

## Come and Party With Me

LL Cool J

We can chill up in the club, we can pop a little bub  
We can chill up in the VIP  
You can show a nigga love, you can give me back rubs  
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)  
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)  
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)  
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)  
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)  
One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)  
One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)  
One-two, and pump it up

They say what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas  
If this ain't Vegas, let's pretend it's Vegas  
I know what you up to, your skirt's outrageous  
But I'm so fucked up that I forgot what your name is  
We can jump in my drop-head and pop the throttle  
Live our lives for the moment, baby, fuck tomorrow  
Kool-Aid smile on your face, popping a bottle  
Like you had an orgasm and you hit the lotto  
Throw ya hands in the sky, why, am I  
So, damn fly, can't deny  
My shit's tight, gear, sit right  
Ear, big ice, j-yeah, that's right  
Lights are flashing, living life with passion  
And if this was a movie, you would be perfect casting  
You killing me slowly, baby, you're like an assassin  
And you know that I'm married, so why the fuck you keep asking

Now you can get with this or you can get with that  
You wanna pop Crys', then you need to get with Crack  
The whip's a 26 and the motor's in the back  
I call it Big Meats cuz the shit is all black  
Now you fucking with Coco, baby, I'm the poster, baby  
I'm a hustler's dream, you suppose to pay me  
I was dope in the airness, now I stick crack  
I stay fly, you seen a G four on smack, now listen  
Don't you wanna party with me?  
Where the kush is blowing and the E is free  
And the world is yours, it say it right on the blimp  
And that yacht's so big, we gotta call it a ship, hey  
Punks nigga, gun in the palm, nigga  
Pop off, whenever it's on, nigga  
Not tonight, I wanna hear my song  
And let Flex drops bombs when the shit come on, let's get it

Ok, Flex let Sheek on his Cool J shit  
Levi's, black chuckers, hope the deuce deuce fit  
Two-seater, little reefer, pass the old fever  
Showing her what hip hop is  
Todd Smith, G. Rap, nigga, Kane and Biz  
And if I talk L.O.X., I'm getting heavy sex  
This early, imagine when it get to Flex  
Toxic heavy, all black Chevy  
Sheek got 'em wet, like somebody hit the levy's

I got a little Porsche, but the truck fit more  
More goons, more chicks, when it's time to score  
I'm straight out the door, boned from a raw  
Swimming pool bottom of it, big as Shakur  
V.I.P. cool, but the God at the bar  
Partying, no shirts, tats over the scar  
Ice in the sharper, come here, ma, I mean