

LL Cool J

"Come And Party With Me"

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"Come And Party With Me"

(feat. Fat Joe, Sheek Louch)

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

We can chill up in the club, we can pop a little bub
We can chill up in the VIP
You can show a nigga love, you can give me back rubs
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)
Yeah, baby, come and party with me (hey)

[Hook: LL Cool J (girl)]

One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)
One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)
One-two, and pump it up, and one-two (ah back it up)
One-two, and pump it up

[LL Cool J]

They say what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas
If this ain't Vegas, let's pretend it's Vegas
I know what you up to, your skirt's outrageous
But I'm so fucked up that I forgot what your name is
We can jump in my drop-head and pop the throttle
Live our lives for the moment, baby, fuck tomorrow
Kool-Aid smile on your face, popping a bottle
Like you had an orgasm and you hit the lotto
Throw ya hands in the sky, why, am I
So, damn fly, can't deny
My shit's tight, gear, sit right
Ear, big ice, j-yeah, that's right
Lights are flashing, living life with passion
And if this was a movie, you would be perfect casting
You killing me slowly, baby, you're like an assassin
And you know that I'm married, so why the fuck you
keep asking

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Now you can get with this or you can get with that

You wanna pop Crys', then you need to get with Crack
The whip's a 26 and the motor's in the back
I call it Big Meats cuz the shit is all black
Now you fucking with Coco, baby, I'm the poster, baby
I'm a hustler's dream, you suppose to pay me
I was dope in the airness, now I stick crack
I stay fly, you seen a G four on smack, now listen
Don't you wanna party with me?
Where the kush is blowing and the E is free
And the world is yours, it say it right on the blimp
And that yacht's so big, we gotta call it a ship, hey
Punks nigga, gun in the palm, nigga
Pop off, whenever it's on, nigga
Not tonight, I wanna hear my song
And let Flex drops bombs when the shit come on, let's
get it

[Chorus]

[Sheek Louch]

Ok, Flex let Sheek on his Cool J shit
Levi's, black chuckers, hope the deuce deuce fit
Two-seater, little reefer, pass the old fever
Showing her what hip hop is
Todd Smith, G. Rap, nigga, Kane and Biz
And if I talk L.O.X., I'm getting heavy sex
This early, imagine when it get to Flex
Toxic heavy, all black Chevy
Sheek got 'em wet, like somebody hit the levy's
I got a little Porsche, but the truck fit more
More goons, more chicks, when it's time to score
I'm straight out the door, boned from a raw
Swimming pool bottom of it, big as Shakur
V.I.P. cool, but the God at the bar
Partying, no shirts, tats over the scar
Ice in the sharper, come here, ma, I mean

[Chorus]

[Hook]

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