## We Just Wanna Party

**Tech N9ne** 

Girl scout cookies...check 151, Malibu rum and pineapple juice...check Hennessy, Sprite and lemon...check Patrón Silver, Patrón Citrónge, ready-toserve margarita mix, limes, and orange juice...check

## (CHEAH)

I just wanna party, hit the drink until I'm numb (CHEAH) I'm the nigga with the pineapple and malibu rum (CHEAH) Plus the 151 I'mma get you stupid doo doo dumb (CHEAH) Get the nookie when the cookies feelin' good up in her lungs (CHEAH) Hella faded when I get up in the spot I hit the bar...(CHEAH) Everybody want a photo with the Nina, I'm a star...(CHEAH) And if anybody want it my nigga 'zilla got the gun But we just wanna kick it and pick up a couple bitches Who be looking so delicious, we give them all of they wishes Then we done (done)

My crew's all tripped out, off that real good green The liquor's taking over, and we just wanna party (This shit we) party, we just wanna party (This shit we) party, we just wanna party This shit we party, Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday, through the weekend

Saturday to Sunday she be calling in on Monday I live in the Boonies, if your ride is outie, then it's like you're travelin g with a one way We wanna put D on her We gone, we zoned, in a weed coma She don't belong if I squeeze phone her And he want leads on where the G's home was Ease on, she won't get to breathe on us Tea's gone, we bump bitches elong' us See schlong, she moan when I deep dong her When he's grown, he is known to sneeze on ya Beez Holmes, we Jones'd, put the V on her She's long, these songs get ya free dome For the weed blown with the tone like I'm Steve Stone bruh Keep on, be strong, never no leash on us, we beast on ya Biancas

My crew's all tripped out, off that real good green The liquor's taking over, and we just wan...(hold up)

Party animal, looking hammered, couple of handles of Crown, we pound the shot cause it ain't shit for me to handle My liquor buzz, and bitch you weren't to quick to bust it open for the gram of molly, got her pupils huge, her hands are clammin' up Took advantage of the situation, now she dancing to my music When I turn around she taking her bra and panties off Tan lines looking like she just got back from Panama City sparks flying like I lit a Roman candle up Damn it just, can't think of you're name, what is it, Angela? Pammy, Tammy, Pamela? I blame it on my Xani buzz But plenty of my homies wanna hit it, so I hand her off Pimping since, and even if I can help then I'm the center of Attention, trying to get paid, like Travis O'Guin, you see the symbol of Snake and bat, the famous stars and straps, the Gucci signature The ring that's on my pinky, you should throw the deuces, beam me up I'm stupid in the booth, I'm flexing like I'm Lou Ferrigno, ya-uh-yeah!

Girls just wanna have fun (hold up) Guys just wanna get fucked (hold up)