

## Young Cash

### "Don't Stop The Party"

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[Intro: T-Pain]Hello, welcome to Club Nappy Boy  
Um, My name is Teddy, I'll be your waiter for the night  
And uh, what can I get you?...  
You know what, fuck all that shit man  
You fine as a mothafucka  
Now I'm just try'na holla at cha baby, you know what I'm  
sayin?  
This what I want'cha to do, I'm a go I'm a go to the bar  
And I'm a put my iPod on to the, on to the system  
And I just want'cha to groovin real quick,  
I'm a be right back hold on, play this hit right quick

Oh!  
Welcome to Club Nappy Boy man (Nappy Boy)  
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha  
Ay, ay Jarared can you hold me down for like fifteen  
minutes man, I need to go holla at this girl real quick  
man?...  
Fo sho my nigga, ha, ha, ha (clapping)  
Ay, Striaght up  
Check it  
Huh  
Shit

I got bout three cups for me, and one cup for you  
But I got grease of patrone and I got you some deuce  
But I got Louie 13 and that blue Calgeen  
But that, kinda depends on what moods you kind in  
But it's all good vibes, good times, good living  
T-Pain music, blacky mouse good liquor  
Thinking how I should lick her, or maybe not  
Cause soon as I wanna tell her, bet the music gone  
stop...  
... Shots of patrone got me lifted  
I'm smarter than I ever been, I'm gone but gifted  
Every song that came on I ripped it  
Every rap that sounded wack I ripped it  
Now did it feel good when you took that  
Shawty gave me the look, I gave her the look back  
Damn, look at that  
Is it that she feeling me?

Is it that she really wishes she can be an inity have kids  
with me?

But first we gotta finish thee drink

[talking: T-Pain]It's the same one I got'chu  
It's sitting right here on the bar  
Ah, I see you already fucked up  
Keep drinking though

[Hook: Young Cash]Now everybody put your hands up  
and let me say  
(Don't Stop The Party)  
And if you fucked up  
(Keep On Drinking)  
Everybody put your hands up and let me say, let me  
say  
(Please Tip The Bartender)  
And if you fucked up  
(Keep On Drinking)

[T-Pain:]Take two up in the clubroom

You know how us do  
You know how we does  
Don't care that we cous'  
It's stringerly liquor, we ridiciously, oblivious to that shit  
And the smell bout to sick of me, EWW  
Obviously she be feeling my skills  
And my brian keep on telling me to get her I will  
But if I get the brain my dick will make me bust it a grill  
But my eyes telling me to just chill  
I must be drunk as hell!

[talking: T-Pain]Ah, I mean what'cha doin liking ah?...  
Ah, baby I don't know what to say to you, you just fine  
as hell  
Ah, shit

[Hook: Young Cash]Now everybody put'cha hands up  
and let me say  
(Don't Stop The Party)  
And if you drunk as fuck  
(Keep On Drinking)  
Now everybody put'cha hands up and let me say  
(Please Tip The Bartender)  
And if you fucked up  
(Keep On Drinking)

[talking: T-Pain]I'm try'na say lil momma  
This is all I want'cha to do: Put your drink down,  
Pick it back up

Drink it  
Put it back down  
Pick it up again  
Drink it some more  
Put it down on the bar  
Slide it cross the bar  
Tell somebody to pass you your drink back  
Pick it up again  
Put it in my mouth  
I'm a take a sip of it  
Put it back down  
I want you to pick it back up  
Then you take a sip of it  
And both of us drunk as fuck  
And the first person that just slid for the first time  
Let's go

Just slide with me baby, knahsayin?  
Fly on the clouds, knahsayin like  
We can go G5  
Well it's really G3  
But I ain't try'na brag on you knahsayin, I do have a  
airplane  
I just don't talk about being on them, cause I got one  
22 cars you can't fail with that baby, you know what I 'm  
sayin?  
I'm just sayin, let's fly drunk, let's drive drunk, let's be  
drunk  
Together...

In your face!

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