

40 Glocc, (We Just) Came To Party

(feat. Eminem, Jayo Felony, Nigle Nut, Sun, Tip Toe, Village Boo)

[Sun:]

Light up that marijuana

Pass me the bomb

Fill up my cup

Fill it up with Patron

Sun

[Verse 1: Sun]

We just came to party

And I'm feelin' good

I got the Remy for any women that's feeling loose

Your man grillin' and he just up on my tennis shoes

I think we met, we gettin' checks like [?]

You see her shinin' with diamonds, glass, a swimmin' pool

All the women drool, when they see the linen jewels

The way you drifted by, it really got me in the mood

Take me to the room and blow me up like a inner clue

[Village Boo:]

I just came to party

Pulled up

In my old school, with the naughty

Valet park

My shit, next to 40's

Tip Toe

In the Coup, he look sporty (He ridin' three piece)

And I'm tryin' to leave tonight, with at least three freaks

Hit the room, you know, until I skeet, skeet

I hope these clowns in here ain't tryin' to start beef

Cause that'll be the reason that niggas kickin' your front teeth

[Chorus: Eminem]

We just came to party

We ain't comin' hear to

Start shit with nobody

Girl, we just wanna see ya

Work that, work that, body

With ya man lookin' like

He, can murk somebody

We just sipped a little

Bit too much Bacardi

He done tripped into this

Cup, and spilt it on me

Now, he's startin' on some

Shit, this with the naughty

He's about to get the

Shit, kicked, [?] out of him

[Verse 2: Tip Toe]

I don't got no time for these niggas that's playing games

I don't take it as a diss unless you sayin' my name

I'm a bad influence, I smoke weed in front of kids

I crack a bottle open and ask 'em

If they wanna swig

I'm the bad guy that touched your wife

Tip Toe ain't nothin' nice

I rob Benz and still sport a gang of ice

We gettin' money, we ain't trippin' off you hoe niggas

Cause if we want you, we'll come show up at your show, niggas

[Jayo Felony:]

He 'bout to get the

Shit kicked the fucked out of 'em

They call me

Once y'all killin', the Crips is lovin' 'em

I split his fuckin'

Head for the pushin' and shovin' 'em

So crazy

I harass and embarrass him in public 'em
Just sayin'
Hit a stick that get a guerilla pissin' me with that is Crip
I could get sick as I wanna get, cause you know I'm the shit
Never sound like an amateur, I damage niggas' brains
This buster
Came to be a party pooper, I'm insane

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Nigle Nut]

Got a couple of handguns, feel like my block is ready
And I'm livin' it Thug Life, like I was Makaveli and
Nigga, this Zoo Life, nigga, I ride for it
I'll die for it and do federal time for it
I'm a Inglewood nigga, just have it at any brother
I ain't started gangbangin' because of my favorite color
I done flip the whole brick
I'm flippin' this cocaine
Got socas in line, dancin' like it's Soul Train

[40 Glocc:]

The party don't pop off, unless we pop up in it
If the drama jump off, the first to dive up in it
Infamous G on it, baby, Shady, Aftermath
I done started my own shit, some life about to crack
Bloods and Crips, they love me (I get my point across)
Bang on the nigga that's phony ([?] sauce)
Pick up the phone with the police
And he was tryin' to kick it, but nigga's got cold feet
YAH!

[Chorus x2]

[40 Glocc:]

ZOO LIFE!

INFAMOUS!

G-UNIT!

SHADY!

AFTERMATH!

BIOTCH!