

Come and Party With Me

LL Cool J

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

We can chill up in the club, we can pop a little bub

We can chill up in the VIP

You can show a nigga love, you can give me back rubs

Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)[Hook: LL Cool J (girl)]

One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)

One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)

One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)

One-two, and pump it up[LL Cool J]

They say what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas

If this ain't Vegas, let's pretend it's Vegas

I know what you up to, your skirt's outrageous

But I'm so fucked up that I forgot what your name is

We can jump in my drop-head and pop the throttle

Live our lives for the moment, baby, fuck tomorrow

Kool-Aid smile on your face, popping a bottle

Like you had an orgasm and you hit the lotto

Throw ya hands in the sky, why, am I

So, damn fly, can't deny

My shit's tight, gear, sit right

Ear, big ice, j-yeah, that's right

Lights are flashing, living life with passion

And if this was a movie, you would be perfect casting

You killing me slowly, baby, you're like an assassin

And you know that I'm married, so why the fuck you keep asking[Chorus][Fat Joe]

Now you can get with this or you can get with that

You wanna pop Crys', then you need to get with Crack

The whip's a 26 and the motor's in the back

I call it Big Meats cuz the shit is all black

Now you fucking with Coco, baby, I'm the poster, baby

I'm a hustler's dream, you suppose to pay me

I was dope in the airness, now I stick crack

I stay fly, you seen a G four on smack, now listen

Don't you wanna party with me?

Where the kush is blowing and the E is free

And the world is yours, it say it right on the blimp
And that yacht's so big, we gotta call it a ship, hey
Punks nigga, gun in the palm, nigga
Pop off, whenever it's on, nigga
Not tonight, I wanna hear my song
And let Flex drops bombs when the shit come on, let's get it[Chorus][Sheek Louch]
Ok, Flex let Sheek on his Cool J shit
Levi's, black chuckers, hope the deuce deuce fit
Two-seater, little reefer, pass the old fever
Showing her what hip hop is
Todd Smith, G. Rap, nigga, Kane and Biz
And if I talk L.O.X., I'm getting heavy sex
This early, imagine when it get to Flex
Toxic heavy, all black Chevy
Sheek got 'em wet, like somebody hit the levy's
I got a little Porsche, but the truck fit more
More goons, more chicks, when it's time to score
I'm straight out the door, boned from a raw
Swimming pool bottom of it, big as Shakur
V.I.P. cool, but the God at the bar
Partying, no shirts, tats over the scar
Ice in the sharper, come here, ma, I mean[Chorus][Hook]

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