

Soulja Slim "N.L. Party"

Visit "[N.L. Party](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ Big Ed, Full Blooded, The Gambino Family,

[Master P]

Uhhhhh, ha ha.Yall like that huh.

The party don't stop yo.Check it out.

[Soulja Slim]

Chorus

Aint no party like a No Limit party cause a No Limit
party don't stop

Aint no party like a no limit party cause a no limit party
don't stop

[Soulja Slim]

We got this motherfucking party on lockdown

We all family in this bitch so we put our glock down

A pound Magnolia in the calliop

Bout it bout it motherfuck it, the whole world knows

[Master P]

Now the party don't stop cause we bout it

Don't make me get my soldiers out the back and get
rowdy

Where the niggas at, how you do dat there?

Motherfuckers uptown nigga we don't care

[Silkk The Shocker]

Cause that we do shit, it just don't stop

I gotta fresh ampolla and it's sittin on drop

I can't fly when I jump shot i'm bringin this clean

Cause my boy bringin noise like a truck full of fifteens

Chorus

[Full Blooded]

All I gotta do is squeeze the right

Squeeze when it's right in the heat of the night

Told two niggas better defeat the world fo fish (fo fish)

The killas fo spot, fo block and fo clock

I move more hoes lets go hot when I'm ready to pull
shot, pull shots

I know when I breed em, hold down for sure

???????? through the mack and New York
[Trenitty]
Full time, four W-D plus, shots, niggas get rushed out
Bust the guts out and No Limit soldiers had enough
shots
Cut throats to the fullest, keep a niggas hemp out
Toe to toe we make noise, action packed we slang boys
Trenitty flexing real shits
Cut throat committed hurry hurry and we in this bitch

Chorus x2

[The Gambino Family]
I'll be the nigga that they call Feano
And I roll with a click called Gambinos
Knows in the shoulders who the fuck we be
Worldwide motherfuckers out that 1-2-3
Started off as a youngster kickin up dust
Until I slain motherfuckers who be ready to bust
Give a fuck

[Lil Gotti Gambino]
Gotti be the title that I hold for sure
Pokin hoes after shows with my nigga Feano
Hit the scheme for your cream if you know what I mean
Triple beam when I'm in it fourteen
Niggas telling me to keep it at ease, but they ain't
feeling me
Studio B's if you pull em at ease, from New Orleans to
?????

[Big Ed]
Big Ed attacking, bred a No Limit soldier
Gettin bad with me, I screw your head off your
shoulders
I'm rollin with killers, thug niggas and convicts
But I love the way you lick your lips
The way you bounce that ass baby gets me kind of hot
Goin out with me, ten out of nine cherries pops

(Uhhhhhhh)
Chorus

[Prime Suspects]
P threw a party down in New Orleans
Hoes pop pussies, fuck, you know what that means
Jump in the cut roll a fat one up
Fire it up, better love cause a soldier don't stut, yeah

I gotta pound of rocks so it's on and poppin
The party aint stoppin so don't leave for cops
I drink toxic, from the brow I'm been, G

Weed and hennesy, that shit was meant for me

Yeah, yeah, niggas fall straight through the door
(through the door)
Soldiers greet soldiers hollerin bout why (why, why)
Why let em roam (let em roam)
Type of niggas make history, and yeah what (yeah
what)
Really don't give a fuck

[Mac]

This a No Limit party, who got the blunts and the forties
Woah! Motherfucker it's me, the M-A-C (who)
You know my steed when I enter
I'm lookin for a bitch bout cold as the winter
Is it cool to fuck, I'm tryin to do somethin, run through
somethin
Cause the spin in the change about nothin
You know my name, know what's tap
You know I rap, I'm a motherfucking mack
Baby girl and it's like that, it's a No Limit party

Chorus x2

[Kane & Abel]

My nigga Snoop brought the weed, Slim brought the
liquor
C brought the cash and I brought the stripper
Freak ho shake that ass while niggas tip her
Got a pocket full of rubbers so we all goin hit her
Bitch cleaner then Mr. Clean, a nigga decked out
Eyes hella red, Kane and Abel sessed out
Respect the tank, nigga stick my chest out
And this how we do it in the dirty south

[Magic]

Woah, please somebody tell me where the party at
I'm tired of holding back, I wanna shine in my cadillac
I'm here representing a soldier named Slim
See the tank on this neck, see the ice on this wrist
Picture this, I'm riding with Snoop Doggy Dogg
And so yall don't worry bout the corners, we smokin till
the morning
Yall just keep the bitches, now we on the way
Hold on man I think Snoop got somethin to say

[Snoop Dogg]

Think fast when you dunk, cause I won't front
And when it's time to dunk I won't be no punk
I'll just pick the heater up and bust a shot
I'm the last nigga up to rock the spot

I'm represent a nigga to the fullest cause
And if yall wanna trip, we tear this club up (tear it up)
Huh bro, nigga nigga what, I'm tryin to bust again
I'm likin likin, I want some real pimp shit
Mo B. D. feel me niggas out the sess
Drink for drink and think to put in the fitty
Will he be that same nigga blowin doshia (say what)
Check this out, get the fuck out, party over

Visit [Soulja Slim](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.