

# Party And Bullshit

## Crooklyn's Classics

Here we go, here we go  
Here we go, here we go I was a terror since the public school era  
Bathroom passes, cuttin' classes, squeezing asses  
Smoking blunts was a daily routine  
Since thirteen, a chubby nigga on the scene I used to have the tres duce  
And the duce, duce in my bubble goose  
Now I got the mac in my knapsack  
Loungin' black, smoking sacks up in acts  
And sidekicks with my sidekicks rockin' fly kicks Honeys want to chat  
But all we wanna know is, where the party at?  
And can I bring my gat? If not, I hope I don't get shot  
But I throw my vest on my chest 'cause niggaz is a mess It don't take nothin' but frontin' for me to start  
somethin'  
Buggin' and buckin' at niggaz like I was duck huntin'  
Dumbing out, just me and my crew  
'Cause all we wanna do is And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and Hugs from the honeys, pounds from the roughnecks  
Seen my man Spade that I knew from the projects  
Said he had beef, asked me if I had my piece  
Sure do, two twenty two's in my shoes Holler if you need me love, I'm in the house  
Roam and strollin' see what the honeys is about  
Moet popping, hoe hopping  
Ain't no stopping Big Poppa, I'm a bad boy Niggaz wanna front, who got your back?  
(Biggie)  
Niggaz wanna flex, who got the gat?  
(Biggie)  
It ain't hard to tell I'm the east coast overdose  
So nigga you scared you're supposed to Nigga, I told ya, put fear in your heart  
Fuck up the party before it even start  
Pissy drunk, off the Henny and stuff  
Or some brand-nubian shit beatin' down punks And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and Bitches in the back looking righteous  
In a tight dress

I think I might just hit her with a little Biggie 101  
How to tote a gun and have fun with Jamaican rum  
Conversations, blunts in rotation  
My man Big Jacques got the glock in his waist  
And we're smoking, drinking, got the hooker thinking  
If money smell bad than this nigga Biggie stinking  
Is it my charm? I got the hookers eatin' out my palm  
She grabbed my arm and said, "Let's leave calm"  
I'm hittin' skins again, rolled up another blunt, bought a Heineken  
Niggaz start to loke out, a kid got choked out  
Blows was thrown and a fucking fight broke out  
Can't we just all get along?  
So I can put hickies on her chest like Li'l Shawn  
Get her pissy drunk off the Dom Perrignon  
And it's on and I'm gone, that's that  
Party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
(Junior Mafia likes that)  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
(Uptown likes that)  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
(Bad Boy likes that)  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
(Brooklyn Crew likes that)  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit  
(Third Eye likes that)  
And party and bullshit and party and bullshit

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>