

## Gabrielle

### "The Party Don't Stop"

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[Mia X]

I got the ghetto grooves guaranteed to make your shoes  
move  
Through the dance floor  
What you came for? Actin' like ain't know  
That I flows, everything over ?knocks?  
With the peep by the pound  
And the ice cream shop  
They finally drop the first lady off that No Limit tape  
And I'ma ??? flows baby, think I ain't!  
You can't see even if you had a bird's eye view  
Or bifocals, these mind vocals just goes  
On and on, you know you can't resist  
So let your head knock back and look foward to this,  
Miss  
Biggest Momma with the ?rhyme-a? and Prada  
Fly known rigotta and my ice just gotta  
Light up the room like Vegas  
Been by my papa, ever since my flight that China white  
Peelin' wit' the steel, recognize the real  
Better rimes and bring skills I will  
Keep it locked, word to my moms dredlocks  
Some nights I just wanna set the party on top  
Wit' P and the Ill Na Na, unified hip hop  
Mo' chedda as long as the party don't stop

Chorus:

We don't care if the party don't stop  
Got nothing but time so let the beat knock pop  
Bangin' to the east  
Shakin' it to the west  
Throw it up northside  
And the south gonna handle the rest  
(repeat)

[Master P]

There ain't No Limit to this game I spit  
36's on 55, I got money to get  
It's the Ill Na Na wit' the Big Momma

Now I'm the Big Poppa,I mean a Big Dada  
I used to make my money hustlin' and bustin' wit' gats  
Now-a-days I get money for bustin' rhymes and raps  
I got the cocoa and cream,not the kind that steam  
Cause it's crispy and clean  
Cristale and green,uhhhhh!  
600 wit' that 28 inch will  
Word is 50 wit' no dollar bills  
Pearl presidential wit' that big and ????  
Tears on our backs but they still can't handle  
Independent black owned and I'm 'bout it 'bout it  
That's why No Limit is rowdy rowdy!

chorus:

[Foxy Brown]

Uhhh,you know dat na na don't fake none  
Millions by the Mason  
Shit,money I'ma take some  
Ask P,he know that Fox gettin' nasty  
Little sassy ass,'bout it 'bout it  
Hoes know I don't play that free shit  
Make 'em lick my shit hard  
Then leave that nigga with his dick hard  
Huhh,you got to work me to hurt me  
And when I'm bored fuck around on how you jerk yours  
From NY to NO  
Niggas know they my hoes,bringin' my doe  
Wanna floss wit' me in the front seat of your 3  
Hunderd Benz-do,watch us work them ends though  
Baddest bitch with that multi platnuim clit  
Peep this,don't let a trick fuck you and I heard you ?  
licked?  
Ice Cream Man

[Master P]

Wit' the Ill Na Na and this Big Momma  
That's why the party don't stop

chorus:

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