Where The Party At

E-40

Where's the party at?
Forget it man, I can't lie
I'm drunk as a skunk but I'm nothin' funk
I shoots the game, the gift I spit
The gift of gab boy, the gift is ripped
Deal with the skill that makes ya feel it
Those who don't wanna feel it need to kill it
Knows that I can giddy go when it's time to get
On the M I C H R O P H O N E, it's me the hustler 40
With them raggedy seperaters as if it was funky
A brother like me don't hang around no suckers
That be faulty, I be puttin' the group up in the boot
Be puttin' the peas up in the pod, left the cookies in the jar
Now I'm a rap star, the rapologist
I pull a 40 out of my ball cap
Then I bust ya down side of this
'Cause partner ain't never been no punk in this
I'm so serious brother, I got meals, wheels
And about seven thousand dollars worth of bills
Givin' up deals, hills let 'em go for a lil' bit or nothin'
As I showcase my skills for real
There's a party over here, a party over there
There's a party everywhere, put ya hands up
There's a party over here, a party over there
There's a party everywhere
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Pullin' up in the club about eleven
I plays my feet and hit the beat and kept it revvin'
I got a lil' doja that I'm fixin' to break down
Roll 'em up in a zag, lick 'em stick 'em and clown
I'm fully dig with a dick, my game is on hit
I got tipped so I tip 'cause I'm livin' with this
Game tight with the knack, I'm pullin' in scratch
They better have a tight grip on they stuff
'Cause I'm 'bout to snatch your batch
If she wants it she'll be mine in the cutlass

Puffin' on some of this chronic while I'm gettin'
Straight penny laced, heard about the drought season
They be lookin' for a reason
It's like thanksgiving without the feastin'
Extra mannish, how I'm livin' and [Incomprehensible] my name is groupie
It's Mr. 30-30 givin' up game to all you hoochies
Bitches always splittin' stick the wood but sometimes wouldn't
Suckin' and grabbin' my little pecker
Talkin' about sick on my gold better
Talkin' about sick on my gold better
I remember when carts was Barbie cut before I was in junior high
All they wanted to do is kiss and let me play with they vagina
I got my freshen up, I put on my chucks, also down with pluck
The finest watch on the playground, the one with the big ass butt
40, I love you, I miss you, I need you
And retrospect to who
Bitch, come anew, bitch, come anew
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There's a party everywhere, put ya hands up
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There's a party everywhere
'Cause we made like thugs, get juiced in the parking lot
Before we go up in the clubs, hugs and kisses
Gotta make sure we got our gloves, hugs and kisses
E-40 can't be on anymore, hugs and kisses
Straight to the bar ,no time to waste
Kickin' 'em back while they take the place
Order me a shot of that liquor to taste
Thinkin' they about to beat my face
Oh, no, I'm nothin' but a professional
Oh, no, we're nothin' but professionals
Hoochies all in my face with some of that dope water
Brothers already purple off some of that soap water
So I'ma make a toast to the most mobbish lookin' brothers in this
By midnight 'cause brothers gotta get the shit that's really in man
Batches on our jock, batches on our jock
Mind teachin' things to these brothers
'Cause that's us, captain save a botch
They wanna be like big boys and sport big boot
They wanna be like big boys and sport fresh suits
I got love for D-boys 'cause D-boys got love from me

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We in this baby boy swervin', E-40 in the mob scene
And I'm still down with the C L I C K comin' yo' way
In the 94 then 95, it don't stop, boy, ain't no jive
Sell the rest of them tapes boy, where the deposit at?
Where mine at? Oh, for real, I'm out
Where's the party at?
Where's the party at?
Where's the party at?
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