

Draconis

"It's A Party"

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[Intro: Drag-On]

Hey, yeah, uh

It's a party over there, nah

It's a party over here, yeah

Fuck that bullshit...

[Drag-On:]

I ain't no Peter Piper, but I'll pay Peter to pipe ya

Cause they got me by the balls; and I can't risk it all

Up in the Jamaican spot, biscuit out and friskin all

Rudebwoy don't make me bloodclaat lick off

Me not the one you wan' take off, see and

Don't be brave, show me the safe and you'll be safe,

See and

Cooperative... shit smart man

Blaow blaow! Shoulda been like that from the start man

Custom made truck, pop the trunk it's all wires

23-inch, all rims, no tires

Gritty motherfucker, Feds can't touch us

Got 'em all conceited, the way we leave 'em stuck up

Nigga, I +R&B+ niggaz like Usher

That stand for 'Rob & Bang' niggaz once the R rush ya

My heart ain't pumpin, no pressure

The way we run up on you niggaz like your parents, and

Undress ya

[Chorus: x2]

It don't matter what I go through

Double-R's my, life

And when shit just, ain't, lookin good

I'm a make it be, all right

[Drag-On:]

I'm only out for the cream, y'all wanna know the

Scheme? (yup)

Here's a tip, the tip of my gun head holds a beam

Roll with the team, with the spinnin rims so it seems

Like I'm movin slow when I speed

Stomach's so empty my chest starvin

Y'all could be the great Batman but I stick niggaz up

So I be the best +Robin+

I don't respect the D's, make 'em call they sergeant
They call me Margarine; slide out the gutter, like

Butter

I see your stones glistenin, that don't mean nothin to
Me

I be at your home visitin and you ain't gon' like my
Company

Standin on your doormat and I'm not +Welcome+
I buy bullets but I don't sell 'em, I just make sure
Niggaz felt 'em

Certain niggaz gotta feel 'em (yeah) at least I don't
Steal

Long as he come up out his shit, at least I won't peel
May be bad but life ain't all good

Long as niggaz got that thing out and e'ything's
Understood

It's all hood

[Chorus]

[Drag-On:]

I do my robberies like a book of matches, I light shit
Might strike twice in one night, 'til my fire is lit

If I don't got a gun I'm wirin shit - fuck it

I don't look at ice admirin and shit, I'm thinkin how
To make you up it

And is it worth it? Shit, my pockets is hurtin

And the only way I can sooth the pain is duke chain

I ask myself, is that platinum?

Shit, the way I feel right now I'll take gold if I have

To

I don't give a fuck about this party so don't make me

Do it

Don't make me make this DJ lower this goddamn music

Everybody runnin to they car cause you slumped over
the

Bar

Look at everybody, havin a good time, don't make me
go

That far

I got a nigga on each corner with a good reach on ya

And I don't got the heat on me, so one move and they

Gon' leap on ya

My clique keep the fumes strong like ammonia

Cause we go hard, Double-R's the squad, the street

Owners

[Chorus]

