

# Pitch In Ona Party

DJ Quik

Momma

I know you said that you wanted a record you could listen to  
With no cussing and shit  
I tried  
But I still gotta do this

Yo

Jingle jingle  
We've go the lingo  
With so much heat it's hard for us to pick the first single  
It don't matter 'cause I'm underground anyway  
Rich balling, bitch call and fly any day  
You dirty niggas why'all too whack to dance  
Why'all need to ease up off that now before why'all splint why'all pants  
And leave that up to my niggas, young fly niggas  
Getting down you and I niggas don't try niggas  
I changed my mind I don't want your bitch  
'Cause sorry ass women just don't get rich  
You could keep her  
I'd rather have a fifi bag because it's cheaper  
You can't come up for NL  
I gets deeper  
And my hold is so cold, it's a sleeper  
So pass the reefer  
And to you false balling niggas just grab your crotches  
But if you paid nigga pat your pockets

[Chorus: Repeat 2X]

And for sure  
You've got yours  
I've got mine's and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in on a party for sure

Alright

Somebody play the potato  
Let's take a ballad  
On who gonna invite the hoes that make the party valid  
'Cause we don't need a whole crib full of dudes again  
And here come the police with them big black boots again  
Kicking niggas out  
Hand cuffing and stuffing they banging jacky chicken in they mouth  
And time to shine pitching a fit  
'Cause somebody rolled her bud in a heeny blunt and won't pass the shit  
Who keeps turning the lights on?  
Why the music keep skipping?  
And why these dirty khaki niggas tripping?  
I don't know I'm Quik and I'm still delighted  
Five hundred dollars worth of white star  
About to hide it  
'Cause why'all ain't drinking mine up  
You better drink that Anj and Palmason and the rest of that wine up  
You party haters need to stop it  
I think we really about to pat your pockets

[Chorus:]

Hey baby  
My girlfriend left me today  
So which one of you old ragedy ass bitches want to come in here and play?  
That's what my homie told and try to cop the Cancun  
Then I caught him in there hunching in my downstairs bathroom  
And in the kitchen and up in there on the dance floor  
By the big screen t.v. where your pants go?  
Some of you niggas I swear  
I try to throw why'all a ragedy ass party  
And why'all don't even care  
Cigarette burns in my plush  
Empty beer bottles in the brush  
And my bitch acting like a lush  
Boy what else could go wrong?  
Somebody kick the extension cord out

Move!  
Why'all gotta be some of the clumsiest muthafuckas

To the sounds, now some  
Why'all done fucked up  
Get out, get on  
Speed up nigga  
Get up, take your weed on  
Ya nigga, the drunk nigga said it  
Your pockets, that's where I'm sending  
K go

[Chorus:] (Repeat 2X)