

# Where The Party At

Jagged Edge

C'mon, c'mon, yeah, c'mon, yeah  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh

If the party's where your at just let me know  
Don't be trippin when you see us in the club  
Just show a little love, represent your side like me  
'Cause 'round here if you slick you pick a hot one  
Ride shotgun, couple of 'em got one  
Belvedere in the rear of the club  
Pulled up on dubs and we 'bout to go and buy the bar up  
So So, for sure we ain't playin  
Hang with no lames, hit the park and sayin...

Ay, where the party at?  
Girls is on the way, where the Bacardi at?  
Models and models, talkin all a that  
Know I can't forget about my thugs  
(Where the party at?)  
And all my girls  
(Where the party at?)  
Off in the club  
(Where the party at?)  
If the party's where you're at let me hear you say  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
(uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooooooh  
If the party's where you're at just let me know

All the girls in the club in they best outfits  
Just showin that skin, tryna' make a nigga wanna spit  
Where you been girl? You and your friend  
Need to come to the back where we got it locked down  
In your white t-shirt or a three-piece suit  
Don't matter what you wear all that matters is who you with  
Some jiggy and some are straight grindin  
All up in the club just to have a good time and

Just show me where that party at dirty  
Somewhere where it's crackin right around one-thirty  
Never get done too early  
Come in as is, doo-rags and Tims  
I'm rollin past his, his little Jag and Benz  
With the Rolls, not the one with the stem (the one with the rims)  
The one that seem to make more enemies than friends  
I'm slidin in past doors, both eyes closed  
Both arms rose, both charms froze  
With the S-O-S-O, D-E dot F

I'm buyin bottles, bottles, until it ain't none left  
I'm quick to go left, I blaze with no rep  
I jams more than def, baby show me the club  
I'm like "hey, where that Bacardi at?"  
Come and mix it with the Cris', baby, what's wrong with that?  
We in the V.I.P. twisted, down right spliffed it  
Two way and shit, ooh they makin like they missed it

Left side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up  
Right side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up  
Everybody, put your hands up, throw 'em up  
When the beat come back around e'rybody do it again  
Do the eastside run this mutha for ya? (Hell yeah)  
Do my southside run this mutha for ya? (Hell yeah)  
And them haters ain't hittin on, ain't talkin 'bout us  
And they look like  
If the party's where you're at let me hear you say