

Here to Party

will.i.am

(Yeah, yeah... yeah, yeah... Yeah..)

Yo, it's the Z-I-M then to the A
With Fli, Krondon, and Planet A
We gon' rock it all night, then rock it all day, yo

Don't you act kamikaze (no no)
We just came here to party (yea yea)
Don't make me {*OOH!*} somebody
Ladies getcha money and fellas getcha dough, let's go!

I guess it's safe to say I feel I'm due for recognition
Came a long way from flippin birds in the kitchen
All he want is money and a whole lot of women
Sixty million cash, broads ass-naked swimmin
Been in the win to the end since the beginnin
2000 fold back chronic cigarettes sittin on linen
And I'm leeeean-in, Flii's the man
My whip navigation's kit, I don't use my hands
Now let's dance, that's for all my Knight Rider fans
Need help? Filly sekkle, my car drives itself
I mastered metaphor 'til it was mathematics
Turn to them oohs to kill a boost sporadic
My vocals'll choke you like you actually asthmatic
Script writing'll flip like it's acrobatic
After I'll rat-tat-tat it out the blab-blabberbox, don't trip
My force is centrifugal without Masta Ace's whip

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Beats knock hard, yeah, slappin you cock-eyed
We 'bout to bubble up like a bunch of peroxide
I eats me spinach 'fore I turn into Popeye
A Popeye's opened and I throw up the West Side (West Siiide~!)
Now let's slide y'all, we got bank to get
We the Strong Arm Steady Gang, steady man with nothin
But them gangster hits, fresh coast influence
We keep it movin in the party like let's do it
When my clique walks past the door
DUDE, it's somethin like a fashion show
Ask ya folks if age got respect in the streets
Up in the club who woulda thought it was my record release
Necklace and piece, girl you sittin next to a beast
And if I whisper in your ear, you know my message is deep
Cause I'm a Super Mack, +Big Daddy+ age without the Scoob and Scrap
Call me the janitor, I come through scoopin rats
Will.i.am, keep comin with them stupid tracks
We blow budgets like whatever, just recoup it back
Out for the scratch, a house in the black
A yacht and a 'Lac, keep crowds wavin like a stocking cap
Think you stoppin that? Nah, not even hardly
But we ain't come to lump you up, we just came to party

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Krondon tannenbaum, stunt when the camera's on
Blunt full of Vietnan, Benz on the autobahn
Royalties takin long, anyway I take it on
Will make the beats, make the beats, make the beats
Hittin like Sonny Liston {edited} renegade
Cadillac sixteen streets down your alleyway
Your crew tryin to do me like Jam-Master Jay
But, y'all ain't about ya bih'ness and I can tell
Then to warm my vocal chords will clog your senses
With South Central's finest lyrics, seein life through the hopest
Prayin they suspend the sentence
So major through a ?serum? Vegas sub studios with excitement
Body slam beats when I'm writin
Prison yard, train hard, words for the spirit
Track bumpin, club jumpin, Steady Gang, listen!

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