

## Mamonas Assassinas

### "Fuckin' Wit Uh House Party"

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"L.A.! Californ-I-A!" (repeat 4X)

It all started on a Saturday night, I was at the Tilt  
Faded off a eightball, when I got the phone call  
I recognized the voice right off the bat  
Octavia, a.k.a. the neighbor-hood-rat  
I used to run up in her but I had to play broke  
cause the bitch was known to twist mo' than hundred  
spokes  
Talkin bout a party she was givin and niggaz was  
dippin  
She wanted me and my crew to come through and  
I couldn't find CJ, Toones was out of town  
And Mack and Cube wasn't out nowhere to be found  
And all that bendin solo shit, played out with Cooley  
High  
Even in the movie Damon caught a black eye bitch!  
Ain't no peace treaty motherfuckers is losin  
In nineteen-ninety-eight, ain't too many niggaz chosin  
So what makes you think I'm comin out tonight hoe?  
You must be on Triple D: Dick, Dope and Dynamite  
She kept claimin that security was tight  
And if I came, we'd both be comin tonight  
So I jumped off my kizznouch, grabbed a coat and my  
coat  
Picturin my dick all down this bitch throat  
Loaded up my heater, took the black nina  
Jumped in my rizzide, headed for the Westside  
Rollin in the rigga with the naughty  
Bumpin "Flashlight" fool, headed for the party

"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Uh-huh, uh-huh, fuckin with house party  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Shit ain't safe  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Kids don't try this at home  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"

It's goin down, the music got the whole block blastin  
And all I see is titties and bitches with big asses

I couldn't make it through, I had to go back  
and park around the corner cause the street was  
packed  
So now I'm bailin to the party, eyes damn near shut  
Heater on my side, plus I'm high as fuck  
Straight trippin off 40's, hoodrats and shit  
With niggaz names tatted on they ankles and wrists  
And all these Cutlasses next to empty bottles of  
Hennesey  
An early indication of gangbangin activity  
Got to the do', no security in sight  
Just niggaz ridin on me, what that whoopty-woop like?  
I felt like I straight mark, walkin in the house  
Gettin punked by niggaz too young to get in Magic  
Mountain  
So I rolled back on em, right on the spot  
Told em, "Fuck your set!" That's when I heard the  
music stop

"Hey nigga what that stand for on your arm?"  
"Ni-niggaz havin cash"  
"You mean niggaz havin a collision"  
"Get that nigga!"  
"Don't let that nigga fall!"  
"Don't let him fall!"

Stretched out on the flo', gettin fucked up  
All I saw was knucklehammers and bottom of niggaz  
Chuck's  
Bitches screamin, "Kick that nigga ass for me!"  
He's teemin on my dome, ain't no motherfuckin  
sympathy  
I grabbed my heat and started dumpin, hit the back do'  
scot free loc and who did I see?  
Octavia, pussy wet, drunk on the ground  
Passed out on her stomach with her pants hangin down

"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Shit ain't no joke loc, fuckin with a house party!  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Niggaz is gettin gunned down  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Ha hah, I don't know about where y'all from  
but it ain't goin down where I'm from  
Fuckin with a house party!  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Shit is real, check it out

Woke up the next day, little cut on my arm  
One on my eyes and head, more knots than Barry  
Vaughn

Called the hoe up and cussed her punk ass out  
She had the nerve to ask why a nigga turned the party  
out?  
Nigga I scream on that bitch, I banged on that bitch  
Nuttin up on that bitch, hung up on the bitch  
Stank-ass skank got niggaz crossin enemy lines  
I should've stayed home and listened to my first mind  
Cause now a nigga's layin down mad at the world  
Lookin like the Elephant Man with a jheri curl  
Sittin at killa King with forty-fo' stitches  
Fuckin with these parties and these punk ass bitches  
Fuck a house party!

"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Ha hah, youknowwhat!msayin? Fuckin with a  
house party!  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} This shit is real loc, youknowwhat!msayin?  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Ay Toones, tell these motherfuckers  
Fuckin with a house party  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Ain't nuttin but motherfuckin bandana swingin

"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Y'all know what time it is  
Bandana season loc, ha hah  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Fuckin with a house party!  
"L.A.! Californ-I-A!"  
{WC} Fuckin with a house party!

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