzzi

For you to lose the feeling of a groupie  
Leave ya dude lose the feeling of a hoopty  
New Kells playing feelin' on yo' booty  
Keys to the Ferrar, leave in the garage  
Starts wit a massage, ends wit ménage  
Ends in me gettin' da skins to some DeBarge  
Just 'cus she tellin' her friends it was garbage  
Four a.m., gotta a babe on the cell  
Five a.m., on my way to the tel  
But then around six, same thing, different chick  
XL mag, perfect fit, now to the bridge, let's go  
Baby showin' me all these crazy things  
Got me nibblin' on her belly ring  
'Bout to get into the swing of things  
She keep rubbin' against my swinga thing  
We off up in the other room so hot  
Shorty's about to take off that pink tank top  
All I wanna say is, shorty drop it like it's hot  
(Drop it like it's hot, drop it like it's hot)  
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So everybody join da party  
Da, da, da  
Rocafella records  
MH, Joe Budden  
(Joey)  
TUG, Chris Stokes, I see you boy  
(It's the Roc, you bastards)

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