

LL Cool J f/ Fat Joe, Sheek Louch

"Come and Party With Me"

Visit "[Come and Party With Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: LL Cool J] We can chill up in the club, we can pop a little bub We can chill up in the VIP You can show a nigga love, you can give me back rubs Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey) Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey) Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey) Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey) [Hook: LL Cool J (girl)] One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up) One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up) One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up) One-two, and pump it up [LL Cool J] They say what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas If this ain't Vegas, let's pretend it's Vegas I know what you up to, your skirt's outrageous But I'm so fucked up that I forgot what your name is We can jump in my drop-head and pop the throttle Live our lives for the moment, baby, fuck tomorrow Kool-Aid smile on your face, popping a bottle Like you had an orgasm and you hit the lotto Throw ya hands in the sky, why, am I So, damn fly, can't deny My shit's tight, gear, sit right Ear, big ice, j-yeah, that's right Lights are flashing, living life with passion And if this was a movie, you would be perfect casting You killing me slowly, baby, you're like an assassin And you know that I'm married, so why the fuck you keep asking [Chorus] [Fat Joe] Now you can get with this or you can get with that You wanna pop Crys', then you need to get with Crack The whip's a 26 and the motor's in the back I call it Big Meats cuz the shit is all black Now you fucking with Coco, baby, I'm the poster, baby I'm a hustler's dream, you suppose to pay me I was dope in the airness, now I stick crack I stay fly, you seen a G four on smack, now listen Don't you wanna party with me? Where the kush is blowing and the E is free And the world is yours, it say it right on the blimp And that yacht's so big, we gotta call it a ship, hey Punks nigga, gun in the palm, nigga Pop off, whenever it's on, nigga Not tonight, I wanna hear my song And let Flex drops bombs when the shit come on, let's get it [Chorus] [Sheek Louch] Ok, Flex let Sheek on his Cool J shit Levi's, black chuckers, hope the deuce deuce fit Two-seater, little reefer, pass the old fever

Showing her what hip hop is Todd Smith, G. Rap, nigga,
Kane and Biz And if I talk L.O.X., I'm getting heavy sex
This early, imagine when it get to Flex Toxic heavy, all
black Chevy Sheek got 'em wet, like somebody hit the
levy's I got a little Porsche, but the truck fit more More
goons, more chicks, when it's time to score I'm straight
out the door, boned from a raw Swimming pool bottom
of it, big as Shakur V.I.P. cool, but the God at the bar
Partying, no shirts, tats over the scar Ice in the sharper,
come here, ma, I mean [Chorus] [Hook]

Visit [LL Cool J f/ Fat Joe, Sheek Louch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.