

# Pitch In On a Party

## DJ Quik

Momma

I know you said you wanted a record that you could listen to  
With no cussing and shit, I tried, but I still gotta do this  
Jingle jingle we've go the lingo  
With so much heat it's hard for us to pick the first single  
It don't matter 'cuz I'm underground anyway  
Rich balling, bitch call and fly any day  
You dirty niggas y'all too whack to dance  
Y'all need to ease up off that now before y'all splint y'all pants  
And leave that up to my niggas, young fly niggas  
Getting down you and I niggas don't try niggas  
I changed my mind I don't want your bitch  
'Cuz sorry ass women just don't get rich  
You could keep her I'd rather have a Fifi bag because it's cheaper  
You can't come up for NL, I gets deeper  
And my hold is so cold, it's a sleeper  
So pass the reafar  
And to you false balling niggas just grab your crotches  
But if you paid nigga pat your pockets  
And for sure, you've got yours  
I've got mines and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in ona party for sure  
You've got yours  
I've got mines and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in ona party for sure  
Alright somebody play the potato salad let's take a ballad  
On who gonna invite the hoes that make the party valid  
'Cuz we don't need a whole crib full of dudes again  
And here come the police with them big black boots again  
Kicking niggas out  
Hand cuffing and stuffing they banging Jacky chicken in they mouth  
And time to shine pitching a fit  
'Cuz somebody rolled her bud in a heeny blunt and won't pass the shit  
Who keeps turning the lights on? Why the music keep skipping?  
And why these dirty khaki niggas tripping?  
I don't know I'm Quik and I'm still delighted  
500 dollars worth of white star about to hide it  
Cuz y'all ain't drinking mine up  
You better drink that Anj and Palmason and the rest of that wine up  
You party haters need to stop it

I think we really about to pat your pockets  
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Let's pitch in ona party for sure  
You've got yours  
I've got mines and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in ona party for sure  
Hey baby my girlfriend left me today  
So which one of you old tragedy ass bitches  
Wanna come in here and play?  
That's what my homie told and try to cop the cancan  
Then I caught him in there hunching in my downstairs bathroom  
And in the kitchen and up in there on the dance floor  
By the big screen TV where your pants go?  
Boy you niggas I swear  
I try to throw y'all a ragedy ass party and y'all don't even care  
Cigarette burns in my plush empty beer bottles in the brush  
And my bitch acting like a lush boy what else could go wrong?  
Somebody kick the extension cord out  
Move, y'all gotta be some of the clumsiest muthafuckas  
To the sounds, now some  
Y'all done fucked up get out, get on  
Speed up nigga get up, take your weed on  
Ya nigga, the drunk nigga said it  
Your pockets, that's where I'm sending, K go  
And for sure, you've got yours  
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