

# We Still Party

DJ Quik

Ain't no puzzle y'all, we, uh,  
groovin off the spirituality, and it feels good.  
I got somethin to say though.

It's time for somebody to take over the West Coast power with fly style,  
And I'm the one, been here for years so check your file  
Cuz I'm the kinda nigga with a strong desire  
To nutt up, light a torch, and set the world on fire!,  
See me bouncin in my 'Vette, Doin' donuts in the middle of a ?seater?  
Wit ?Rolarita?, tryin' to find some place to eat her  
Cuz I'm freaky with a capital L  
I'll eat that poor little Piper Peter til there ain't nothing left  
I'm nasty  
See, we gets better when you think we hot,  
And we got more cheddar than they think we got  
Cuz see we make the kinda money that when we withdrawl  
They notify the feds cuz it's too much y'all  
What you call a stash, we call the petty cash,  
Spend five or six figures a month ?ain't nothing gash?  
Party all night, then we sleep all day,  
Drink Corona X for breakfast then we ready to play  
I still like a green eyed big ol' titties and thighs  
Big ol' nigger, little heart, and I'm big into thighs  
So shoot your game baby girl, don't be scared to take a pet  
You never know, it just might be wet

We still party, It get's high  
Sometimes we don't feel grown-up and that's no lie  
So we party, 'til we die  
Cuz life is much too short for you to not be fly

Now other night I be drunk off a gallon a Moet  
I can still make the beats stink like some salmon croquette  
Go to the hood and get all the kids that I can fit  
In a limo take 'em to the store and buy 'em some shit  
Give 'em a demo of my new shit cuz it's the shit  
And let 'em know that they the shit  
and they can make hits cuz it ain't shit  
I gotta keep the cycle goin, baby doll,  
whichever way that they be blowin' under,  
Higher than a motherfucker, Mr. Dante,  
C'mon B back me up pitch in everyday,  
Whether it's hot, whether it's cold,  
Whether it's soft, whether it's bold,  
Whether it's new, whether it's old,  
Whether it's GOLD, or platinum, stack 'em,  
Dante, baby dog, we be fly,  
Freestylin' like a motherfucker don't ask why,  
Cuz this ain't Budweiser,  
"BUD", "WEIS", "ER",  
"Did you see the, thighs on her?"  
We nastier then a motherfucker baby doll,  
Can I freak your shit, and, uh, break the shit the wall down?  
Up to the compound?, uh huh  
Elements, Feel my elephant, hahaha

Now can y'all feel that? See, ain't nothing but God mackin' goin' on right

now, see? Da game is to be told and not sold dependin' on which game it is,  
and we gon' keep it way real, you know? Cuz' it ain't no doubt in nobody's  
mind that I'm a very blessed individual, there. If we don't turn it around a  
nd  
give it back than we can't we can't go forward, it's up to you. That's what  
we  
do everytime we get on this microphone, we let 'em know that we might be  
street rappers, but we are very much in order, and we got somethin' to say.  
So  
if you feelin' me like we feelin y'all, get yo ass up on the ball. Time to  
take this shit back. All of it. Cuz it was ours to begin with. Don't sleep  
baby. Don't sleep homey. Now when the hook come back again,  
youknowwhati'msayin?

[fade out]