

We Still Party

DJ Quik

Ain't no puzzle y'all, we, uh,
groovin off the spirituality, and it feels good.
I got somethin to say though.

It's time for somebody to take over the West Coast power with fly style,
And I'm the one, been here for years so check your file
Cuz I'm the kinda nigga with a strong desire
To nutt up, light a torch, and set the world on fire!,
See me bouncin in my 'Vette, Doin' donuts in the middle of a ?seater?
Wit ?Rolarita?, tryin' to find some place to eat her
Cuz I'm freaky with a capital L
I'll eat that poor little Piper Peter til there ain't nothing left
I'm nasty
See, we gets better when you think we hot,
And we got more cheddar than they think we got
Cuz see we make the kinda money that when we withdrawl
They notify the feds cuz it's too much y'all
What you call a stash, we call the petty cash,
Spend five or six figures a month ?ain't nothing gash?
Party all night, then we sleep all day,
Drink Corona X for breakfast then we ready to play
I still like a green eyed big ol' titties and thighs
Big ol' nigger, little heart, and I'm big into thighs
So shoot your game baby girl, don't be scared to take a pet
You never know, it just might be wet

We still party, It get's high
Sometimes we don't feel grown-up and that's no lie
So we party, 'til we die
Cuz life is much too short for you to not be fly

Now other night I be drunk off a gallon a Moet
I can still make the beats stink like some salmon croquette
Go to the hood and get all the kids that I can fit
In a limo take 'em to the store and buy 'em some shit
Give 'em a demo of my new shit cuz it's the shit
And let 'em know that they the shit
and they can make hits cuz it ain't shit
I gotta keep the cycle goin, baby doll,
whichever way that they be blowin' under,
Higher than a motherfucker, Mr. Dante,
C'mon B back me up pitch in everyday,
Whether it's hot, whether it's cold,
Whether it's soft, whether it's bold,
Whether it's new, whether it's old,
Whether it's GOLD, or platinum, stack 'em,
Dante, baby dog, we be fly,
Freestylin' like a motherfucker don't ask why,
Cuz this ain't Budweiser,
"BUD", "WEIS", "ER",
"Did you see the, thighs on her?"
We nastier then a motherfucker baby doll,
Can I freak your shit, and, uh, break the shit the wall down?
Up to the compound?, uh huh
Elements, Feel my elephant, hahaha

Now can y'all feel that? See, ain't nothing but God mackin' goin' on right

now, see? Da game is to be told and not sold dependin' on which game it is,
and we gon' keep it way real, you know? Cuz' it ain't no doubt in nobody's
mind that I'm a very blessed individual, there. If we don't turn it around a
nd
give it back than we can't we can't go forward, it's up to you. That's what
we
do everytime we get on this microphone, we let 'em know that we might be
street rappers, but we are very much in order, and we got somethin' to say.
So
if you feelin' me like we feelin y'all, get yo ass up on the ball. Time to
take this shit back. All of it. Cuz it was ours to begin with. Don't sleep
baby. Don't sleep homey. Now when the hook come back again,
youknowwhati'msayin?

[fade out]