

Shabazz The Disciple, Party With A Tec

(Intro: Shabazz The Disciple)
(Give 'preme his props right there)
Yeah, '96, Supreme and the counted
Ah ha ha!

(Shabazz The Disciple)
Party with a tec, I gotta part with a tec
Cuz shorties, they be flippin on a quest for respect
One night when I was hangin at the club
Flirtin with the honies on the dance floor, catchin mad love
The club was killin the gyros, we was rollin mad deep
I was about to catch wreck on stage with Black Sheep
A group of stories strated pushin through the crowd
Snatchin jewels, causin the crowd to act wild
Blaow! One kid he stood his grounds
Talked with the shorties in his draws
Then knocked this punk-ass down
Shorty got up and then he ran
Screamin like a bitch to the next man
Somehow they snuck a gun in through the side door
Stepped to the kid and then blasted him on the dance floor
And now shorty's on the run
Cuz he didn't have a knuckle game, he had to use a gun
He did that shit for respect
And ever since I saw that, I gotta party with a tec

(Chorus: Shabazz The Disciple)
Party with a tec, I gotta part with a tec
Cuz shorties, they be flippin on a quest for respect
Party with a tec, I gotta part with a tec
Cuz niggaz, they be schemin on the jewels on my neck

(Interlude: Shabazz The Disciple)
That's right, I got to parties with a tec
Where I live, you gotta party with a tec
That's right, we got to parties with a tec
Ha ha, I gotta party with a tec

(Shabazz The Disciple)
Another night, another party, another club
Another session the rub-a-dub
But this time, it was a different type of accident
The one that ended up dead, that brother asked for it
When it all started, we was standin at the front door
And actin rowdy was a mob that I never saw
They was stickin people up, see?
Kept havin eye to eye with this kid in the black hoody
He stuck this girl, she started cryin
I sayin to myself, "Damn, I should've had my eye in"
Just incase these mother fuckers try to act up
They get back up, smacked up and cracked up
But as we entered the club, I got hype
Thinkin about catchin this wreck, they had an open mic
I walked straight to the stage, yeah, I got props
And waited for the rap session to start
But out of nowhere, the crowd just flipped
The kid with the hoody, he done started some other bullshit
He tried to take it to the curb
But when he walked out the front door, this is what you heard
Blaow! Blaow! Buck! Blaow! Blaow!
You bitch mother fucker, what the fuck's up now?!
Buck! Blaow! Blaow!
You bitch mother fucker, what the fuck's up now?!
Buck! Blaow! Blaow!

They set him up and threw the drop on him
One kid ran up from behind and threw the glock on him
All of his homeboys fled
And left his ass on the ground with a slug in his head
That nigga dug his own ditch
Now money grip's on the ground yellin and screamin like a bitch
That's what he gets for tryin to flip for respect
It's niggaz like that that make me party with a tec

(Chorus)

(Shabazz The Disciple)

>From now on, I'm on some party with a tec shit
Cuz little shorties be in clubs, tryin to set shit
Schemin on the great jooks, a chain on the neck looks
Easy to evict, think quick or get your shit took
It's fucked up, this shit ain't even fun no more
You sayin you goin to parties, but it seems like you goin to war
You either flip or get flipped on
You come equipped or your shit'll get ripped off
That's why it's best to pack a gat
You never know when a knucklehead is high up on crack
And when an enemy attacks, lookin for my stacks?
You better believe that I'ma strike back
Cuz I ain't tryin to go down, yo
Too many brothers fell asleep and they got put right in the ground, yo
Whenever I got to parties, I always got my gun on me
'preme got my back, my brother'll never run on me