

N.I. Party

Soulja Slim

Uhhh, ha ha, y'all like that, huh
The party don't stop yo, check it out

Ain't no party like a no limit party
'Cause a no limit party don't stop
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We got this motherfucking party on lockdown
We all family in this bitch so we put our glock down
A pound Magnolia in the calliop
Bout it, bout it, motherfuck it, the whole world knows

Now the party don't stop 'cause we bout it
Don't make me get my soldiers out the back and get rowdy
Where the niggas at, how you do dat there?
Motherfuckers uptown nigga we don't care

'Cause that we do shit, it just don't stop
I gotta fresh ampolla and it's sittin' on drop
I can't fly when I jump shot I'm bringin' this clean
'Cause my boy bringin' noise like a truck full of fifteens

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All I gotta do is squeeze the right
Squeeze when it's right in the heat of the night
Told two niggas better defeat the world fo fish
(Fo fish)

The killas fo spot, fo block and fo clock
I move more hoes let's go hot when I'm ready to pull shot, pull shots
I know when I breed 'em, hold down for sure
[Unverified] through the mack and New York

Full time, four W-D plus, shots, niggas get rushed out
Bust the guts out and no limit soldiers had enough shots

Cut throats to the fullest, keep a niggas hemp out
Toe to toe we make noise, action packed we slang boys
Trenitty flexing real shits
Cut throat committed hurry, hurry and we in this bitch

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I'll be the nigga that they call Feano
And I roll with a click called Gambinos
Knows in the shoulders who the fuck we be
Worldwide motherfuckers out that 1 2 3
Started off as a youngster kickin' up dust
Until I slain motherfuckers who be ready to bust, give a fuck

Gotti be the title that I hold for sure
Pokin' hoes after shows with my nigga Feano
Hit the scheme for your cream if you know what I mean
Triple beam when I'm in it fourteen
Niggas telling me to keep it at ease but they ain't feeling me
Studio B's if you pull 'em at ease, from New Orleans to [unverified]

Big Ed attacking, bred a no limit soldier
Gettin' bad with me, I screw your head off your shoulders
I'm rollin' with killers, thug niggas and convicts
But I love the way you lick your lips
The way you bounce that ass, baby, gets me kind of hot
Goin' out with me, ten out of nine cherries pops

(Uhhh)

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P threw a party down in New Orleans
Hoes pop pussies, fuck, you know what that means
Jump in the cut roll a fat one up

Fire it up, better love 'cause a soldier don't stut, yeah

I gotta pound of rocks so it's on and poppin'
The party ain't stoppin' so don't leave for cops
I drink toxic from the brow I'm been, G
Weed and Hennessy, that shit was meant for me

Yeah, yeah, niggas fall straight through the door
(Through the door)
Soldiers greet soldiers hollerin' 'bout why?
(Why? Why?)

Why let 'em roam?
(Let 'em roam)
Type of niggas make history and yeah, what?
(Yeah, what?)
Really don't give a fuck

This a no limit party, who got the blunts and the forties
Woah, motherfucker it's me, the M A C
(Who?)

You know my steed when I enter
I'm lookin' for a bitch 'bout cold as the winter

Is it cool to fuck? I'm tryin' to do somethin', run through somethin'
'Cause the spin in the change about nothin'
You know my name, know what's tap
You know I rap, I'm a motherfucking mack
Baby girl and it's like that, it's a no limit party

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My nigga Snoop brought the weed, Slim brought the liquor
C brought the cash and I brought the stripper
Freak ho shake that ass while niggas tip her
Got a pocket full of rubbers so we all goin' hit her

Bitch cleaner than Mr. Clean, a nigga decked out

Eyes hella red, Kane and Abel sessed out
Respect the tank, nigga stick my chest out
And this how we do it in the dirty south

Woah, please somebody tell me where the party at?
I'm tired of holding back, I wanna shine in my Cadillac
I'm here representing a soldier named Slim
See the tank on this neck, see the ice on this wrist

Picture this, I'm riding with Snoop Doggy Dogg
And so y'all don't worry 'bout the corners, we smokin' till the morning
Y'all just keep the bitches, now we on the way
Hold on man, I think Snoop got somethin' to say

Think fast when you dunk, 'cause I won't front
And when it's time to dunk I won't be no punk
I'll just pick the heater up and bust a shot
I'm the last nigga up to rock the spot

I'm represent a nigga to the fullest cause
And if y'all wanna trip, we tear this club up
(Tear it up)
Huh bro, nigga, nigga what, I'm tryin' to bust again
I'm likin' likin', I want some real pimp shit

Mo B.D. feel me niggas out the sess
Drink for drink and think to put in the fitty
Will he be that same nigga blowin' doshia?
(Say what?)
Check this out, get the fuck out, party over

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