

Warren G

"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
When 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

[Verse 1: The Game]

All I need is the chronic to keep me fit
A bad b*tch, 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 sh*t
I'm a hustler n*gga, that's how I got this red Bentley
Slay the competition and told them that Dre sent me
Walk through 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 n*ggas wanna throw up a dub
And be surrounded by the baddest b*tches up in the
club yeah
It's the math blood, sixes on the ave cuz
Phantom got your girl pussy wetter than my bathtub
F*ck her all night, wake her up at 6
Lil mama grab your sh*t, get ghost

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[Verse 2: 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 connections, from every section
Critical, political, it's killer Cal'
Roll it up, now pass that sh*t around
My mental is cynical, original
Thinking you could see us
I'm like n*gga 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 n*gga I'm on one
I'm pushing the zone up, I'm sitting up, my pistol
shining my chrome up
My n*gga Game got the gun load
One shot mix a n*gga brain like some gumbo, oh, oh
All that tough talk n*gga, what for?
Shut your scary ass up at the front door

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[Verse 3: Warren G]

Could nobody diss my n*gga, damn I miss my n*gga
Pour out a little liquor, big Nate Dogg n*gga 213
From the city by the sea, where them 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 n*gga 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 n*gga trip,
I'ma pop the top off his Corolla

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