

Party (Prod. by Kenny Beats)

ScHoolboy Q

Mama ain't raise no fool
Daddy told me never leave the house without my tool
Papa told me never trust a sucka nigga from the streets
Grandma said she love me and she always praying for me
But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
Just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
Just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
But I'll beat the fuck out of a nigga I'm drunk off Hennessy
Hope I don't run into my enemies
That dark lick will give you energy
Now I ain't rich, but I'm finna be
Your baby mama's a flip, she wanna hit a G
I'm back on that bullshit
But she ain't fucking and that's bullshit
I can't die, I got too much to live for
I'm getting money, that's what niggas rob and kill for
Fucking with Tenisha and Keisha
But when Keisha see Tenisha she gon' whoop her ass
All my homies gangbangers
They dry their clothes on hangers
All these hoes fucking, but they don't wanna seem like a ho
So you gotta hit 'em on the low (hit em' on the D-Low!)
West side, gettin' money game
Socked the mouth for tripping, he lost his watch and earrings Mama ain't raise no fool
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But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
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Just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
But I'll beat the fuck out of a nigga Nigga, I'm from Hoover Street
Dirty pictures in my cellphone
On 52nd street I'm well-known
Hoover stomp until the cops come
Silver satin get the job done
Money ain't everything, but still I'm rich
Money ain't everything, I'm still gon' crip
From Figueroa to Hardale where we sock on lips
We break on jaws, niggas since VCR's, nigga

We hope out cars, nigga
I be groovin' till I die
Smokin' weed until I'm fried
I could sell a key to God
Pants saggin' with the Glock
I ain't wanna pick the box
All my homies gangbangers
We keep a thumb between our two fingers
We trippin' off the Henny

So don't let me catch you slippin' in the 50's, RickyMama ain't raise no fool
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But I'll beat the fuck out of a niggaNigga, I'm from Bounty Hunters, East Side lunatic
Gang bang, slap a bitch
I ain't with the extras, I ain't got a stunt double
You ain't got no hands so they might let the gun touch you
Is you banging or you balling, nigga?
You a fax machine, we can't call it, nigga
Everybody ain't a friend, reason why I keep a fo'
You wanna gamble with your life, bet that on the tender-fold, nigga
She bouncing that ass, go ahead shake it
And if she give me that back, bitch, I'mma break it
Shit, that pussy is overrated, some niggas'll chase it
She acting like she be nutting, some bitches are faking
You fighting to save many souls, know that you losing
These bitches the reason why some niggas be snoozing
YG, dawg, you heard how they left his brains hanging?
Shouldn't have chucked his fingers up if he ain't banging
I'm ashamedMama ain't raise no fool
Daddy told me never leave the house without my tool
Papa told me never trust a sucka nigga from the streets
Grandma said she love me and she always praying for me
But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
Just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
Just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
But I'll beat the fuck out of a bitch, with ya bullshit

Songwriters

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