I Don't Wanna Party Wit U

Dj Quik

Get back before I get raised, get lower
Do some extreme shit, keep from bein' bored
Now it's double up, hoes come a nickel a dozen
They get hot and get fucked and don't remember from buzzin'
That's why you don't see me, I ain't at the club
I'm chillin' with my homies in the city of hugs
Because they need me more than that hoe
The big fat hoe tryna' get every ballin' nigga in the saddle
Lap dance, fat chance, hot pants, you the man
Now a days you can't tell, watch the crotch, it might swell
You needs a pap smear, you need to know if you got an STD
Some little critters in ya trap dear
Get on, me and my homies is indivisible
And don't floss money, it looks better when it's invisible
We get props from Wall Street to y'all street
If ya missed it, I stay consistant, we got heat
C-P-T style, O-G me style, the D-J Q-U-I-K with no C style
In yo' town, don't trip nigga, it goes down
And when you see me in all blue, you gon' frown
But I'm rigid the ghetto, I'm rigid with rap
Money or respect bitch, I'd rather have the digits than DAT
So give me the hats, do you want the meat or the scraps?
Put heat on my naps and I'ma hell look sweet on my lap
'Cause it's the same thang tryna' kill the gang bang
Set examples for the kids, on how to maintain
Never be a lame brain
Y'all ain't gotta feel the same pain
That put a nigga like me on the mainframe
Bow down, back up nigga, I'm hot now
And don't try to resuscitate me when I'm shot down
Just call my homie Theo on the radio
And let him know his little homie Quiksta had to go
Because 'Gangsta, Gangsta', that's what they yellin'
But niggas do dirt, get caught, and start tellin'
Talkin' to you G's with no heart
We was throwin' and runnin' from bullets
Before gangsta rappin' was an art
Nigga so don't test ya bullet-proof vest
'Cause real niggas do real thangs up under stress

That's from the C-P-T, young G with heart, too
Oh we still party, but now it's part two
And I don't wanna party wit you, hell naw
'Cause bitch you scary
You 20 years old, with 3 kids, 7 tattoos
You're bald but your legs are hairy
I don't wanna party wit you, hell naw
You need to put some lotion on
'Cause ya skin is peelin' around them bullet wounds on ya back
You're fat plus you're abortion-prone
I'd rather be a young exec, than the puppet on the other end
Danglin' by a neuce on his neck
They can't handle me, 'cause I'm where the [Incomprehensible] be
And underground nigga on Erickston, now there is the family
That I'ma roll wit, take control wit
Have a ball, break bread, and share the store wit
Even though I'm thirsty for money in the worst way
I ain't go cry if I don't go platinum on the first day
Watch me, get my hustle on with the friendly competition
Y'all got papers but I got the latest tradition
A hundred-thousand dollars a truck, is what I crack
And if you ain't got that, keep wishin'
And to you bitch-ass niggas in the maze
Comin' at a player with [Incomprehensible] ways
Keep lickin' on that other sound
And stay north of the 105 Hip Hop heads, 'cause this is underground
Right by the water, can't do right by ya daughter
But look at all the shit that I done bought her
See lyrics ain't nothin' if the beat ain't crackin'
And these beats smackin', that's why the G's keep stackin', nigga
I don't wanna party wit you, hell naw
'Cause nigga you's a scuffla
Your braids is dingy, your clothes ain't got no creases
And your lips look like you sucked a muffler
I don't wanna party wit you, hell naw
'Cause bitch you didn't know me
When you was fine as wine and thick
Now you sick from smokin' that shit
You're broke and plus you're boney
W-E-S-T, C-O-A-S-T, that's where the hydroponic with no seeds be
So don't trip when you see me on the TV, or my CD
And my eyes are really R-E-D
See the [Incomprehensible] is free, pardon me for bein' speaky
Switchin' on y'all that wanna jeek me
What makes you even try that way?

Yeah I might be fly, but I don't fly that way
Hmm, even on a gallon a Sisco I could never go disco
Dude I ain't from Frisco
And to these bitches, y'all trippin', we ain't layin' wit y'all
Just because we say we wanna fuck, we playin' wit y'all
This is entertainment, we tryna' make us some change
We ain't impressed by what you got up under your Hanes
Bitch that's yo' trap, and that's yo' sap
Let me spit the cap while she sit in yo' lap
Homie, don't you know me
Jealous-ass niggas wanna flow me
Just because yo' woman wanna blow me
On the strength I give that hoe a tittie-toy
'Cause I'm the only ugly nigga gettin' away with bein' pretty boy
I don't wanna party wit you, hell naw
Now this is how the sporty bounce
We stay away from you broke-ass niggas
Always beggin' and ain't got a dime on the 40 oz
I don't wanna party wit you hell naw
'Cause hoe you toe-back, with that ol' long ass roll
And ya stockin' smellin' like Avon
And that horse want his 'fro back
I don't wanna party wit you hell naw
And nigga I can't stand ya
And I ain't got nothin' but some advice,
A map, a bar of soap, some water and a towel to hand ya
I don't wanna party wit you hell naw
Now I'ma be real wit it
All my fuckin' life I ain't never wanted fame
But since the shit done came I gotta deal wit it
I don't wanna party wit you
Ya know, but I'ma do it like my homie say
Check it, I don't give a fuck about fame
I'd rather deal with the money, y'all can have the name
I'm out, yeah

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