

Where The Party At (Brand Blank Remix)

Jagged Edge

C'mon, c'mon, yeah, c'mon, yeah (uh oooh, uh oh oh oh) If the party's where your at just let me know Don't be

trippin when you see us in the club

Just show a little love, represent your side like me

'Cause 'round here if you slick you pick a hot one

Ride shotgun, couple of 'em got one

Belvedere in the rear of the club

Pulled up on dubs and we 'bout to go and buy the bar up

So so, for sure we ain't playin'

Hang with no lames, hit the park and sayin' Ay, where the party at?

Girls is on the way, where the bacardi at?

Models and models, talkin' all a that

Know I can't forget about my thugs

Where the party at?

And all my girls

Where the party at?

Off in the club

Where the party at?

If the party's where you're at let me hear you say

(uh oooh, uh oh oh oh)

If the party's where you're at just let me know All the girls in the club in they best outfits

Just showin that skin, tryna' make a nigga wanna spit

Where you been girl? you and your friend

Need to come to the back where we got it locked down

In your white t-shirt or a three-piece suit

Don't matter what you wear all that matters is who you with

Some jiggy and some are straight grindin'

All up in the club just to have a good time Ay, where the party at?

Girls is on the way, where the bacardi at?

Models and models, talkin' all a that

Know I can't forget about my thugs

Where the party at?

And all my girls

Where the party at?

Off in the club

Where the party at?

If the party's where you're at let me hear you say

(uh oooh, uh oh oh oh) (If the party's where you're at just let me know) you got to show me where that party at

dirty

Somewhere where it's crackin' right around one-thirty

Never get done too early, come in as is, doo-rags and tims
I'm rollin past his, his little jag and benz with the rolls
Not the one with the stem the one with the rims
The one that seem to make more enemies than friends
I'm slidin' in past doors, both eyes closed
Both arms rose, both charms froze
With the S-O S-O , D-E dot F
I'm buyin bottles, bottles, until it ain't none left
I'm quick to go left, I blaze with no rep
I jams more than def, baby show me the club
I'm like "hey, where the bacardi at?"
Come and mix it with the Cris', baby, what's wrong with that?
We in the V. I. p. twisted, down right spliffed it
Two way and, ooh they makin it like you missed it Ay, where the party at?
Girls is on the way, where the bacardi at?
Models and models, talkin all a that
Know I can't forget about my thugs
Where the party at?
And all my girls
Where the party at?
Off in the club
Where the party at?
If the party's where you're at let me hear you say
(Uh oooh, uh oh oh oh)
If the party's where you're at let me hear you say
(Uh oooh, uh oh oh oh)
If the party's where you're at just let me know
Left side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up
Right side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up
Everybody, put your hands up, throw 'em up
When the beat come back around e'rybody do it again
Do the eastside run this mutha for ya? (Hell yeah)
Do my southside run this mutha oh ya? (Hell yeah)
And them haters ain't hittin on, ain't talkin 'bout us
And they look like
If the party's where you're at let me hear you say

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