

I Like To Party

Salt-N-Pepa

Let's kick it like this, ah yeah
We gotta kick it like this, ah yeah
We need to kick it like this, ah yeah
We gonna kick it like this, ah yeah

(And let me tell ya, girl, I'm a party animal, see?
Word, and I need a man that can hang with this thing
You know what I'm sayin'?
Oooo, child, I know what you're sayin')

Hey ladies! I said homegirls!
We've been goin' for the dog-doo
It's gettin' to be a real drag around here, you know what I'm sayin'?
A woman can't do nothin' no more, man
We've got to let the fellas know what they can do for us)

As the smoke clears you can hear
And the ringing in your ears just disappears
Your body's soft, but you still want more
You might end up as a casualty on the dance floor
I'm an addict, strung out on dopeness
But you can't chew, sniff, or smoke this
If you wanna get high step by the speaker
And overdose on somethin' sweeter
Do you suffer from migranes or other pains
That's caused by stress and strain? Brother, refrain
You came to the right place to get your head straight
The cure's for sure, the beat's the bait
I won't wait for the crowd to get loud or rowdy
I enjoy my life cuz I like to party

I like to party, night and day
I like to party in every way
I like to party, I can't stop
I like to party till I drop

We're steppin' on the case, watch your face
Don't like the pace then leave the place
It's Ladies Night, yeah, and we hype
Heels, shirt, tights, and a mic
Like three the hard way we're doin' it our way
Rollin' and gettin' funky like Kid 'N Play
See her over there behind the phonograph
She's a psychopath, I make the breaks last
A Salt and Pepa parade this is
So march on the dance floor with his
Arms wrapped real tight around your body
And you'll understand why

(Make it funky, Pep)

Oh, I feel hot then again why not
This ain't pop, it's hip-hop
And got a lot to rock to, dip and dop to
You don't have to, but you probably want to
It makes you laugh because it's really fun to
Twist your tongue and exercise your lungs to

Tonight on the mic we're showing
We're strong enough for a man, but made for a woman
Hey you! Where do you think you're goin'?
Yo, Stan, my man, keep the horns blowin'
Havin' a good time ain't no crime
When the joint is jumpin' and people are dancin'
Everyone does it, now it's no sin
Yo, I just did it, and I'm ready to do it again and again and again

(Wait a minute...

Now I think it's time we give the drummer
Some of this funky groove we got here
You ain't got to throw no solo in, brother
Just keep what ya got
Yo, turn it loose cuz it's a mutha

Now when I count to four I want y'all to chill
And let the drummer get ill
And when I count to four I want y'all to come back in once more

It's in my feet, feels so sweet)
Said it's in my feet, feels so sweet
It's in my shake, oooo, but it work me to death
Said it's in my shake, but it work me to death
I want the floor, I wanna rock the floor
C'mon, y'all - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - hit it!

(Ain't it good to ya?
Uh, ain't it good to ya?)