

We Came To Party

LL Cool J

I just wanna make sweet love to you, baby, you know what I'm saying?
I just wanna touch you all over... aw, please!

We came to party, we came to party
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Hey look, I've got my hands all on your body

Ain't no problem, I'm on it - oldest man in the club
Also one of the richest, a hundred bottles of bub
It's just me and the Russians, we get all of the love
They was aware of the image, they wanna see what he does
TMZ in my face, Oprah all on my couch
Now I'm hosting the Grammys, what is this all about?
International baller, I must admit I had doubts
If they wasn't callin' me back, they was callin' me out
Game moved to the South, I just closed my mouth
Intellect like Belichick when he be switching the routes
I'm too old for the games, no time for the lames
Next challenge? Get this generation screaming my name
Who could do what I did? Boy, I must be the shit
Waved 106 & Park to play date with the kids
People texting my wife, tryna ruin my night
So I help 'em mind they business with some bottles on ice

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Hey look, I've got my hands all on your body /2x/

Destruction in the club /8x/

Oh, no... Big Snoop Dogg
Ice so cold you can see it through the fog
To walk in my shoes it'll be a little jog
And if you step by the pockets, you gon' be up in the morgue
The peoples is peepin', peepin'
The bitches is dippin', dippin'
So this is the mission, listen, I turn this shit up
It's the party-rocking, nonstopping, four-hopping, rip and rock
Drippin' in this motherfucker, burn up, now turn up!

We ain't flirtin', we talkin' - we ain't dancin', we walkin'
Teenagers is pointin', couple cougars are hawkin'
I don't come here that often, but it's totally awesome
When you livin' for real, I don't consider it flossin'
Panty lines are crossin', I'm proceedin' with caution
I don't shit where I eat, gotta manage your portions
LL Cool J, I'm like the old-school orphan
Representing alone, sittin' on factory chrome
Shades on, in the zone - Kool Aid smile on my face
My security's strapped, ain't no beef, just in case
Me and my man Rich Whites, we in Vegas tonight
Claudine on the celly, make sure that money is right
Red carpet and tuxes, always where the bucks is
Paparazzi are snapping, I can't believe this is happening
Frustrating the haters, they're so sick of me rapping

I'm enjoying your blog, I've got the same type of passion

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Fatman Scoop, Maserati Cool J

They ain't think I can do it, that's why I had to debut it

And let the critics review it, that way I spit and it's Buicks

Since the beginning, I knew it - rollin' an L in the Buick

Had the guts to pursue it, that's how a legend should do it