

# Party No Mo

Ludacris

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I dun had about four five six shots

yeah I'm getting wasted

red pills, blue pills yeah I'm in the matrix

two swisha, three swisha, four swisha, five

so turn my music up and tell these hoes to get live

got a pocket full of hundreds and some bottles on ice

conjure and lime got a nigga feeling nice

dessert on my hip so if you gamble roll the dice

when I let it off once, make a nigga think twice

you got more dough then homie you gon have to show me

you never say it rains like Tony Tony Tony

my Chevy's outside and it's sitting on Kobe's

and I keep the hood with me like Obi Wan Kenobe

wood grain trim, seats softer than your butt butt

make the car rattle from the speakers in my trunk

swishas burning slow and it got a nigga stuck

but don't be a fool cause the tool's on tuck tuck

Tell that slow bitch to bring another round

we gon party til the suns up

ladies rub your titties and gangsta's put your guns up

money money money if you got it throw your ones up

and if they ain't got it tell em shut up you dumb fuck

my money stays in hand you could say I got a grip grip

out to scoop my chips you could say I got a dip dip

cause I talk money while these haters talk shit shit

and if they keep on talking I'ma empty out a clip clip

but I don't want no problems I'm just trying to get my game on

take a couple shots and use the alcohol to blame on

holla at some chicks then find a bitch to put my name on

then I'ma be I'ma be the one she put that thing on

I got the perfect song to make you want me want to shake shake

take her to the crib I don't take her on no date date

we all up in the club til the glass and table break break

and all they wanna know is how much more that I can take take

Now keep the camera's flashin we about to shoot a movie

a thick chick let me sip my glass on her booty

she stuck upon my hip and she swear she ain't no groupie

while I'm stuck up on the VIP, but everything is all Gucci

so I gathered all the women and we about to take a shot

gone out my mind, who's there nigga knock knock,  
don't you hear that 808 beatin down your block  
keep the party going cause the party don't stop