

Life Of The Party (remix)

Little Brother

Girl, whatchu MEAN you don't recognize me!
I'm only the biggest rap star in yo' apartment complex, eh! (Hahaha!)
OH! Uh, uh... and another one
My nigga Nottz on the beat... uh, and another one, c'mon

Everybody stop the presses
Make way for the talk of the town
'Cause I'm the life of the party
Take a look at me now!

Uh, I'm the cow's milk, I'm the bee's knees
I'm the life of the party, you know you see me
And all my team in harmony like the Bee Gees
Our name in bright lights like it's 3D
People stop and stare, "Look what them boys got"
We cain't afford Cris', frontin like we boycott
We on the same page, we all on one accord
Little do they know we all came in one Accord
And them people get sad cause they think we should be mad
At all them niggaz wit big money and big chains
But the way I see it, as long as I don't blow
Each and ev'ry year, I'll be the next big thang!
Ten years later, niggaz still on the verge
Same gray Nissan sittin on the curb
I know, you was thankin it'd be gettin on my nerves
But maaan, goddamn, this feeling is superb!
It's giving me the urge, to write this
Even though I say it in jest, I'm not jokin in fact
Some niggaz spend they lifetime tryna headline
But it's so much better bein your opening act
So to all of my "Almost Famous" halfway
Superstar niggaz, we gon' rock up there
We bout to get it started, I'm the life of the party
You sheep-ass niggaz can shut the +flock+ up, baaah!

It's like, here we go, uh! Then we stopped
"Oh we back on?" Then the album dropped
Release date came, then the album flopped
A stale piece of gum woulda had more pop
So I'm headed right back to the shop
The new Geto Boys, yo +We Can't Be Stopped+
Unless we standin outside at the spot
I hear my record playin but nobody know about, uh
Pooh and Tay, two boys from the South
Who sounds so dope when these words come out!
Standin in the cold, naw I ain't gold
But I'm on the list, now I'm gettin pissed
"Somebody's fired, who organized this?
'Getback' is a pretty cold dish!" Ha!
So we in, went my way to the bar
Had Goose lime juice, baby recognize the star
The she pointed out one to two
And ask me what I do, I'm like, "Yo, you not cute!"
I told her, "Take the look at the suit!
Wish I knew voodoo, I'd pulled a root
On you folk, make you see what I see
That Poobie is a star, he don't need TV"

Then she said she don't even need me
Picked up a drink, switched in the V.I.P., holla!

Uh-huh, I'm like, "Girl, I'm the life of the party"
She said, "No you ain't!
If you was a star, my lil' sister see you on 'Fame'"
I leaned over like, "Mama, how you doin today?"
She said, "You ain't famous, boy! Won't you get out the way!"
I'm like, "DAYUM, why it gotta be like that?
Man you gotta know Skillz if you listen to rap"
She said "We listen to Dee, we listen to Jay
I love Lil' Wayne, but the clique say he gay"
Said, "Whatever chu's rock, that's what we were
You ain't Chingy, you ain't Nelly, won't chu go over thurr!"
She said, "I love 50, but I still roll with Game
I like that 'Rap Up' guy, but I don't know his name"
She said, "I love that jam, man that song is HOT!"
I'm like, "That's MY song!" She's like "No it's not!"
Later on I'm on stage and she recognize me
Her hands went up, and I hit her wit a fuckin CD, bam!