

LL Cool J

"We Came To Party"

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[Intro]

I just wanna make sweet love to you, baby, you know
what I'm saying?

I just wanna touch you all over... aw, please!

We Came To Party! We Came To Party!

We Came To Party! We Came To Party!

We Came To Party! We Came To Party!

Hey look, I've got my hands all on your body!

[Verse 1: LL Cool J]

Ain't no problem, I'm on it - oldest man in the club
Also one of the richest, a hundred bottles of bub
It's just me and the Russians, we get all of the love
They was aware of the image, they wanna see what he
does

TMZ in my face, Oprah all on my couch

Now I'm hosting the Grammys, what is this all about?

International baller, I must admit I had doubts

If they wasn't callin' me back, they was callin' me
out

Game moved to the South, I just closed my mouth

Intellect like Belichick when he be switching the routes

I'm too old for the games, no time for the lames

Next challenge? Get this generation screaming my
name

Who could do what I did? Boy, I must be the shit

Waved 106 & Park to play date with the kids

People texting my wife, tryna ruin my night

So I help 'em mind they business with some bottles on
ice

[Hook]

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[Bridge]

Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!
Desctruction in the club!

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

Oh, no... Big Snoop Dogg
Ice so cold you can see it through the fog
To walk in my shoes it'll be a little jog
And if you step by the pockets, you gon' be up in the
morgue
The peoples is peepin', peepin'
The bitches is dippin', dippin'
So this is the mission, listen, I turn this shit up
It's the party-rocking, nonstopping, four-hopping, rip
and rock
Drippin' in this motherfucker, burn up, now turn up!

[Verse 3: LL Cool J]

We ain't flirtin', we talkin' - we ain't dancin',
we walkin'
Teenagers is pointin', couple cougars are hawkin'
I don't come here that often, but it's totally awesome
When you livin' for real, I don't consider it flossin'
Panty lines are crossin', I'm proceedin' with caution
I don't shit where I eat, gotta manage your portions
LL Cool J, I'm like the old-school orphan
Representing alone, sittin' on factory chrome
Shades on, in the zone - Kool Aid smile on my face
My security's strapped, ain't no beef, just in case
Me and my man Rich Whites, we in Vegas tonight
Claudine on the celly, make sure that money is right
Red carpet and tuxes, always where the bucks is
Paparazzi are snapping, I can't believe this is
happening
Frustrating the haters, they're so sick of me rapping
I'm enjoying your blog, I've got the same type of
passion

[Hook]

[Bridge 2]

Fatman Scoop - Maserati Cool J!
Fatman Scoop - Maserati Cool J!
Fatman Scoop - Maserati Cool J!
Fatman Scoop - Maserati Cool J!

They ain't think I can do it, that's why I had to debut
it
And let the critics review it, that way I spit and it's
Buicks
Since the beginning, I knew it - rollin' an L in the
Buick
Had the guts to pursue it, that's how a legend should
do it

[Hook]

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