

E-40, Where The Party At

[Computer voice]

Where's the party at

[Verse 1]

Forget it man, I can't lie

I'm drunk as a skunk but I'm nothin' funk

I shoots the game, the gift I spit

The gift of gab boy, the gift is ripped

Deal with the skill that makes ya feel it

Those that don't wanna feel it need to kill it

Knows that I can giddy go

When it's time to get on the M-I-C-R-O-P-H-O-N-E

It's me the hustler 40

With them raggedy seperaters as if it was funky

A brother like me don't hang around no suckers that be faulty

I be puttin' the group up in the boot

Be puttin' the peas up in the pod

Left the cookies in the jar, now I'm a rap star

The rapologist, I pull a 40 out of my ball cap

Then I bust ya down side of this

Cause partner ain't never been no punk in this

I'm so serious brother, I got meals, wheels

And about seven thousand dollars worth of bills

Givin' up deals, hills let em' go for a lil' nothin'

As I showcase my skills for real

[Hook x2]

There's a party over here, a party over there

A party everywhere...put ya hands up

There's a party over here, a party over there

A party everywhere

[Verse 2]

Pullin' up in the club about eleven

I plays my feet and hit the beat and kept it revvin'

I got a lil' doja that I'm fixin' to break down

Roll em' up in a zag, lick em' stick em' and clown

I'm fully dig with a dick, my game is on hit

I got tipped so I tip cause I'm livin' with this

Game tight with the knack, I'm pullin' in scratch

They better have a tight grip on they stuff cause I'm bout to snatch

Your batch if she wants it she'll be mine in the Cutlass

Puffin' on some of this chronic while I'm gettin' straight laced

Heard about the drought season, they be lookin' for a reason

It's like Thanksgiving without the feastin'

Extra manish how I'm livin' and my name is groupie

It's Mr. 30-30 givin' up game to all you hoochies

b*tches always splittin' stick the wood but sometimes wouldn't

Suckin' and grabbin' my little pecker

Talkin' about sick on my gold better

I remember when carts was Barbie cut before I was in junior high

All they wanted to do is kiss and let me play with they vagina

I got my freshen up, I put on my chucks, also down with pluck

Th finest watch on the playground, the one with the big ass butt

40 I love you, I miss you, I need you

And retrospect to who

b*tch come anew, b*tch come anew

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Cause we made like thugs

Get juiced in the parking lot before we go up in the clubs

Hugs and kisses, gotta make sure we got our gloves

Hugs and kisses, E-40 can't be on any more

Hugs and kisses, straight to the bar no time to waste

Kickin' em' back while they take the place

Order me a shot of that liquor to taste

Thinkin' they about to beat my face

Oh no, I'm nothin' but a professional
Oh no, we're nothin' but professionals
Hoochies all in my face with some of that dope water
Brothers already purple off some of that soap water
So I'ma make a toast to the most
Mobbish lookin' brothers in this by midnight
Cause brothers gotta get the sh*t that's really in man
Batches on our jock, batches on our jock
Mind teachin' things to these brothers
Cause that's us, Captain Save a botch
They wanna be like big boys and sport big loot
They wanna be like big boys and sport fresh suits
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me
[Hook x2]
[Outro]
We in this baby boy swervin'
E-40 in the mob scene
And I'm still down with The C-L-I-C-K
Comin' yo way in the 94
Then 95, it don't stop boy ain't no jive
Sell the rest of them tapes boy
Where the deposit at, where mine at
Oh for real, I'm out
[Computer voice repeated to fade]
Where's the party at...Where's the party at
Where's the party at, where's the party at, where's the party at