

## **Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul**

### **"Where the Party At"**

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[Computer voice]

Where's the party at

[Verse 1]

Forget it man, I can't lie

I'm drunk as a skunk but I'm nothin' funk

I shoots the game, the gift I spit

The gift of gab boy, the gift is ripped

Deal with the skill that makes ya feel it

Those that don't wanna feel it need to kill it

Knows that I can giddy go

When it's time to get on the M-I-C-R-O-P-H-O-N-E

It's me the hustler 40

With them raggedy seperaters as if it was funky

A brother like me don't hang around no suckers that be faulty

I be puttin' the group up in the boot

Be puttin' the peas up in the pod

Left the cookies in the jar, now I'm a rap star

The rapologist, I pull a 40 out of my ball cap

Then I bust ya down side of this

Cause partner ain't never been no punk in this

I'm so serious brother, I got meals, wheels

And about seven thousand dollars worth of bills

Givin' up deals, hills let em' go for a lil' nothin'

As I showcase my skills for real

[Hook x2]

There's a party over here, a party over there

A party everywhere...put ya hands up

There's a party over here, a party over there

A party everywhere

[Verse 2]

Pullin' up in the club about eleven

I plays my feet and hit the beat and kept it revvin'

I got a lil' doja that I'm fixin' to break down

Roll em' up in a zag, lick em' stick em' and clown

I'm fully dig with a dick, my game is on hit

I got tipped so I tip cause I'm livin' with this

Game tight with the knack, I'm pullin' in scratch

They better have a tight grip on they stuff cause I'm  
bout to snatch  
Your batch if she wants it she'll be mine in the Cutlass  
Puffin' on some of this chronic while I'm gettin' straight  
laced  
Heard about the drought season, they be lookin' for a  
reason  
It's like Thanksgiving without the feastin'

Extra manish how I'm livin' and my name is groupie  
It's Mr. 30-30 givin' up game to all you hoochies  
Bitches always splittin' stick the wood but sometimes  
wouldn't  
Suckin' and grabbin' my little pecker  
Talkin' about sick on my gold better

I remember when carts was Barbie cut before I was in  
junior high  
All they wanted to do is kiss and let me play with they  
vagina  
I got my freshen up, I put on my chucks, also down with  
pluck  
Th finest watch on the playground, the one with the big  
ass butt  
40 I love you, I miss you, I need you  
And retrospect to who  
Bitch come anew, bitch come anew

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]  
Cause we made like thugs  
Get juiced in the parking lot before we go up in the  
clubs  
Hugs and kisses, gotta make sure we got our gloves  
Hugs and kisses, E-40 can't be on any more  
Hugs and kisses, straight to the bar no time to waste  
Kickin' em' back while they take the place  
Order me a shot of that liquor to taste  
Thinkin' they about to beat my face  
Oh no, I'm nothin' but a professional  
Oh no, we're nothin' but professionals

Hoochies all in my face with some of that dope water  
Brothers already purple off some of that soap water  
So I'ma make a toast to the most  
Mobbish lookin' brothers in this by midnight  
Cause brothers gotta get the shit that's really in man  
Batches on our jock, batches on our jock  
Mind teachin' things to these brothers  
Cause that's us, Captain Save a botch

They wanna be like big boys and sport big loot  
They wanna be like big boys and sport fresh suits  
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me  
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me  
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me  
I got love for D-Boys cause D-Boys got love from me

[Hook x2]

[Outro]

We in this baby boy swervin'  
E-40 in the mob scene  
And I'm still down with The C-L-I-C-K  
Comin' yo way in the 94  
Then 95, it don't stop boy ain't no jive  
Sell the rest of them tapes boy  
Where the deposit at, where mine at  
Oh for real, I'm out

[Computer voice repeated to fade]

Where's the party at...Where's the party at  
Where's the party at, where's the party at, where's the  
party at

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