

Party over Here

Ghostface Killah

Haa Haa

Yea, Tony Stark nigga, I ain't goin no where
Ya'll feel me - we about to finish this al dog
Uh huh tell em tone tone the beginning yo yo yo
Yo the old lady said the shooter was 5'6"
And she don't know
Had gotta away with 5 of them bricks
Across the street a group of men held 9 sticks
And those is choppers being sprayed and all of them missed
Uhhhhhhh little Boon gotta away with it
He passed me four of them joints if I stayed with him
Uhhhhh what the fuck y'all think
I wasn't born with a slit between my legs with a hole that's pink
Nahhhhhh I'm a gangsta besides getting paper
I'm move my pawns fuck around and get rooked
Besides that any jux session deny me for any stones
In your skin you get cooked
Haha blood spilling like lava
Face on the hot concrete no aqua
Master killer with horror
You wasn't even the main entree
How's that for a starter

Party over here

I'm talking like its about to get deadly
We stay getting ready
Party over here
Staten island stay styling
Boy turn off the lights like teddy
Party over here more paper
Hoes that swallowing Scato on the late tip
Party over here don't you dare run nigga
Just hand over the goods or we'll take it

Bottle after bottle

Remmy dark goose moscato
Threw the club into gear full throttle
Players on one side killers on the other
Hoes in the middle plus its jammed packed flooded
Sweating through my silk word life I might chuck it
Mad hoes got em on the string like a puppet
Party over here... little nigga stepped on my kicks
Without saying pardon over here
Two of my goons seen it followed him over there
Came back with whatever that fuck boy had in his ear
Neck chest wrist he couldn't persevere
Pat riley on his neck gave up the jewels like here
Nickel plated bulldogs 12 inch rugers in long leather
To pluck any bird nigga feather
Staten island we get ours regardless
Don't forget we do the pressing
Y'all just press charges

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