

## Warren Barfield

### "Party We Will Throw Now"

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[Hook]

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

[The game]

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

[Hook]

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  
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A party we will throw  
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[Warren g]

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

[Hook]

[Warren g]

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

[The game]

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 corolla

[Hook]

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