

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
And for sure, you've got yours
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So call up everybody
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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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