

## It's A Party

Drag-On

Hey, yeah, uh  
It's a party over there, nah  
It's a party over here, yeah  
Fuck that bullshit

I ain't no Peter Piper, but I'll pay Peter to pipe ya  
Cause they got me by the balls; and I can't risk it all  
Up in the Jamaican spot, biscuit out and friskin all  
Rudebwoy don't make me bloodclaat lick off  
Me not the one you wan' take off, see and  
Don't be brave, show me the safe and you'll be safe,  
See and  
Cooperative... shit smart man  
Blaow blaow! Shoulda been like that from the start man  
Custom made truck, pop the trunk it's all wires  
23-inch, all rims, no tires  
Gritty motherfucker, Feds can't touch us  
Got 'em all conceited, the way we leave 'em stuck up  
Nigga, I +R&B+ niggaz like Usher  
That stand for 'Rob & Bang' niggaz once the R rush ya  
My heart ain't pumpin, no pressure  
The way we run up on you niggaz like your parents, and  
Undress ya

It don't matter what I go through  
Double-R's my, life  
And when shit just, ain't, lookin' good  
I'm a make it be, all right

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I'm only out for the cream, y'all wanna know the  
Scheme? (yup)  
Here's a tip, the tip of my gun head holds a beam  
Roll with the team, with the spinnin rims so it seems  
Like I'm movin slow when I speed  
Stomach's so empty my chest starvin  
Y'all could be the great Batman but I stick niggaz up  
So I be the best +Robin+  
I don't respect the D's, make 'em call they sergeant  
They call me Margarine; slide out the gutter, like

Butter  
I see your stones glistenin, that don't mean nothin to  
Me  
I be at your home visitin and you ain't gon' like my  
Company  
Stand on your doormat and I'm not +Welcome+  
I buy bullets but I don't sell 'em, I just make sure  
Niggaz felt 'em  
Certain niggaz gotta feel 'em (yeah) at least I don't  
Steal  
Long as he come up out his shit, at least I won't peel  
May be bad but life ain't all good

Long as niggaz got that thing out and e'ything's  
Understood  
It's all hood

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I do my robberies like a book of matches, I light shit  
Might strike twice in one night, 'til my fire is lit  
If I don't got a gun I'm wirin shit - fuck it  
I don't look at ice admirin and shit, I'm thinkin how  
To make you up it  
And is it worth it? Shit, my pockets is hurtin  
And the only way I can sooth the pain is duke chain  
I ask myself, is that platinum?  
Shit, the way I feel right now I'll take gold if I have  
To  
I don't give a fuck about this party so don't make me  
Do it  
Don't make me make this DJ lower this goddamn music  
Everybody runnin to they car cause you slumped over the  
Bar  
Look at everybody, havin a good time, don't make me go  
That far  
I got a nigga on each corner with a good reach on ya  
And I don't got the heat on me, so one move and they  
Gon' leap on ya  
My clique keep the fumes strong like ammonia  
Cause we go hard, Double-R's the squad, the street  
Owners

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