

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-to-
serve 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 along' 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)