

Widespread Panic

"Party and Bullshit"

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I was a terror since the public school era
Bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezing asses
Smoking blunts was a daily routine
Since thirteen, a chubby nigga on the scene
I used to have the tre' duce
And the duce duce in my bubblegoose
Now i got the mack in my knapsack
Loungin' black, smoking sacks up in acts
And sidekicks with my sidekicks rockin fly kicks
Honeys want to chat
But all we wanna know is "Where the party at?"
And can i bring my gat?
If not, I hope I don't get shot
But i throw my vest on my chest
'Cause niggaz is a mess
It don't take nothin' but frontin'
For me to start somethin'
Buggin' and barkin' at niggaz like i was duck huntin'
Dumbing out, just me and my crew
Cause all we wanna do is...

Chorus:

Party... And bullshit, and... (x9)

Hugs from the honeys, Pounds from the roughnecks
Seen my man Sei that I knew from the projects
Said he had beef, asked me if I had my peice
Sure do, two .22's in my shoes
Holler if you need me love i'm in the house
Roam and strollin' see what the honeys is about
Moet popping, hoe hopping, ain't no stopping Big
Poppa, I'm a BAD BOY
Niggaz wanna front, who got your back? (BIGGIE!)
Niggaz wanna flex, who got the gat? (BIGGIE!)
It ain't hard to tell I'm the east coast overdoser
Nigga you scared you're supposed to
Nigga I toast ya, put fear in your heart
Fuck up the party before it even start
Pissy drunk, off the Henny and stuff
Or some brand-nubian shit beatin' down punks!

Chorus

Bitches in the back looking righteous
In a tight dress, i think i might just
Hit her with a little Biggie 101, How to tote a gun
And have fun with Jamaican rum
Conversations, blunts in rotation
My man Big Jacques got the glock in his waist and
we're smoking, drinking, got the hooker thinking
If money smell bad than this nigga Biggie stinking
Is it my charm? I got the hookers eatin out my palm
She grabbed my arm and said "Let's leave calm"
I'm hittin' skins again
Rolled up another blunt, bought a Heineken
Niggaz start to loke out, a kid got choked out
Blows was thrown and a fucking fight broke out

[Music stops, indecipherable sounds of people yelling
and arguing,
Biggie breaks it up yelling "Yo chill, man, chill!"]

Can't we just all get along?
So i can put hickies on her chest like Li'l Shawn
Get her pissy drunk off of Don Perrignon
And it's on, and I'm gone
that's that.

[Chorus w/ Puff talking after selected lines]

Party... and Bullshit, (Party.)
and Party... and Bullshit, (Bullshit.)
and Party... and Bullshit, (Party.)
and Party... and Bullshit, (Bullshit.)
and Party... and Bullshit, (Yea... Junior Mafia likes that.)
and Party... and Bullshit,
and Party... and Bullshit, (Uptown likes that.)
and Party... and Bullshit,
and Party... and Bullshit, (Bad Boy likes that.)
and Party... and Bullshit,
and Party... and Bullshit, (Brooklyn Crew likes that.)
and Party... and Bullshit,
and Party... and Bullshit, (Third Eye likes that.)
and Party... and Bullshit,
[Repeats until fade out]

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