

Pitch In On a Party

DJ Quik

Momma I know you said you wanted

A record that you could listen to

With no cussing and shit

I tried but I still gotta do thisJinga, jinga we've got the lingo

With so much heat it's hard for us to pick the first singer

It don't matter 'cuz I'm underground anyways

Rich, bald, bitch called and fly, anywaysYou dirty niggas y'all too whack to dance

Y'all need to ease up off that now before y'all splint y'all pants

And leave that up to my niggas, young fly niggas

Getting down you and I niggas, don't try niggasI changed my mind, I don't want your bitch

'Cuz sorry ass women just don't get rich

You could keep her

I'd rather have a Fifi bag because it's cheaperYou can't come up for NL, I gets deeper

And my hold is so cold, it's a sleeper, so pass the reafer

And to you false balling niggas just grab your crotches

But if you paid nigga, pat your pocketsAnd for sure, you've got yours

I've got mine's and we're balling

So call up everybody

Let's pitch in on a party for sureYou've got yours

I've got mine's and we're balling

So call up everybody

Let's pitch in on a party for sureAlright, somebody play the potato, let's take a ballad

On who gonna invite the hoes that make the party valid

'Cuz we don't need a whole crib full of dudes again

And here come the police with them big black boots againKicking niggas out, hand cuffing and stuffing

They banging Jacky chicken in they mouth

And time to shine pitching a fit

'Cuz somebody rolled her bud in a heeny blunt

And won't pass the shitWho keeps turning the lights on? Why the music keep skipping?

And why these dirty khaki niggas tripping?

I don't know I'm Quik and I'm still delighted

Five-hundred dollars worth of white star about to hide it'Cuz y'all ain't drinking mine up

You better drink that anj and palmason and the rest of that wine up

You party haters need to stop it

I think we really about to pat your pocketsAnd for sure, you've got yours

I've got mine's and we're balling

So call up everybody

Let's pitch in on a party for sureYou've got yours

I've got mine's and we're balling

So call up everybody
Let's pitch in on a party for sureHey, baby, my girlfriend left me today
So which one of you old ragedy ass bitches
Wanna come in here and play?That's what my homie told and try to cop the Cancun
Then I caught him in there hunching in my downstairs bathroom
And in the kitchen and up in there on the dancefloor
By the big screen TV, where your pants go?Some of you niggas I swear
I try to throw y'all a ragedy ass party and y'all don't even care
Cigarette burns in my plush, empty beer bottles in the brush
And my bitch acting like a lushBoy what else could go wrong?
Somebody kick the extension cord outMove! Y'all gotta be some of the clumsiest muthafuckas
To the sounds, now someY'all done, fucked up, get out, get on
Speed up nigga, get up, take your weed on
Ya nigga, the drunk nigga said it
Your pockets, that's where I'm here for, K goYou've got yours
I've got mine's and we're balling
So call up everybody
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