

## **E-40**

# **"Where The Party At"**

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Where's the party at?

Forget it man, I can't lie  
I'm drunk as a skunk but I'm nothin' funk  
I shoots the game, the gift I spit  
The gift of gab boy, the gift is ripped

Deal with the skill that makes ya feel it  
Those who don't wanna feel it need to kill it  
Knows that I can giddy go when it's time to get  
On the M I C H R O P H O N E, it's me the hustler 40

With them raggedy seperaters as if it was funky  
A brother like me don't hang around no suckers  
That be faulty, I be puttin' the group up in the boot  
Be puttin' the peas up in the pod, left the cookies in the  
jar

Now I'm a rap star, the rapologist  
I pull a 40 out of my ball cap  
Then I bust ya down side of this  
'Cause partner ain't never been no punk in this

I'm so serious brother, I got meals, wheels  
And about seven thousand dollars worth of bills  
Givin' up deals, hills let 'em go for a lil' bit or nothin'  
As I showcase my skills for real

There's a party over here, a party over there  
There's a party everywhere, put ya hands up  
There's a party over here, a party over there  
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Pullin' up in the club about eleven  
I plays my feet and hit the beat and kept it revvin'  
I got a lil' doja that I'm fixin' to break down  
Roll 'em up in a zag, lick 'em stick 'em and clown

I'm fully dig with a dick, my game is on hit  
I got tipped so I tip 'cause I'm livin' with this  
Game tight with the knack, I'm pullin' in scratch  
They better have a tight grip on they stuff  
'Cause I'm 'bout to snatch your batch

If she wants it she'll be mine in the cutlass  
Puffin' on some of this chronic while I'm gettin'  
Straight penny laced, heard about the drought season  
They be lookin' for a reason  
It's like thanksgiving without the feastin'

Extra mannish, how I'm livin' and [Incomprehensible]  
my name is groupie  
It's Mr. 30-30 givin' up game to all you hoochies  
Bitches always splittin' stick the wood but sometimes  
wouldn't  
Suckin' and grabbin' my little pecker  
Talkin' about sick on my gold better  
Talkin' about sick on my gold better

I remember when carts was Barbie cut before I was in  
junior high  
All they wanted to do is kiss and let me play with they  
vagina  
I got my freshen up, I put on my chucks, also down with  
pluck  
The finest watch on the playground, the one with the  
big ass butt

40, I love you, I miss you, I need you  
And retrospect to who  
Bitch, come anew, bitch, come anew

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'Cause we made like thugs, get juiced in the parking lot  
Before we go up in the clubs, hugs and kisses  
Gotta make sure we got our gloves, hugs and kisses  
E-40 can't be on anymore, hugs and kisses

Straight to the bar ,no time to waste

Kickin' 'em back while they take the place  
Order me a shot of that liquor to taste

Thinkin' they about to beat my face  
Oh, no, I'm nothin' but a professional  
Oh, no, we're nothin' but professionals

Hoochies all in my face with some of that dope water  
Brothers already purple off some of that soap water  
So I'ma make a toast to the most mobbish lookin'  
brothers in this  
By midnight 'cause brothers gotta get the shit that's  
really in man

Batches on our jock, batches on our jock  
Mind teachin' things to these brothers  
'Cause that's us, captain save a botch  
They wanna be like big boys and sport big boot  
They wanna be like big boys and sport fresh suits

I got love for D-boys 'cause D-boys got love from me  
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We in this baby boy swervin', E-40 in the mob scene  
And I'm still down with the C L I C K comin' yo' way  
In the 94 then 95, it don't stop, boy, ain't no jive  
Sell the rest of them tapes boy, where the deposit at?  
Where mine at? Oh, for real, I'm out

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