

Ahmad, Can I Party?

Heh whassup?
Here we go, here we go, here we go
One two for the money
or the show then three for the S-E
Hah hah, whassup?
It's Ahmad, my man Mau' made the track

[Ahmad]
Well it's the niggerole, pump one more time
The jeeps I rock will never stop playin for keeps
And got more soul than a ghost I have mostly EVERYBODY UP
The masses movin asses so let the beat hit
And it ain't gon' quit 'til you stop and say (no)
Cause I get more (ho!) than +Hip-Hop Hooray+
I rock steady, steady rocks don't wanna box with God
Because I'm cool, givin props to the old school
And the West coast, who just toasted the return
of the funk with the fat beats for your trunk (so)
I walk and I stalk and I caulk(?) and I blast
Then I dip to the party, find me a honey and tag that ass
I saw a Puerto Rican freak who was all that
Tight pants for dancin, told her we gotta lambada
No restin yet black, cause here I am
Askin the question - can I party if I need to jam?

[Chorus - repeat 2X]
So can I party if I want to? (Yeah you can party)
Now can I party if I need to? (Yeah you can party)
Can I party if it's essential and necessary
I'm addicted, I gotta have it, then I gotta have it (Say what?)

[Ahmad]
It's the return of the incredible man
who stands firm and rips up fakes without a cape
I'm great, I paid dues, kid how dare you respect me not
I had to get a tetanus shot cause fools bit but
now I'm back on deck, ready to wreck
and swing at every pitch til I'm rich (who!)
And that's not long because I got a new song to sing
Throne the king cause all the fools just stepped loose (ooh)
Back to the party at hand, I want you movin and groovin
Workin that ass, havin a blast
I'm fast on the feel so pass the pill
to the kid that rocks, everybody jockin stop then
throw your hands up and wave 'em from left to right
If you like the niggerole say (HO!)
But you know, no restin yet, cause here I am
Askin the question - can I party if I need to jam?

[Chorus]

[Ahmad]
Kick it what did I say? (Get up!) Think you better (get up!)
Part efficient in circumfrence and if you don't jump
touch the ceiling with the center of your palm, use your right arm
Everybody standin, should love my sound cause it's too down
or three, might be four, fifty-six, maybe one more
To blow, might I flow, can I go, I'm that one so
Bumrush the doors, keep the doors locked
All I need's a small flock of fans, hands move to the bam-boom
of the bass drum, when you hear the thump of the bass
Jump while you're actin dumb, yell where you come from
(West coast) with the new soul scenario
(Just fo') us to control your stereo

Ahmad I flip and rip kids and crews to shreds
Mau' will lay a beat down like the Feds
I guess all should say yes y'all cause here I am
Askin the question - can I party if I need to jam?

[Chorus]

[Ahmad]
Whassup? That's Ahmad and the Joneses
We on this mic, for the ninety-three, to the ninety-four
and more