

# Bangin' at the Party

## Westside Connection

Yeah, uh, huh

Yeah this what we gon' do, we gon' fall through the hood  
Scoop up the lil' homies and hit the motherfuckin' party, bang out  
Dig what I'm saying, we gon let them niggaz get, they walk on  
We gon' get our ride on and leave with a couple of bitches  
And rep this Dub S thang to the fullest West side, like that When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it  
somethin'

All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'  
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'  
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight  
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired  
And you know we banged out when the homies come around  
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party We come through on that 22 shoe  
In that SL500 chappell hill light blue  
In cal-aye, we hit the valet

You ain't got it like that, park in the alley, nigga  
Get in line while we spit the line for ya  
Get inside where we gettin' high  
On the dance floor with a big behind  
Nigga, don't get mad 'cause your dick ain't mind So when you see the west side up in V.I.P  
Don't bring your ass up there and try to be Ali  
I'll beat your ass back down just to be on TV  
We know bad publicity'll sell another CD

Fuck with that, fuck with this and I fuck with the crys  
Only fuck with the dough, never fuck with you marks  
And if you're just getting in, motherfucker you 'tarded  
'Cause we bangin' at the party When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it somethin'  
All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'  
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'  
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight  
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired  
And you know we banged out when the homies come around  
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party Yeah, you know it's a white tee occasion  
We in G formation, reppin' a G nation  
I pull up three wheels, swangin' a rag fo'  
Hop out with the sag low, strapped with the mag fo'  
It's cash flow, thick money rolls and thick hoes We got those and it's a party on the block loc  
And it's a party on the block dawg  
You know it's packed full of hogs

That's active and hard on hoes  
Handcuffin' your broad is a negative  
The twenty-third letter, I'm an O G and reppin' this Believe, Skoop never nervous to crack a hoe  
Plus I got them sets on deck, servin' like McEnroe  
K Mac fa sho, I'll give you what you askin' fo'  
Why treat a bitch like a bitch and let a hoe be a hoe  
It's a Dub S C thang, Soprano the name  
H double O bang with the connect gang, nigga Let 'em walk, walk, let 'em walk  
(If you're down with the connect then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(If you're strapped with a tech then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(If you represent your set then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(If you a neighborhood vet then, ya) Walk, walk, walk  
(If the bitch won't fuck then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(Outline them niggaz with the chalk then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(If you're sippin' on that dark then, ya)  
Walk, walk, walk  
(Y'all niggaz don't want it) When the music is bumpin' and the homies give it somethin'  
All the hoes is comin' and you know they all fuckin'  
Got the Henny in glass, big puffin' on somethin'  
And the niggaz outside and these bitches wanna fight  
Then them niggaz pulled up and they deuces all wired  
And you know we banged out when the homies come around  
One times always turning it up because we bangin' at the party

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