

I Just Wanna Party (feat. ScHoolboy Q & Jay Rock)

YG

Mama ain't raised no fool
Daddy told me never leave the house without my tool
Grandpa told me never trust a sucka nigga from the street
Grandma said she love me and she always praying for me
But I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
I just wanna party, I don't wanna hurt nobody
But I'll beat the fuck out of a nigga I'm drunk off Hennessy
Hope I don't run into my enemies
That dark lick will give you energy
Now I ain't rich, but I'm finna be
Your baby mama's a flip, she wanna hit a G
I'm back on that bullshit
But she ain't fucking and that's bullshit
I can't die, I got too much to live for
I'm getting money, that's what niggas rob and kill for
Fucking with Tenisha and Keisha
But when Keisha see Tenisha she gon' whoop her ass
All my homies gangbangers
They dry their clothes on hangers
All these hoes fucking, but they don't wanna seem like a ho
So you gotta hit 'em on the low (hit em' on the D-Low!)
West side, different money game
Socked the mouth for tripping, he lost his watch and earrings Nigga, I'm from Hoover Street
Dirty pictures in my cellphone
On 52nd street I'm well-known
Hoover stomp until the cops come
Silver satin get the job done
Money ain't everything, but still I'm rich
Money ain't everything, I'm still gon' crip
From Figueroa to [?] where we sock on lips
We break on jaws, niggas since VCR's, nigga
We hope out cars, nigga
I be groovin' till I die
Smokin' weed until I'm fried
I could sell a key to God
Pants saggin' with the Glock
I ain't wanna pick the box
All my homies gangbangers
We keep a thumb between our two fingers

We trippin' off the Henny

So don't let me catch you slippin' in the 50's, RickyNigga, I'm from Bounty Hunters, East Side
lunatic

Gang bang, slap a bitch

I ain't with the extras, I ain't got a stunt double

You ain't got no hands so they might let the gun touch you

Is you banging or you balling, nigga?

You a fax machine, we can't call it, nigga

Everybody ain't a friend, reason why I keep a fo'

You wanna gamble with your life, bet that on the tender-fold, nigga

She bouncing that ass, go ahead shake it

And if she give me that back, bitch, I'mma break it

Shit, that pussy is overrated, some niggas'll chase it

She acting like she be nutting, some bitches are faking

You fighting to save many souls, know that you losing

These bitches the reason why some niggas be snoozing

YG, dawg, you heard how they left his brains hanging?

Shouldn't have chunked his fingers up if he ain't banging

I'm ashamed

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>