

Epmd "It's Time 2 Party"

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[parrish smith]

It's, time, to, party

...

"now that I got your attention again I want to"

[pmd] party.. party.. party.. party

* echoes left to right *

[erick sermon]

Get up, shake your butts, feel the rhythm of the cuts

Walk around and strut, then a brother push up

And start talkin, girls and boys are hawkin

Epmd is live from new york and

Now I'm bout to rip house, straight up and jump

Move your body, as the bass pumps and thumps

This jam, is a crowd mover

For the girl and the boy with the funky dope maneuver

Or for a so-called dancing machine

Cause this record, is strictly for the club scene

Get off the wall, this ain't michael jackson

It's eighty-nine, it's time for some action

Like dips and dope backflips

While the girlies are movin, and groovin they hips

Enough booty, you could be waxin

Instead you in the corner, maxin and relaxin

Get up, and move your body

Cause party people

[parrish smith]

It's time to party (4x)

[erick sermon] yo p break it down

[parrish smith] yeah

"uno, dos, tres, cuatro"

...

[epmd]

It's time to party (2x)

[erick sermon] yo p break it down

[parrish smith]

Yeah..

It's friday night, no work til monday

To top it off you just got paid

So you step to the club, boys and girls are gq

Before you go in, you drink a brew or two

Strobelight spinnin, people grinnin

You're coolin at the bar, drinkin vodka and gin and

Your body gets warm, your adrenaline is flowin

People on the dancefloor sweatin and yellin hoe and

You see this fly cutie...

With crazy hips, plus a nice fine booty

Your mind gets to scheamin, you start dreamin

The liquor starts talkin, you get more self esteem and

You step to this lady, "may I have this dance? "

Then she takes you in your arms and she grabs your hands

And while the disc jockey's yelling get up, get up

Get up, get up, and on the dancefloor

The ladies are freakin moves, you never seen before

Cut up shirts, miniskirts, the whole works

Squeakin moves that make you squint and say

"damn that must hurt" -- stomachs are showin, aces blowin

And while you're havin fun, spendin your dough and

You reach into your pockets, you reach deeper

And off goes your money beeper

Which means you're runnin low on the dough

So you cool with the drinks and you limit your hoes

You grab a seat in the corner, and play low key

Askin yourself over and over how you spent a g

Don't worry now, worry on monday

And get back on the dancefloor..

It's time to party (4x)

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