

# Party At The Liquor Store

Anybody Killa

There's a party goin' on, who's comin' with?  
To kill the rest of that malt 40 and grab ya shit  
I hope you got some money, cause I ain't got your back  
Especially how cheap you was on that chronic sack  
There's a party at the liquor store, don't be claimin' broke  
Actin' like a cold 40 ain't good on the throat  
Who you think that you foolin'? Cause it sure ain't me  
Should've borrowed five dollars from your old lady  
Is there anybody's cup as empty as mine?  
Pile into the hoo-ride, seats recline  
Stopped at the weed spot, order up another  
This is how we do it, MUTHAFUCKA!  
CD burned full of old school tracks  
On the corner of the party store shootin' some craps  
If this is something that you normally see  
Then you probably live close to me

There was a party at the liquor store (C'mon!)  
There was a party at the liquor store (C'mon!)  
There was a party (Anybody!) party (Everybody!)  
There was a party at the liquor store (C'mon!)

I showed up dro'ed up, khaki's creased  
And a chickenhead hangin' on either side of me  
Sendin' me to the store, to cop some 40's  
And I take my time and make my way around the party  
See my boy JD, the weed spot on wheels  
65 Impala drop top, he make the shit hop  
Copped it out and snatch the blunt  
With two bitches that came through the skunk, we got fucked up!  
Seconds passed, the chickenheads came back  
Now it's off to minglin' and see who else up in the shack  
The music started bumpin', there ain't no sign of the pigs  
If there was, I'd pull my shit and split they fuckin' wigs  
I'm high as fuck, and stumblin' off six 40's  
By the time I see my homie ABK up at the party  
Chillin' with seven hoes in they shell toes  
Or they dream about sex and those in birthday clothes

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When I got there, shit was tight  
So I rolled up a blunt of that chocolate thai  
Everybody was chillin' out front, sayin' "What's up?"  
Walk in to grab a 40 as I spark my stuff  
Went straight to the back where the brew be at  
Grabbed a cold 4-0 and proceeded to crack  
Gotta dollar fifty sub and a bag of Better Made chips  
Phone number from the hot bottle return bitch  
It was a good day, perfect day to party  
Hot bangin' bootylicious freaks actin' horny  
Man, this party store is kinda like the club  
Besides the bums comin' in cause the beer's cheap enough  
I was gettin' my groove on, straight big pimpin'

Aisle of the party store, Bud Light sippin'  
I heard a gunshot, my drink dropped  
I coulda swore it was the fuckin' cops

There was a robbery at the liquor store (What happened?)  
There was a robbery at the liquor store (What happened?)  
There was a robbery (A robbery?) Someone got shot (He got shot!)  
There was a robbery at the liquor store (What happened?)