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