

Party

K-Ci & JoJo

This song goes out to my boy J-Dubs whos keepin it real over in Bradford Pa

It's the P-l-a-y, just here to say hi
Askin you may I, tell you 'bout the day I
Picked up a microphone, a pad and a pen
The legend of the Tramp begins
The party host with the most giving you a dose, see
Needing instructions, so listen closely
Two lines form, it makes you to step to him
Fellas at the backdoor, girls by the bedroom
The name is Play, don't dare play me cheap
The microphone is a broom and I'ma sweep ya
Off your feet with feelings that you never felt
Another notch in the belt
It's no secret, I like to freak with the best of them
Then head to the stage in a test of men
And when it's done and said and said and done
Play's gonna be the victorious one

Yeah
Dope, ain't it?
He-he, I know
Man, gimme that mic!
Oh, you want some of this?
Yo, it's my turn
Yeah, go for yours

Anything you can do, I can do better
I can do anything better than you
No you can't
Yes I can
No you can't
Yes I can
No you can't
Yes I can
Yes I can

I'm never fessin, possessin the tools that it takes to rock
I think it's time for the new kid on the block
With a style that's wild yet so unique
I can't be stopped from reachin my peak
Because givin my all and all, that's how I gotta live
It's my prerogative, so you know I gotta give
More for the dancefloor and I'ma give brain sore
Kids revin and buzzin just like a chainsaw
I make em say: Damn man, that Kid, he's a grand man
Cause I bust a handstand on American Bandstand
With these I please with ease and make your mind freeze
Straight out the 80s right into the 90s
Givin you the highs and lows like a drama
And if the mic's got juice you know I'ma
Keep whalin, you know I have you starin a while
Because the Kid's much more than hair and a smile

He-he
There it is, the hype shit
Oh, I see

Think you all that now?

Yup

And then some

Alright, bust it

Anything you can do, I can do better

I can do anything better than you

No you can't

Yes I can

No you can't

Yes I can

No you can't

Yes I can

Yes I can, boy

It's my party and I rhyme if I want to

Be careful and don't you step to the front to

Diss, cause I'ma dismiss with a death kiss

And make you sorry that you ever stepped to this

Microphone wizard, so come on, place your bet

Is it gonna be me or Eraserhead?

Why put your money on a sorry old poor thing

When you can get behind a sure thing

And that's me, the capital P on the hype tip

One false move and you'll get your ass whipped

Just tell me how the rhymes and the cuts sound

You won't start feelin the pain till you touch ground

Boy, you're goin way out, I'm ready to serve you

If you can stay I'll pass you by curfew

Look at him, already a has-been

Let Uncle Play say a rhyme that'll tuck your ass in

Huh

Am I paid or what?

Man, you livin some kind of foul

Crazy

Alright, two can play at this game

Anything you can do, I can do better

I can do anything better than you

No you can't

Yes I can

No you can't

Yes I can

No you can't

Yes I can

Once again..

The boy's blowin smoke 'bout what he wanna be

But it isn't and wasn't and it ain't never gonna be

Possible, cause I got lots of pull

And when you rhyme - ooh, there's lots of bull

When it comes time to step to a mic I don't sit around

Play, you know I don't Kid around

So come with it, boy, don't even hide your best

Cause 'Kid' spelled backwards describes you best

Look around, watch the people clap hands in unity

As the momentum swings from you to me

You issue a challenge, yeah, you do it up

Step to the stage - too late, I blew it up

The knowledge to build, just filled with excellence

You heard the rhyme, you been petro ever since

There's no missin the words that I laid out
You didn't Play, you just got Played out