

Alessandro Safina

"The Theme"

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It's party time! Woooahh, it's party time!
Havin a party, c'mon

Yeah yeah, Tray Lee nigga, ByStorm (ByStorm)
Ain't no mystery (hah, ByStorm)
RNF to death (hah, ByStorm)
We just one step beyond (RNF no doubt), hey, hey
Yeah (check it out), check it out (c'mon, ah-hah)
Check it out (c'mon, ah-hah) check it out (c'mon, ah-hah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Chorus: Tracey Lee and crew

And everywhere that my crew go
And every hoe that my crew know
And every show that my crew blow
You know we get down, you know we get down

Verse One: Tracey Lee

Hey this is how we get down with no question
Trees in the V.I.P. section, Big Sun sippin on French
Connections
Dashin, decked in the latest fashions
Flashin, niggaz spendin tax free cash, ten G stash
Son leavin the club scene smashed, hah
Ass in abundance, run with a sick type
click with mics get in your shit life
so better make sure your shit's tight
When I bomb, shit is worldwide like dot.com
Known to rock swarms, get up in that ass like
Dong Strongarm in the place at alarming rates
Got a fifth and that's all it takes
for me to flip won't slip
Try to front on and get your fronts chipped
Runnin chicks home in plush whips, get a duck sick
Let it be known we got a song that don't quit

Chorus: Tracey Lee and crew

And every hoe that my crew know
Like Tonya, Michelle, and Nicky
And every show that my crew blow
Like the Apollo, or BET
And everywhere that my crew go
Like Philly, New York, or DC
You know we get down, you know we get down

Verse Two: Tracey Lee

Yeah this is how we get down with no question
Run up in a chicken's midsection, boom I rock on
from marathons to quick sessions
Menage-a-trois, killin your whole crew
with at least sixteen bars like MC's supposed to
A real MC, take you, to School like D
I'm Kool like G, in Rap, I use the mic, to rule like a
pharoah
Dipped in my Nike apparel, you know we get down
Bad to the bone like marrow chicks
Crack your boom, Tray gets played from the plat the
greatest tune
Philly's in here, been here, lyrics they win here
Why did you go there? I swear
RNF tears the things like that
We breakin your team up like a salary cap, and it don't
stop
until I get the cream like Shaq
Seventeen mil annual, flammable

Chorus: Tracey Lee and crew

And every hoe that my crew know
Like Tasha, Yvette, or Sha-See
And every show that my crew blow
Like the Palladium or MTV
And everywhere that my crew go
Like Atlanta, LA, or Jersey
You know we get down, you know we get down

It's party time
Ohhhhh yeah, it's party time, havin a party, c'mon
(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Tracey Lee

So with no question, hey, lyrics get etched in
stone destined to be, y'all niggaz Jonesin
A threat when, in the zone get protection
duke the best in, my profession
When I ride loops like a stretch Benz, heads get laced

D-Dot keep the chrome cocked, just in case
Tracey Lee rocks son I'm chosen
Whenever we got this party scene live it's frozen
Whoaaa, time to close in on those who be dozen
Not tryin to hear it, without wine and spirit
Shows continue to blow the venue
With flows that's sicked than influ-enza
Roll with a squad that injures pretenders
I'm pullin your card, so surrender
Bombard your agenda, at last RNF stash
with more pitch slaughterin, so we be the new world
order in

Chorus: Tracey Lee and crew

And everywhere that my crew go
And every hoe that my crew know
And every show that my crew blow
You know we get down, you know we get down
(repeat 2X)

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