

I Don't Wanna Party Wit U

DJ Quik

Well, shit, check it out
I done found out that's there a fine line between brilliant (uh-huh)
And bein' plum loco (oh fo' sho', hell yeah)

Get back, get forward, get raised, get lowered
Do some extreme shit, keep from bein' bored
Now it's double up, hoes come a nickel a dozen
They get hot and get fucked and don't remember from buzzin'

That's why you don't see me, I ain't at the club
I'm chillin' with my homies in the city of Hub
Because they needin' more than that hoe (than that hoe) the big fat hoe
Tryin' to get every ballin' nigga in the saddle (yee-ha!)

Lap dance, fat chance, hot pants, you the man
Nowadays you can't tell, watch the crotch, it may swell
You needs a pap smear; you need to know
If you got an STD, some little critters in your trap dear

Get on, me and my homies is indivisible
And don't floss money, looks better when it's invisible (yes)
We get props from Wall Street to why'all street
If ya missed it, I stay consistant, we got heat

See-P-T style, O-G me style
The D-J, Q-U-I-K with no see style
In yo' town, don't trip nigga, it goes down
And when you see me in all blue, you gon' frown

But I'm bridgin the gap, I'm rigid with rap
Money or respect bitch, I'd rather have the digits than daps (tell 'em)
So give me the haps, do you want the meat or the scraps? (c'mon)
Put heat on my naps, and now my hair look sweet on my lap (always)

'Cause it's the same thang tryin' to kill the gang-bang
Set examples for the kids, on how to maintain
Never be a lame brain; y'all ain't gotta feel the same pain
That put a nigga like me on the mainframe

Bow down, back up nigga, I'm hot now
And don't try to resuscitate me, when I'm shot down
Just call my homie Theo on the radio
And let him know his little homie Quiksta had to go

Because "Gangsta, Gangsta," that's what they yellin'
But niggaz do dirt, get caught, and start tellin' (shut up!)
Talkin' to you G's with no heart
We was throwin' and runnin' from bullets before gangsta rappin was an art

Nigga (nigga), so don't test ya bullet-proof vest (nah)
'Cause real niggaz do real things up under stress
That's from the C-P-T, Young G with heart, too
Oh we still party, but now it's part II
And

I don't want to party wit you... hell naw
'Cause bitch you scary

You 20 years old, with 3 kids, 7 tattoos
You're bald, but your legs are hairy
I don't want to party wit you... hmm, hell naw
You need to put some lotion on
'Cause your skin is peelin' around
Them bullet wounds on your back
You're fat, plus you're abortion-prone

I'd rather be a young exec, than the puppet on the other end
Danglin' by a noose on his neck
They can't handle me, cause I'm where the {scandal} be
An underground nigga on Arista, now there is the family

That I'm a roll wit, take control wit
Have a ball, break bread, and share the store wit
Even though I'm thirsty for money, in the worst way
I ain't go cry if I don't go platinum, on the first day

Watch me, get my hustle on with the friendly competition
Y'all got papers but I got the latest edition (extra extra)
A hundred-thousand dollars a truck, is what I crack
And if you ain't got that, keep wishin' (we all about it)

And to you bitch-ass niggaz in the maze
Comin' at a player with {homosexual} ways
Keep lickin' on that other sound
And stay north of the 105 Hip Hop heads, cause this is underground

Yeah right by the water, can't do right by ya daughter (no)
But look at all the shit that I done bought her (hmm?)
See lyrics ain't nothin' if the beat ain't crackin'
And these beats smackin', that's why the G's keep stackin', nigga

(I don't want to party wit you).. hell naw
'Cause nigga youse a scuffla
Your braids is dingy, your clothes ain't got no creases
And your lips look like you sucked a muffler
(I don't want to party wit you).. hell naw
'Cause bitch you didn't know me when you was fine as wine and thick
Now you're sick from smokin that shit
You're broke and plus you're boney

W-E-S-T, see-O-A-S-T
That's where the hydroponic with no seeds be
So don't trip when you see me on the TV, or my CD
And my eyes are really are-E-D

See the {industry} is freak (shh shh shh), pardon me for bein' speaky
Snitchin' on y'all that want to jeek me
What makes you even try that way?
Yeah I might be fly, but I don't fly that way

Hmm, even on a gallon of Cisco I could never go disco
Dude I ain't from {'Frisco}
And to these bitches y'all trippin', we ain't layin' wit y'all
Just because we say we want to fuck we playin' wit y'all

This is entertainment, we tryin' to make us some change
We ain't impressed by what you got up under your Hanes
Bitch that's yo' trap, and that's yo' sap
Let me spit the cap while she sit in yo' lap homie

Don't you know me? Jealous-ass niggaz want to flow me (why)

Just because yo' woman want to blow me
On the strength I give that hoe a tittie-toy
'Cause I'm the only ugly nigga gettin' away with bein' pretty boy

(I don't want to party wit you).. hmm, hell naw
Now this is how the sporty bounce
We stay away from you broke-ass niggaz
Always beggin and ain't got a dime on the 40 ounce
(I don't want to party wit you).. hmm, hell naw
'Cause hoe you to' back, with that ol' long ass roll
And ya stockin smellin like Avon and that horse want his 'fro back
(I don't want to party wit you).. hmm, hell naw
And nigga I can't stand ya
And I ain't got nothin but some advice,
A map, a bar of soap, some water and a towel to hand ya
(I don't want to party wit you).. hmm, hell naw
Now I'ma be real wit it
All my fuckin life I ain't never wanted fame
But since the shit done came I gotta deal wit it
(I don't want to party wit you)
Ya know, but I'ma do it like my homie say
Check it, I don't give a fuck about fame (fa sho)
I'd rather deal with the money, why'all can have the name
I'm out
Yeah