

# If You Want To Party (Album Version)

Mase

[Intro]

What the fuck?

'99, get your name back nigga

(Get your name back nigga)

Double Up Motherfucker (99)

Double Up Motherfucker

Don't believe it, Double Up, Uh

Yea yea yea What what what what Uh UhYo who got the right to flip, twice the whips

Time to get paid, get twice the chips

See law ain't no good unless two dice hit

Hate me even if I didn't ice my shit

Fuck niggas, make that money and lots of it

Sold four million and somebody got to love it

They want Mase for video, ain't in the budget

I can't take a piss without a bitch tryin' to rub it

How could you know like this

When it's because of me a nigga know what nice is

I was 60 I have flow-itis

I like my weed green and my hoe's dyke-ish

You know you like this

Young kid'll live by goldie advice's

Pimp hoe's that come across so righteous

Fuck though, promote on the Rolley ices

Yo, that's why my jewelery looks snow white-ish

Come onIf you want to party come and shake your body

If you want to party put 'em in the air

Over there, over thereIf you want to party come and shake your body

If you want to party put 'em in the air

Over there, over thereYo I'm tryin' to live my life the largest, Vipers in garages

'Nuff money to go court and fight the charges

Everybody stare at Myse the hardest

That's why I'm in them all night menages

Besides B.I.G., the criticly acclaimed

I vow, they never bring the city to shame

I pulled up the prettiest things, the prettiest range

The prettiest cars, and the prettiest stars

By far the prettiest Misses

I pull up in the prettiest sixes

So by the time you get the six bitch, I have the seven

By the time you get the seven, I switch to the eight  
When it time I get this cake, a bitch could wait  
They know I could sell five so they ship me eight  
Come on If you want to party come and shake your body  
If you want to party put 'em in the air  
Over there, over there All Out, motherfucker  
To the death, motherfucker  
Bad Boy forever  
Bad Boy forever  
All Out, motherfucker (Uh uh)  
H World, motherfucker (Uh uh)  
To the death, motherfucker (uh yo) Yo why I'mma envy the lives or envy the guys  
Who be frontin' in the Six that's really a Five  
You could see I still got it by the look in my eyes  
I'mma blue collar criminal, crook in disguise  
It don't matter if it rain, I got a pool inside  
And a stretch range so at least 20 could ride  
And I could tell fake platinum from a mile away  
When I rap, yo' 150 thou' get paid  
So until then nigga, I style away  
Four point six swit' to the Cal' away  
I'm gettin' honey, I ain't with the beefin' going on  
I look at nigga's cars, a lot a leasin' goin' on  
My heat get raised up, streets gets blazed up  
Until a nigga find my dough and pays up  
I lays up fuck, 'till my days up  
Doggy style, so bitch don't fuck my ways up  
Come on If you want to party come and shake your body  
If you want to party put 'em in the air  
Over there, over there

Songwriters

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