Party And Bullshit

Notorious B.i.g.

Here we go, here we go
Here we go, here we goI 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 sceneI 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 kicksHoneys 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 messIt 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 isAnd 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 andHugs 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 shoesHoller 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 boyNiggaz 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 toNigga, 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 punksAnd 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 andBitches 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 rumConversations, 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 stinkingIs 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 outCan'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 thatParty 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

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