

## DJ Quik "Pitch In On A Party"

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Momma I know you said you wanted  
A record that you could listen to  
With no cussing and shit  
I tried but I still gotta do this

Jinga, jinga we've got the lingo  
With so much heat it's hard for us to pick the first  
singer  
It don't matter 'cuz I'm underground anyways  
Rich, bald, bitch called and fly, anyways

You dirty niggas y'all too whack to dance  
Y'all need to ease up off that now before y'all splint  
y'all pants  
And leave that up to my niggas, young fly niggas  
Getting down you and I niggas, don't try niggas

I changed my mind, I don't want your bitch  
'Cuz sorry ass women just don't get rich  
You could keep her  
I'd rather have a Fifi bag because it's cheaper

You can't come up for NL, I gets deeper  
And my hold is so cold, it's a sleeper, so pass the  
reafer  
And to you false balling niggas just grab your crotches  
But if you paid nigga, pat your pockets

And for sure, you've got yours  
I've got mine's and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in on a party for sure

You've got yours  
I've got mine's and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in on a party for sure

Alright, somebody play the potato, let's take a ballad  
On who gonna invite the hoes that make the party valid  
'Cuz we don't need a whole crib full of dudes again  
And here come the police with them big black boots

again

Kicking niggas out, hand cuffing and stuffing  
They banging Jacky chicken in they mouth  
And time to shine pitching a fit  
'Cuz somebody rolled her bud in a heeny blunt  
And won't pass the shit

Who keeps turning the lights on? Why the music keep  
skipping?  
And why these dirty khaki niggas tripping?  
I don't know I'm Quik and I'm still delighted  
Five-hundred dollars worth of white star about to hide it

'Cuz y'all ain't drinking mine up  
You better drink that anj and palmason and the rest of  
that wine up  
You party haters need to stop it  
I think we really about to pat your pockets

And for sure, you've got yours  
I've got mine's and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in on a party for sure

You've got yours  
I've got mine's and we're balling  
So call up everybody  
Let's pitch in on a party for sure

Hey, baby, my girlfriend left me today  
So which one of you old ragedy ass bitches  
Wanna come in here and play?

That's what my homie told and try to cop the Cancun  
Then I caught him in there hunching in my downstairs  
bathroom  
And in the kitchen and up in there on the dancefloor  
By the big screen TV, where your pants go?

Some of you niggas I swear  
I try to throw y'all a ragedy ass party and y'all don't  
even care  
Cigarette burns in my plush, empty beer bottles in the  
brush  
And my bitch acting like a lush

Boy what else could go wrong?  
Somebody kick the extension cord out

Move! Y'all gotta be some of the clumsiest

muthafuckas  
To the sounds, now some

Y'all done, fucked up, get out, get on  
Speed up nigga, get up, take your weed on  
Ya nigga, the drunk nigga said it  
Your pockets, that's where I'm here for, K go

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