

DJ Quik, Pitch In Ona Party

[DJ Quik Talking]

Momma

I know you said that you wanted a record you could listen to

With no cussing and shit

I tried

But I still gotta do this

[Verse 1]

Yo

Jingle jingle

We've go the lingo

With so much heat it's hard for us to pick the first single

It don't matter cuz I'm underground anyway

Rich balling, bitch call and fly any day

You dirty niggas y'all too whack to dance

Y'all need to ease up off that now before y'all splint y'all pants

And leave that up to my niggas, young fly niggas

Getting down you and I niggas dont try niggas

I changed my mind I don't want your bitch

Cuz sorry ass women just don't get rich

You could keep her

I'd rather have a fifi bag because it's cheaper

You can't come up for NL

I gets deeper

And my hold is so cold, it's a sleeper

So pass the reafier

And to you false balling niggas just grab your crotches

But if you paid nigga pat your pockets

[Hook]

And for sure

You've got yours

I've got mine's and we're balling

So call up everybody

Let's pitch in ona party for sure

[x2]

[Verse 2]

Alright

Somebody play the potato

Let's take a ballad

On who gonna invite the hoes that make the party valid

Cuz we don't need a whole crib full of dudes again

And here come the police with them big black boots again

Kicking niggas out

Hand cuffing and stuffing they banging jacky chicken in they mouth

And time to shine pitching a fit

Cuz somebody rolled her bud in a heeny blunt and won't pass the shit

Who keeps turning the lights on?

Why the music keep skipping?

And why these dirty khaki niggas tripping?

I don't know I'm Quik and I'm still delighted

500 dollars worth of white star

About to hide it

Cuz y'all ain't drinking mine up

You better drink that anj and palmason and the rest of that wine up

You party haters need to stop it

I think we really about to pat your pockets

[Hook]

[x2]

[Verse 3]

Hey baby

My girlfriend left me today
So which one of you old ragedy ass bitches wanna come in here and play?
That's what my homie told and try to cop the cancan
Then I caught him in there hunching in my downstairs bathroom
And in the kitchen and up in there on the dancefloor
By the big screen t.v. where your pants go?
Some of you niggas I swear
I try to throw y'all a ragedy ass party
And y'all don't even care
Cigarette burns in my plush
Empty beer bottles in the brush
And my bitch acting like a lush
Boy what else could go wrong?
Somebody kick the extension cord out
[Music stops, DJ Quik talking]
Move!
Y'all gotta be some of the clumsiest muthafuckas
[Music starts up again]
To the sounds, now some
Y'all done fucked up
Get out, get on
Speed up nigga
Get up, take your weed on
Ya nigga, the drunk nigga said it
Your pockets, that's where I'm sending
K go

[Hook]
[x4]