# Bangin' At The Party

## Westside Connection

Yeah, uh, huh
Yeah this what we gon' do, we gon' fall through the hood
Scoop up the lil' homies and hit the motherfuckin' party, bang out
Dig what I'm saying, we gon let them niggaz get, they walk on
We gon' get our ride on and leave with a couple of bitches
And rep this Dub S thang to the fullest West side, like that
When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it somethin'
All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired
And you know we banged out when the homies come around
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party
We come through on that 22 shoe
In that SL500 chappell hill light blue
In cal-aye, we hit the valet
You ain't got it like that, park in the alley, nigga
Get in line while we spit the line for ya
Get inside where we gettin' high
On the dance floor with a big behind
Nigga, don't get mad 'cause your dick ain't mind
So when you see the west side up in V.I.P
Don't bring your ass up there and try to be Ali
I'll beat your ass back down just to be on TV
We know bad publicity'll sell another CD
Fuck with that, fuck with this and I fuck with the crys
Only fuck with the dough, never fuck with you marks
And if you're just getting in, motherfucker you 'tarded
'Cause we bangin' at the party
When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it somethin'
All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired
And you know we banged out when the homies come around
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party
Yeah, you know it's a white tee occasion
We in G formation, reppin' a G nation
I pull up three wheels, swangin' a rag fo'

Hop out with the sag low, strapped with the mag fo'
It's cash flow, thick money rolls and thick hoes
We got those and it's a party on the block loc
And it's a party on the block dawg
You know it's packed full of hogs
That's active and hard on hoes
Handcuffin' your broad is a negative
The twenty-third letter, I'm an O G and reppin' this
Believe, Skoop never nervous to crack a hoe
Plus I got them sets on deck, servin' like McEnroe
K Mac fa sho, I'll give you what you askin' fo'
Why treat a bitch like a bitch and let a hoe be a hoe
It's a Dub S C thang, Soprano the name
H double O bang with the connect gang, nigga
Let 'em walk, walk, let 'em walk
(If you're down with the connect then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(If you're strapped with a tech then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(If you represent your set then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(If you a neighborhood vet then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(If the bitch won't fuck then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(Outline them niggaz with the chalk then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(If you're sippin' on that dark then, ya)
Walk, walk, walk
(Y'all niggaz don't want it)
When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it somethin'
All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired
And you know we banged out when the homies come around
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party

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