

# We Just Wanna Party

Tech N9ne

Girl scout cookies...check  
151, Malibu rum and pineapple juice...check  
Hennessy, Sprite and lemon...check  
Patrón Silver, Patrón Citrónge, ready-to-  
serve margarita mix, limes, and orange juice...check

(CHEAH)

I just wanna party, hit the drink until I'm numb (CHEAH)  
I'm the nigga with the pineapple and malibu rum (CHEAH)  
Plus the 151 I'mma get you stupid doo doo dumb (CHEAH)  
Get the nookie when the cookies feelin' good up in her lungs (CHEAH)  
Hella faded when I get up in the spot I hit the bar...(CHEAH)  
Everybody want a photo with the Nina, I'm a star...(CHEAH)  
And if anybody want it my nigga 'zilla got the gun  
But we just wanna kick it and pick up a couple bitches  
Who be looking so delicious, we give them all of they wishes  
Then we done (done)

My crew's all tripped out, off that real good green  
The liquor's taking over, and we just wanna party  
(This shit we) party, we just wanna party  
(This shit we) party, we just wanna party  
This shit we party, Sunday Monday Tuesday  
Wednesday Thursday Friday, through the weekend

Saturday to Sunday she be calling in on Monday  
I live in the Boonies, if your ride is outie, then it's like you're travelin  
g with a one way  
We wanna put D on her  
We gone, we zoned, in a weed coma  
She don't belong if I squeeze phone her  
And he want leads on where the G's home was  
Ease on, she won't get to breathe on us  
Tea's gone, we bump bitches along' us  
See schlong, she moan when I deep dong her  
When he's grown, he is known to sneeze on ya  
Beez Holmes, we Jones'd, put the V on her  
She's long, these songs get ya free dome  
For the weed blown with the tone like I'm Steve Stone bruh  
Keep on, be strong, never no leash on us, we beast on ya Biancas

My crew's all tripped out, off that real good green  
The liquor's taking over, and we just wan...(hold up)

Party animal, looking hammered, couple of handles of  
Crown, we pound the shot cause it ain't shit for me to handle  
My liquor buzz, and bitch you weren't to quick to bust it open for the gram  
of molly, got her pupils huge, her hands are clammin' up  
Took advantage of the situation, now she dancing to my music  
When I turn around she taking her bra and panties off  
Tan lines looking like she just got back from Panama  
City sparks flying like I lit a Roman candle up  
Damn it just, can't think of you're name, what is it, Angela?  
Pammy, Tammy, Pamela? I blame it on my Xani buzz  
But plenty of my homies wanna hit it, so I hand her off  
Pimping since, and even if I can help then I'm the center of  
Attention, trying to get paid, like Travis O'Guin, you see the symbol of

Snake and bat, the famous stars and straps, the Gucci signature  
The ring that's on my pinky, you should throw the deuces, beam me up  
I'm stupid in the booth, I'm flexing like I'm Lou Ferrigno, ya-uh-yeah!

Girls just wanna have fun (hold up)  
Guys just wanna get fucked (hold up)