

## **Umberto Tozzi % Raf**

### **"Party Over"**

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Intro/Chorus:

Whatever? Party's over tell the rest of the crew  
Yo P, it's on you, what you wanna do?  
\*repeat x3\*

Verse 1: Prodigy, Havoc

Every day of my life since 11-2-74  
on the street makin non-stop CREAM galore  
Packin heat, stickin up weed stores and more  
Collectin interest off of extortions to settle my score  
It gets deeper when things get real  
I'm down to stickin out West Bank for my mill  
And I'm from Hampstead, it's close to the shacks of  
Park South  
Well I'll be outside slingin, you're always high  
And don't come around to the crossroads of life  
We're to the death, you and me, this beef for eternity  
I'm goin out to the fullest extent  
So far into my troubles it's hard for me to get back  
to my everyday self and composure  
Catch you when you open then I bring you to a closure  
Put ice on a razor and freeze ya when ya shelter  
I went for ya grill but you dent from my \*?rolder?\*

I know this kid who says he knows ya because of that  
Now I know where ya lay ya hat at and that's that  
Say no more, I put it on you while you was yawning  
Murder without warning the very next morning

Once we step thru the door, party over, that's the endin  
You and your crew'll leave out, a bunch of dead men  
Bump me and I'll bump you back  
You ain't tough black, niggas like you just get their life  
jacked  
But I'ma cool nigga til you push me thru the limit  
But try ta play me and ya ass I get up all in it  
Don't try to cop please now son, it's dead and done  
(I gave you fair warning) So run and get your guns  
It's on, time to show em how I perform  
My attitude'll transform, leave you dead plus wrong

Gettin the flow within, representin for Queens  
Shit is real, why you hopin that it's all a dream  
But you can't wake up, wettin a chest you bless  
Chokin off your own blood, don't blame me you  
brought your own death

Chorus:

Aiyo Noyd, it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?  
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Verse 2: Big Noyd, Prodigy

My beeper kept beepin, the other numbers started  
leakin  
'Who is this on my mind?' I was thinkin  
Then I realised it was my dun playin 911  
Once I seen the numbers I ran for the fuckin guns  
My dun in trouble, I be there on the double  
I jumped up in the bubble, yo kid where are you?  
(1-14 between Manhattan and Morningside Avenue)  
This happened just right out the blue  
Aiyo dun, fuck that bitch, tell her get off your dick  
(But she's cryin and she says she has feelins and shit)  
Yo it's a setup, them niggas got me fed up  
Ty stay in the buildin, if they move fuckin buck em  
Get up off the scene, you know what I mean?  
and hide yourself down with them other fuckin sixteen  
Glock and get off they block  
Then I hung up the cellular, ready to rock  
and it's on

Yo, you get deaded in the streets, kid set it  
You gots no credit, fool you get wetted  
up with the semi-auto Mac double, love it  
'Did he shoot eleven or twelve?' is what he wondered  
Nigga I got one more shot, you must be drinkin  
Put the heater to his head, watch him start blinkin  
'Am I goin to heaven or hell?' is what he's thinkin  
Switch to a bitch as his life start sinkin  
down to a level of no return  
Pull out the heat cos when the slugs hit it definitely  
burns  
Now chill and think about your life for real  
Every member of my crew is livin life for real

Got your self fucked into somethin that you couldn't  
finish  
Up against the fulliest squad and get diminished  
I'm from Q-U-E another E-N-S  
So why you small tough talk? I'm not impressed  
If I seen you in the Bridge, I'd make you undress  
give up the money, the polo especially the Guess

Chorus:

Big Noyd! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Havoc! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Black Ice! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Queensbridge! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
The Big Twins! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Ty! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Yo Black! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
My man Killer! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Germ! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Karate Joe! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Ron Gotti! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Karl Capone! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Rasheim! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Stobo! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Tena! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Skins! It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
And the whole fuckin projects! It's over, tell the rest of  
the crew  
It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
It's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew  
The motherfuckin party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Outro:

Get that nappy up  
Yo get that nappy up  
Son get that nappy up  
Queens get that nappy up  
Yo get that nappy up  
\*talkin to fade\*

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