

Party We Will Throw Now!

Warren G, Nate Dogg & The Game

As I travel this lonely gangster road
Just me and my negroes
We still got bomb hydro
We just double independent
And the night falls that's when young girls go home
Big girls put on small clothes
A party we will throw
A party we will throw now All I need is the chronic to keep me fit
A bad bitch, a project apartment and 2 pits
Red chucks of red big to keep my kush lit
Thank god for what I get but never really needed shit
I'm a hustler nigga, that's how I got this red Bentley
Slay the competition and told them that Dre sent me
Walk in the smoke like what up loc
Cause one always got that bomb dot com that make me choke
We gonna twist up, 8 for Nate blow the smoke through the clouds
And hopes that it reaches the pearly gates
Now, how many niggas wanna throw up a dub
And be surrounded by the baddest bitches up in the club yeah
It's the math blood, sixes on the ave cuz
Phantom got your girl pussy wetter than my bath tub
Fuck her all night, wake her up at 6
Lil mama grab your shit, get ghost
As I travel this lonely gangster road
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Big girls put on small clothes
A party we will throw
A party we will throw now Click clack what up, zig zag run up
Nic nac paddie whack, twisting up a fat sack
Tic tac toe up, I be in them streets like an intersection
I got connection, from every section
Critical, political, it's killer Cal'
Roll it up, now pass that shit around
My mental is cynical, original
Thinking you could see us
I'm like nigga how?
I'm in that diamond lane, I'm in that diamond chain
Glissing and glowing, I'm sipping liquor I'm blowing zippers my nigga I'm on one
I'm pushing the zone up, I'm sitting up, my pistol shining my chrome up

My nigga Game got the gun load
One shot mix a nigga brain like some gumbo, oh, oh
All that tough talk nigga, what for?
Shut your scary ass up at the front door
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A party we will throw now
Could nobody diss my nigga, damn I miss my nigga
Pour out a little liquor, big Nate Dogg nigga 213
From the city by the sea, where the G's ride,
Turn around baby let me listen to the b-side
Slap that, tap that, after that, east side
As I travel this road I see the street sign
Ready for whatever, Berrettas you know I keep mine
Mr L-B, C-P-T nigga we be, OG to BG,
that's what we be, killer (what?)
Cali-forni-a, eh, know the strap, hop into the six stray Snoop, what up loc
I'm headed to the east side, G ride throwing up everything but the peace sign
Gold Daytonas, gangbang persona nigga trip, I'ma pop the top off his lla
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