

## Jagged Edge "Where Da Party At (Remix)"

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So So Lets go  
(J.D)

All I see over here ain't nothin' but a lot of honies  
lookin' for man  
And niggas with a lot of money, bottles in they hand  
And short shirts, honies tryin' to show that slow (show  
that)  
Lined up tryin' to get through the velvet ropes  
'Cause over here when the jam drops everybody bug  
Standin' on the couches like this our club  
Got the Bacardi and Cristal mixed in too (yeah)  
Knowin' in the morning I'm a feel the blues (uh huh)  
Now the jam keeps droppin' and the drinks keep comin'  
and the girls keep talkin' to me (talkin' to you)  
I mean shit straight poppin' everybody jumpin'  
Makin' it hard for me to leave (oh)

[Da Brat]:

All you gotta do is call me and I'll come runnin' to  
where the party at  
I keep a fat sack in the backpack  
So what's happenin'?  
In every city I'm rappin' in  
If it's a after splash I'm the last cat in  
Get in, purrin' tight like virgin  
Like snow, flurrin'  
The party begins when the slurpin' ends (oh)  
You do me I do you  
Spend a night with boo-boo  
Let's have a private party for two  
But it's gotta be pumpin' in order for me to get cream  
Runnin' to the border for Colombian's green  
Studyin' horiculture  
My green thumb keeps them water vapors twistin'  
I freak until I cum  
I keeps it number one

[Hook - Jagged Edge] {Jermaine Dupri}:

Uh ooooooooooh  
(Uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooh

(Uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooh {Yo, yo R.O.C.}  
(Uh oh oh oh)  
Uh ooooooooooh  
(Uh oh oh oh)  
If the party's where you're at, just let me know

[R.O.C.]:  
Uh, uh  
Now here we go, how 'bout another shot of henney?  
I heard the apple martini happen to help plenty  
Mami ven aqui, the party's over here!!  
But the hustlers, gangsters, thugs is over here!!  
Get wit' us (why?)  
We true ballers like the Sixers  
We all hoppin' out of sixes  
Mines is black, Jermaine's is champagne  
Jagged Edge in the blue, black and pearl white and  
gray  
What a sight to be seen (uh)  
So So Def's the crew I thought you knew  
It's a beautiful thing (so beautiful)  
I mean there's nothin' like us it's true  
The sun could retire if the rocks we got get any brighter  
WHOA!!  
Once the man and the game that I kick begins  
My nickname is ESPN  
Now if ya jewels is blue and ya goose is gray  
Mix in the O.J. and let's party away

[Lil' Bow Wow]:  
Yo, this lil' cat got girls  
Cat got flows, roll up in the party, snuck in the back  
door  
I don't mean no harm, I just heard it was rockin'  
Let me party witcha 'til the cops come knockin'  
I'm tryin' to see what all the fuss about  
Bounce a little bit before they put me out  
I'm like the sun - this lil' cat got beam  
Got girls 21 wishin' they was 14 (haha)  
That's the affect that this phenom  
Bow Weezy  
When I do it I do it like it's for TV  
They might come close but you and I both know they  
can't see me  
I'm a So So Def representative  
Young niggas in the game they was born to live  
And we do what we do, we don't talk no smack  
And we always know where the party at, bling (bling  
bling)

[Jagged Edge] {Jermaine Dupri}  
Ay, where the party at? {Tell 'em}  
Girls is on the way, where the Bacardi at? {J.E. y'all}  
Models and models, talkin' all of that  
Know I can't forget about my thugs {C'mon}  
(Where the party at?)  
And all my girls {Yeah}  
(Where the party at?)  
Up in the club {Uh, yo}  
(Where the party at?) {Tigah}  
If they party's where you're at, let me here you say

[Tigah]:  
Man I rip flows, get dough everytime I rip shows  
Rip hoes, when we mash out in Chevy's and fours  
Niggas know they ain't heard it like this before  
Whenever we pull up on the strip they like "Oh!!!"  
Chickens know me, hundred dollar mac and shorts  
Tank tops and Polies  
If it's 'bout cash, I'm gas chick, I'm on E  
On e'rything  
Me and Jagged, everytime we hit the club  
This nigga's off the chain!!!  
You can believe that  
And if you don't, come on down here where you can  
see that  
Anything you wanna be, best believe I be's that (oh)  
Where the G's at?  
Where the keys at?  
Where the 22's on them SUV's at?  
Gotta have that from the do'  
And gotta get me some mo'  
Man you think I'm goin' on a groupie, no  
Spot me with a fifth in the velvet room  
Crown Royale while J.E. spit this velvet tune  
It's over (over)  
Dog

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