Where da Party At (feat. Sane)

EMB

â€œWhere Da Party Atâ€•
Ground Breaking
written by: Randall K. McGriff (BMI), Stephan Marshall (BMI)
produced by: Randall K. McGriff
performed by: E.M.B., Sane

[E.M.B.-Chorus:]
We got drinks on the table, blunts in the air
From the front to the back nigga we donâ€™t care
Itâ€™s like we just wonder where the party at
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[E.M.B.-Verse 1:]
Iâ€™m in the back of the curtain with two freaks
and they serving up two drinks
Ciroc boy got me swerving
You can do it you donâ€™t need no help
Itâ€™s my party Rick James bitch, enjoy yo self
Got my main course spread up on the futon
Legs curled up, something like a croissant
Put some whippy on her tits now we got a party
Put a hickey on her lips now we got her started
Let me touch it on the floor, rubber band that
And Iâ€™ma smack it right there, can you stand that
Thatâ€™s that Midwest slang yeah country boy
But its west side steady banginâ€™ out that country noise
Iâ€™m in Ohio with them DYT niggas all day
Theyâ€™ll show you how to keep it street nigga
Got my drink on fizz, date rape
And she got me for my ends at Wright State

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[E.M.B.-Verse 2:]
Body shots over there with the pretty chick
Blunts sparking by the chick with the pretty lips
And your hips on the floor trying to work it though
Move it back and fourth Iâ€™m trying to see if you can work the pole
Put your ass up on the speaker while it vibrates
Look me in my eyes and tell me how your thighs taste
A little flirting never hurt nobody
But Iâ€™m standing kind of close, wanna work your body
Pineapples. Ha. You better back up
Cause I aint even drunk and I still wanna act up
Still wanna make a move
You make a nigga choose
Iâ€™m the only ride, guess a nigga gotta leave his crew
Hatâ€™s leaning to the brim cause my eyes low
And it cloudy than a mug, Hydro
As I walked up out of that spot with my two dranks
Cause I ride around and I get it, Two Chains

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[Sane-Verse 3:]
See Dayton is my city, I done hit most of these bitches
Tell me the name of your girl, I probably gave that hoe the business
Got her giving head in my whip
She mouth to mouth my stick
Pop a molly, exercise, straight jumping jack on my dick
Hey, Ay El where that party at? I got the bottles
And a whole clique of bitches that donâ€™t like to swallow
And they fuck with us because we stay clean
And they know we got the money disease, we Gang Green

And at the party if a nigga get to talking tough
Treat him like my nigga name and spark him up
Hide your girl, Iâ€™m a donkey , jack ass
Have you home crying all alone, Wah-wah
Ha, man Sane so crazy
Got your girlâ€™s shape shiftinâ€™ like Play-Do baby
Or Legoâ€™s baby
So lets go baby
Cause the party gone jump till me and El get Swayze hollaâ€™

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