We Still Party

DJ Quik

Ain't no puzzle y'all, we, uh
Groovin' off the spirituality, and it feels good
I got somethin' to say thoughIt's time for somebody to take over the West Coast power with fly style
And I'm the one, been here for years so check your file
'Cuz I'm the kinda nigga with a strong desire
To nutt up, light a torch, and set the world on fire
See me bouncin' in my Vette, doin' donuts in the middle of a seater
Wit rolarita, tryin' to find some place to eat her
'Cuz I'm freaky with a capital L
I'll eat that poor little Piper Peter til there ain't nothing left
I'm nastySee, we gets better when you think we hot
And we got more cheddar than they think we got
'Cuz see we make the kinda money that when we withdrawal
They notify the feds 'cuz it's too much y'all
What you call a stash, we call the petty cash
Spend five or six figures a month, ain't nothing gash
Party all night, then we sleep all day
Drink Corona X for breakfast then we ready to playI still like a green eyed big ol' titties and thighs
Big ol' nigger, little heart, and I'm big into thighs
So shoot your game baby girl, don't be scared to take a pet
You never know, it just might be wetWe still party, it get's high
Sometimes we don't feel grown up and that's no lie
So we party, 'til we die
'Cuz life is much too short for you to not be flyNow other night I be drunk off a gallon a Moet
I can still make the beats stink like some salmon croquette
Go to the hood and get all the kids that I can fit
In a limo take 'em to the store and buy 'em some shit
Give 'em a demo of my new shit 'cuz it's the shit
And let 'em know that they the shit
And they can make hits 'cuz it ain't shit
I gotta keep the cycle goin', baby doll
Whichever way that they be blowin' underHigher than a motherfucker, Mr. Dante
C'mon B back me up pitch in everyday
Whether it's hot, whether it's cold
Whether it's soft, whether it's bold
Whether it's new, whether it's old
Whether it's gold, or platinum, stack 'em
Dante, baby dog, we be fly
Freestylin' like a motherfucker don't ask why

'Cuz this ain't Budweiser, bud, weis, er
Did you see the, thighs on her?We nastier then a motherfucker baby doll
Can I freak your shit, and, uh, break the shit the wall down?
Up to the compound, uh huh
Elements, feel my elephantWe still party, it get's high
Sometimes we don't feel grown-up and that's no lie
So we party, 'til we die
'Cuz life is much too short for you to not be flyNow can y'all feel that?
See, ain't nothing but God mackin' goin' on right now, see?
Da game is to be told and not sold dependin' on which game it is
And we gon' keep it way real, you know?'Cuz it ain't no doubt in nobody's mind
That I'm a very blessed individual, there
If we don't turn it around and give it back
Than we can't we can't go forward
It's up to youThat's what we do every time we get on this microphone
We let 'em know that we might be
Street rappers, but we are very much in order
And we got somethin' to saySo if you feelin' me like we feelin y'all, get yo ass up on the ball
Time to take this shit back, all of it
'Cuz it was ours to begin with
Don't sleep baby, don't sleep homey
Now when the hook come back again, you know what I'm sayin'We still party, it get's high
Sometimes we don't feel grown up and that's no lie
So we party, 'til we die
'Cuz life is much too short for you to not be flyWe still party, it get's high
Sometimes we don't feel grown up and that's no lie
So we party, 'til we die
'Cuz life is much too short for you to not be fly

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