Partytime

B-Tight

Party time, it's party timeWithout a doubt I'm coming back and I would do it again
You can take away my beat and touch my pen
My name is short that's a fake because I rap so long
Other rappers hear pop I put funk in this songYoung tender on the floor wiggle it all
Homeboy keeps telling her to give him a call
He's been on her since 10 and it's almost 2
Walking through the party with his dick on the roofTryin' to catch a little freak in the mini skirt
She can dance real nasty all the boys like her
You can handle like a dog but you won't get game
You'll only get dog fake number and nameShe's a mother to be and you better believe
You'll be looking at her mean next time you meet
Young tender won't care she's still fine here
You come again with your playboy line you don't stopThe party start jumping 5 hours ago
The mix don't stop till it's way past 4
At 3 A.M. I hit the scene
Buck-toothed freaks hit 3:15Pull out with one ditch the other
I jumped in my ride and I burnt rubber
Party time, get busy, Too Short
She's the one, love those legs danced to rockers
But it seems like daysBaby so fine I keep telling myself
I want the young tender under my love spell
She could be all mine, nothing more or less
Life with a smile never, ever depressedI give her ever lasting love around the clock
Baby doll it's you and me so just rockBreakdown, all you superficial rappers will cease to exist
If I come into a party hitting' raps like this
Though I make you feel weak when you want to be strong
You're soft so buddy as I statin' my songAccording to the scriptures in the book of rhymes
Biting on a line is considered a crime unintelligent?
Yes, never fresh, Run DMC tattooed on ya chest
I'll tell ya one time and one time onlyYou might be fresh if you weren't so phoney
The ability to rap is a gift from God if you biting
Where you writing and it won't be bought
At the spur of a moment I will bust a rapSimultaneously jammin' with the beat in the back
Party time, get busy, party time
Party time so get busyShake it, bake it, make it, break it
Work that body girl just don't fake it
I'm the kinda brotha for a girl like you
I can see in yo eyes that you know it's trueI'm the mack and I bike from the big oak town
Layin' track by track that vicious sound

All you sucka emcee's hatin' my face
Even though there's not a rapper that could take my placeYou better hunt, look, or just get took
I know what you about see, I read you like a book
Desperate dreams are on your mind with a 10 foot mic
You couldn't touch my rhymesI don't stop rappin' don't stop cappin'
Give me some time and you see what happens
Party time, get busySo fresh to the sound
I get down I'm so fresh from the Oakland town

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