

# We Still Party

## DJ Quik

(intro):

Ain't no puzzle y'all we uh  
Groovin off the spirituality and it feels good.  
I got somethin to say though.

(verse 1):

It's time for somebody to take over the west coast power with fly

Style

And i'm the one been here for years so check your file

Cuz i'm the kinda nigga with a strong desire

To nutt up light a torch and set the world on fire!

See me bouncin in my 'vette doin' donuts in the middle of a? seater?

Wit? rolarita?, tryin' to find some place to eat her

Cuz i'm freaky with a capital l

I'll eat that poor little piper peter til there ain't nothing left

I'm nasty

See, we gets better when you think we hot,

And we got more cheddar than they think we got

Cuz see we make the kinda money that when we withdrawl

They notify the feds cuz it's too much y'all

What you call a stash, we call the petty cash,

Spend five or six figures a month? ain't nothing gash?

Party all night, then we sleep all day,

Drink corona x for breakfast then we ready to play

I still like a green eyed big ol' titties and thighs

Big ol' nigger, little heart, and i'm big into thighs

So shoot your game baby girl, don't be scared to take a pet

You never know, it just might be wet

Chorus:

We still party, it get's high

Sometimes we don't feel grown-up and that's no lie

So we party, 'til we die

Cuz life is much too short for you to not be fly

(verse 2):

Now other night i be drunk off a gallon a moet

I can still make the beats stink like some salmon croquette

Go to the hood and get all the kids that i can fit

In a limo take 'em to the store and buy 'em some shit

Give 'em a demo of my new shit cuz it's the shit

And let 'em know that they the shit

And they can make hits cuz it ain't shit

I gotta keep the cycle goin, baby doll,

Whichever way that they be blowin' under,

Higher than a motherfucker, mr. dante,  
C'mon b back me up pitch in everyday,  
Whether it's hot, whether it's cold,  
Whether it's soft, whether it's bold,  
Whether it's new, whether it's old,  
Whether it's gold, or platinum, stack 'em,  
Dante, baby dog, we be fly,  
Freestylin' like a motherfucker don't ask why,  
Cuz this ain't budweiser,  
"bud", "weis", "er",  
"did you see the, thighs on her?"  
We nastier then a motherfucker baby doll,  
Can i freak your shit, and, uh, break the shit the wall down?  
Up to the compound?, uh huh  
Elements, feel my elephant, hahaha  
Chorus  
(outro):  
Now can y'all feel that? see, ain't nothing but god mackin' goin' on  
Right  
Now, see? da game is to be told and not sold dependin' on which game  
It is,  
And we gon' keep it way real, you know? cuz' it ain't no doubt in  
Nobody's  
Mind that i'm a very blessed individual, there. if we don't turn it  
Around and  
Give it back than we can't we can't go forward, it's up to you. that's  
What we  
Do everytime we get on this microphone, we let 'em know that we might  
Be  
Street rappers, but we are very much in order, and we got somethin' to  
Say. so  
If you feelin' me like we feelin y'all, get yo ass up on the ball.  
Time to  
Take this shit back. all of it. cuz it was ours to begin with. don't  
Sleep  
Baby. don't sleep homey. now when the hook come back again,  
Youknowwhati'msayin?  
Chorus(3x)  
(fade out)

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