

# I Just Wanna Party

## YG

[Hook:Annotate YG]

Mama ain't raised no fool

Daddy told me never leave the house without my tool

Mama told me never trust a sucka nigga from the street

Grandma said she love me and she always praying for me

But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody

I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody

I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody

But I'll beat the fuck out of a nigga[Verse 1: YG]

I'm drunk off Hennessy

Hope I don't run into my enemies

That dark lick will give you energy

Now I ain't rich, but I'm finna be

Your baby mama's a flip, she wanna hit a G

I'm back on that bullshit

But she ain't fucking and that's bullshit

I can't die, I got too much to live for

I'm getting money, that's what niggas rob and kill for

Fucking with Tenisha and Keisha

But when Keisha see Tenisha she gon' whoop her ass

All my homies gangbangers

They dry their clothes on hangers

All these hoes fucking, but they don't wanna seem like a ho

So you gotta hit 'em on the low (hit em' on the D-Low!)

West side, different money game

Socked the mouth for tripping, he lost his watch and earrings[Hook][Verse 2: Schoolboy Q]

Nigga, I'm from Hoover Street

Dirty pictures in my cellphone

On 52nd street I'm well-known

Hoover stomp until the cops come

Silver satin get the job done

Money ain't everything, but still I'm rich

Money ain't everything, I'm still gon' crip

From Figueroa to [?] where we sock on lips

We break on jaws, niggas since VCR's, nigga

We hope out cars, nigga

I be groovin' till I die

Smokin' weed until I'm fried

I could sell a key to God

Pants saggin' with the Glock  
I ain't wanna pick the box  
All my homies gangbangers  
We keep a thumb between our two fingers  
We trippin' off the Henny  
So don't let me catch you slippin' in the 50's, Ricky[Hook][Verse 3: Jay Rock]  
Nigga, I'm from Bounty Hunters, East Side lunatic  
Gang bang, slap a bitch  
I ain't with the extras, I ain't got a stunt double  
You ain't got no hands so they might let the gun touch you  
Is you banging or you balling, nigga?  
You a fax machine, we can't call it, nigga  
Everybody ain't a friend, reason why I keep a fo'  
You wanna gamble with your life, bet that on the tender-fold, nigga  
She bouncing that ass, go ahead shake it  
And if she give me that back, bitch, I'mma break it  
Shit, that pussy is overrated, some niggas'll chase it  
She acting like she be nutting, some bitches are faking  
You fighting to save many souls, know that you losing  
These bitches the reason why some niggas be snoozing  
YG, dawg, you heard how they left his brains hanging?  
Shouldn't have chunked his fingers up if he ain't banging  
I'm ashamed[Hook]

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