

B.I.G. Notorious

"Party And Bullshit"

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I was a terror since the public school era
Bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezing asses
Smoking blunts was a daily routine
Since thirteen, a chubby nigga on the scene
I used to have the tre' duce
And the duce duce in my bubblegoose
Now i got the mack in my knapsack
Loungin' black, smoking sacks up in acts
And sidekicks with my sidekicks rockin fly kicks
Honeys want to chat
But all we wanna know is "Where the party at?"
And can i bring my gat?
If not, I hope I don't get shot
But i throw my vest on my chest
'Cause niggaz is a mess
It don't take nothin' but frontin'
For me to start somethin'
Buggin' and barkin' at niggaz like i was duck huntin'
Dumbing out, just me and my crew
Cause all we wanna do is...
Chorus:

Party... And bullshit, and... (x9)

Hugs from the honeys, Pounds from the roughnecks

Seen my man Sei that I knew from the projects

Said he had beef, asked me if I had my peice

Sure do, two .22's in my shoes

Holler if you need me love i'm in the house

Roam and strollin' see what the honeys is about

Moet popping, hoe hopping, ain't no stopping Big
Poppa, I'm a BAD BOY

Niggaz wanna front, who got your back? (BIGGIE!)

Niggaz wanna flex, who got the gat? (BIGGIE!)

It ain't hard to tell I'm the east coast overdoser

Nigga you scared you're supposed to

Nigga I toast ya, put fear in your heart

Fuck up the party before it even start

Pissy drunk, off the Henny and stuff

Or some brand-nubian shit beatin' down punks!

Chorus

Bitches in the back looking righteous

In a tight dress, i think i might just

Hit her with a little Biggie 101, How to tote a gun

And have fun with Jamaican rum

Conversations, blunts in rotation

My man Big Jacques got the glock in his waist and

we're smoking, drinking, got the hooker thinking

If money smell bad than this nigga Biggie stinking

Is it my charm? I got the hookers eatin out my palm

She grabbed my arm and said "Let's leave calm"

I'm hittin' skins again

Rolled up another blunt, bought a Heineken

Niggaz start to loke out, a kid got choked out

Blows was thrown and a fucking fight broke out

[Music stops, indecipherable sounds of people yelling
and arguing,

Biggie breaks it up yelling "Yo chill, man, chill!"]

Can't we just all get along?

So i can put hickies on her chest like Li'l Shawn

Get her pissy drunk off of Don Perrignon

And it's on, and I'm gone

that's that.

[Chorus w/ Puff talking after selected lines]

Party... and Bullshit, (Party.)

and Party... and Bullshit, (Bullshit.)

and Party... and Bullshit, (Party.)

and Party... and Bullshit, (Bullshit.)

and Party... and Bullshit, (Yea... Junior Mafia likes that.)

and Party... and Bullshit,

and Party... and Bullshit, (Uptown likes that.)

and Party... and Bullshit,

and Party... and Bullshit, (Bad Boy likes that.)

and Party... and Bullshit,

and Party... and Bullshit, (Brooklyn Crew likes that.)

and Party... and Bullshit,

and Party... and Bullshit, (Third Eye likes that.)

and Party... and Bullshit,

[Repeats until fade out

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