

T.i.**"Life Of The Party ft R. Kelly"**Visit "[Life Of The Party ft R. Kelly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook:]

When I was young we only had fun hit the club it was fun

(We used to love to be the life of the party, but then we always got to fightin' and arguin', and had to get it poppin' right at the party) I used to say "G" can't you niggas stay "G" then I had to see the reala'

(Well He just wanna be the life of the party, he probably bustin' out the sprite n' bacardi, and he don't wanna lose his life at the party) damn buddy you way to close to me, he don't mean no harm shawty (He just wanna be the life of the party, that's why these niggas don't allow me to party, so I be walkin right up out of the parties) You know we used to get along, hit the club so long now I rather stay home (Cause I'm too grown to be the life of the party, cause stupid niggas go to actin' retarded and once we get to brawlin they gon' sue me regardless)

[Verse 1:]

I used to love to get clean roll fresh to the scene pocket full of green, neck full of bling bling make the bitches loud scream, pannies all clean, now here come the wild niggas talkin' loud on the bean, Listen buddy you way to close to me where I'm from that means you wanna do somethin' to me so don't be loud talkin to me like you some bully it's a rocket in my pocket and you through if I pull it, but honestly I'd rather save my bullet this could be somethin' we could both avoid now could it, I'll listen to you tell me what's ya name and what ya hood is but I got my girl with' me, get in the club with me? Naw ya see dog I know we all somebody but what make you think that you could ask to call somebody? Nigga I don't know you, you see the shit I go through n' this a party dog I don't even wanna go to

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[Life Of The Party ft R. Kelly Lyrics On]

[Verse 2:]

I'm a grown ass man with a big bank roll, what makes you think I'm finna' be here arguin at the door, with a bouncer or promoter let me in or tell me no, try to charge me a dolla' fuck this shit I'm finna' go, ay, let us all in, cause when we fall in, see all the broads gettin' loose so we all win and plus a coulpe stacks I'm spendin' at the bar again, this party won't make or break me I'm still ballin' baby, see the Mercedes, sweet ass Ms. Cedes, sucka's hate and broke niggas gettin' frustrated, a young folk playin' all the girls elated this nigga talkin' to me bout' his cd, save it, this some shit you need to hit me in the day with call doug ain't tryna play with these jay's shit, them bitches that I'm tryna' have my way with, I need to tell homes get the fuck on how should I say this. Hey listen potna it's a real bad time I had a real long day and got other shit on my mind and you blockin' my view of this bitch I'm tryna' see from behind, now she gone I should've stayed home, this happen everytime, I don't have a good time, I just go and sit around, I guess it's time for me to go on n' sit it down, for a over obsessive fan or a hater make me kill em', I don't know about ya'll but this ain't what I call... chillin

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[Verse 3: R. Kelly]

Damn homie why you all on me like that, push back nigga you don't know me like that, move out my way I'm tryna see some new asses, you close like I'm lookin through a pair of thick glasses, damn I ain't tryna hear shit about ya' cousin, I ain't tryna shake hands and meet yo' girl yo, I ain't tryna here no shit about you play piano, especially ain't tryna here no shit about yo film ho, can't you see I'm high I'm tryna get my groove on, I'm tryna talk to these chicks so get ya' move on, all up in the v.l.p with' ya cell phone tryna get next to me just to get ya stunt on, homie get ya own game homie get ya own name, homie get ya own fame homie get ya own chain, you want people to see you, believe me man when you standin' next to me they gon' see you

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