Party People

Timbaland & Magoo

Guess who?
Jigga, ya heard?
Timbaland, ya heard?
Uh, Twista, ya heard? C'mon c'mon
Uh uh, uh uh
G G, G gyeah, yo
G'yo, gyeah gyeah, gyeah gyeah
Turn this up, yo, yo, yeah
When the war's on, the pores are drawn like pictures
The niggaz is all gone when these triggers get witcha
Nigga before long you need stitches in your long Johns
A.K., t-t-t-t, heartbeat, t-t-t-t
Eight figures you fake twitchy niggaz can't stop that
Jigga, Twista my nigga Timb on the hot track
How you gon' stop that? We can't be slowed
Niggaz throwed dawg, look at your clothes
When I'm in crazy mode, three-eighty blows like
Maceo, leave acey holes that's it Jay-Z doe, crazy flow
Rhyme great, dominate your radio
C'mon, get your gun on, your mask and gloves
I don't ask for love, I blast 'em up
Respect my gangsta dude or your life's in danger dude
Doctors pushin' on your chest tryin' to bring you through
All my party people gon' do what? Gonna get buck
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?
Get them lighters lit up, make them get up
With somethin' the East and West gon' bump
All my party people gon' do what? Get crunk
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?
Get them lighters lit up, T got some gangsta shit
That's beatin' in yo' trunk
Fuckin' with Mag, nigga end up in a hospital
Sittin' on the corner of the bed, sick 'cause of what I said to him
On a track star beef take it in the kitchen
Cookin' MC's all niggaz taste like chicken
Hittin 'em high, right in the ear
Slicin' on 'em muh'fucker vampire style, I'm a bloodsucker
You turnin' into a mad ducker, tellin' ya dog
I'm at the Rucker with a bad Puerto Rican chick

Fat as my cash and she a dick sucker, get up outcha car
You ain't goin' real far, see the chainsaw?
Breakin' the law, like turnin' a dyke
When it come to that man that just like Mike
I don't care what you like, I'll make you run in outer space
If you go to court man, only wish you got a case
For real, I'm fuckin' faced on a hill of ice
Mag hot now nigga 50 G's the price
Timbaland good for that, I invented that
Hear the hi-hat, hear the bassline on the track
Remember one in a million when I left ya back
Producers sayin', "How you get your sound like that?"
I don't know playa, I'm a creative cat
Got party people dancin' to dis and dat
Got party people sayin', "This a dope-ass track!"
All my party people gon' do what? Get buck
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?
Get them lighters lit up, make them get up
With somethin' the East and West gon' bump
All my party people gon' do what? Get crunk
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?
Get them lighters lit up, T got some gangsta shit
That's beatin' in yo' trunk
Timbaland hit 'em with the um
Ah-um, ah-um-ahh, you gon' do what?
Stop frontin' you bumpin' the new cut
Like a shoe ah, um ah-um ah, hit 'em in the gut

Twitchin' and itchin' to get up, I hit 'em up
With somethin' skanless to vibe to and ride to
With the stanky inside you, listen to while a freak lickin' you
Go on a bogus mission to, somethin' that you crip-walk in the kitchen to
Somethin' you bump on the porch or the park
Or pump it while you displayin' yo' heart when you flex on a mark
You can play it to clear your head from drama with the feds
And all the homies like down for when they in the dark
Used to rock up at the block club, the players wasn't ridin' slick
You can let your mind cruise for miles
They can't tell a sucker who's allowed, with a strap on the mic
I'm thinkin' how can I move the crowd, move the crowd
All my party people gon' do what? Get buck
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With somethin' the East and West gon' bump
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All my party people gon' do what? Get crunk
Get some liquor in the gut, so whassup?
Get them lighters lit up, T got some gangsta shit
That's beatin' in yo' trunk
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, bounce, ow ow ow
Ow ow ow-ow ah, shake wit me, shake wit me, shake wit me, shake
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, shake wit me, shake wit me
Ow, one time, bounce wit me, bounce wit me, yo, ahh
Remember when you first found me?
I was workin' at Burger King
Now take a good look around me
Look at all these cars, look at all these girls
Why you always tryin' to put down me?
Why you always tryin' to put down me?
You get 'round your friends and try to clown me
Why you always tryin' to pull that boo-boo?
I'm gettin' tired of all that bullshit
Always talkin' dis and dat
Your girls screamin', "We love him!"
See girls, they love me
Girl that's just, only Tim
Yes, it's only Tim
Whatchu talkin' 'bout that's only Tim?
Yeah whatchu talkin' 'bout that's only Tim? 'Cause
I made it this far
Made it without yo' money
Made it without yo' car
Made it without yo' naggin'
Now look who's the star
I made it this far
Made it without yo' money
Made it without yo' car
Made it without yo' naggin'
Now look who's the star
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
Why it gotta happen to people like me, I don't get it
I don't understand it
That's why people like myself, only hang with self

Ha ha ha, and nobody else, easy now

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