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Paris "Funky Lil' Party"

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Fin' ta roll to the party, still in demand
Troopin thicker than a ball team, packin the van
I was movin as a unit every brother stayin strapped
But still we got enough sense to never bust 'em too fast
And now I'm runnin a roll call, startin with D
Big Doc and Yon, K-Cloud and E
Young (?) Rich-O's, and my man A.B.
I can't forget Big Gene, still keepin the peace
Rollin stone still rollin on our way to the club
Every spot that we step into showin nuttin but love
Never payin to play and never waitin in line
But never lookin to start shit, but just a good time
And as we step into the place, you know the party is
FAT

Females wall to wall, got us all back to back Rollin thicker than butter, y'know the crew never lose And some fools is jealous, cause the women is choose I see hard stares and the glares from the young bucks The stank of the dank could make a elephant knees buck

I'm makin my way to the bar for some juice When the move was interrupted by two twins And they friends sportin body suits They said whattup, I said whattup, and they broke it down

They said they want to do the oochie coochie and spread it 'round

I stepped back, and had to think a minute cause damn G

If you'da seen what I was seein you woulda felt weak But I thought fast, yo black I had to pass I hate it when I see my sister movin too fast I know you need some knowledge of self for your young ass

Cause hoein only get your kids AIDS or crabs
But then, the funk start jumpin on the other side
Some brothers in the corner start to havin a fist fight
Gats pop, blacks drop, the party became a riot
And all because some niggaz didn't know how to act
right

The fact is that it wasn't rap to blame

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