

# Partytme

## 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 place You 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 rhymes I don't stop rappin' don't stop cappin'  
Give me some time and you see what happens  
Party time, get busy So fresh to the sound  
I get down I'm so fresh from the Oakland town

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