

I Just Wanna Party (feat. Gucci Mane)

Yelawolf & Gucci Mane

Yeah, go, white girl, it's ya birthday
Go, white girl, it's ya birthday
Yelawolf mane and Gucci
Go, white girl, it's ya birthday
(Yeah, I know)
Yelawolf mane, Gucci, holler at ya, man
(Yeah, I know) So I got this twelve pack
(Yeah, I know)
We blow smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear
Sayin', she just wanna party
Trunk Musik got these poppers poppin' off the Richter scale
D boys on the corner droppin' quarters like a wishin' well
Ziplock in the freezer like yo momma's box of Zinfandel
Sip it with ya southern bell, bet ya she won't kiss and tell
Pitch and black, I'm Mr. Pale
Pack the pack and drink the ale
Gettin' drunk, I'm drunk as hell
Don't think I can lean my chair
Got a toothbrush for the dirty mouth muthafuckin' rappers
You don't wanna see me there
Blindside 'em, blindside 'em
Bitch I'll leave you readin' Brail
You can't Lady Gaga me, don't bother with the poker face
I come from the bottom, you ain't gotta put ya dope away
Got so many hook ups, I could pull the muthafuckin' train
Reachin' for the bottles, baby, tell me what you want again
I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party She just wanna get wasted, too wasted, so wasted, it's scary
Yellow canaries in my ear, they pretty

Let's party like it's 1960, I'm the EA Jimmy Hendrix
Now the hip I'm a hippopotamus, I'm roarin' up that rhinoceros
She's jockin' and it's obvious
I land in your metropolis
Don't know who the baby father is
But I don't owe no apologies
She just want a Harley
I'm rollin' up the Marley
I'm drunk as Paul McCartney
I'm aided by the shawty
I'm Gucci Mane, not pootie tang
I put it down, don't pick it up
Advice to you, don't pick on us
Me and Yelawolf got crazy guns
We came here with 5 of 'em
I leave out with 9 of 'em
That's 14 I keep around
I want 'em 'til I get tired of 'em
I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want
Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party
I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want
Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party
Cocaine on the table, wish the rappa got 'em choppin' logs
Twenty dolla bills all rolled up, Wiz Khalifa's rollin' pot
Jackie Chan is rollin', rollin', Yelawolf is pourin', pourin'
Slow motion got ho's in motion, I think it's the perfect time
To put 'em in the mood, to put 'em in the car
Take 'em to the house and what
Take 'em to the room, take 'em to the mouth
How we do it down south, what
I'm always going, going
Ghetto vision is sewing
Plowing, growing, growing
Crop those things I'm a brewing
Catfish Billy, on ya grilly
Cook it up, make a meal
Gettin' stupid, gettin' silly
Drinkin' beer, oh so chilly
Fucked up
But I'll tell you that I can't complain
Yelawolf and Gucci Mane
Keepin' yo bitch in a tame
I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want
Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer

With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party I just wanna party
I just want, I just want
I just wanna party
I just want Yeah, we blowin' smoke in the air
We drinkin' ice cold beer
With ya girl in my ear sayin'
I just wanna party Prima, we just wanna party
Ha, ha, ha
Yela, Gucci, burr
That's hard

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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