

Edge Jagged

"Where Da Party At Remix"

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So So Lets go

(J.D)

All I see over here ain't nothin' but a lot of honies
lookin' for man

And niggas with a lot of money, bottles in they hand

And short shirts, honies tryin' to show that slow (show
that)

Lined up tryin' to get through the velvet ropes

'Cause over here when the jam drops everybody bug

Standin' on the couches like this our club

Got the Bacardi and Cristal mixed in too (yeah)

Knowin' in the morning I'm a feel the blues (uh huh)

Now the jam keeps droppin' and the drinks keep comin'

and the girls keep talkin' to me (talkin' to you)

I mean shit straight poppin' everybody jumpin'

Makin' it hard for me to leave (oh)

[Da Brat]:

All you gotta do is call me and I'll come runnin' to
where the party at

I keep a fat sack in the backpack

So what's happenin'?

In every city I'm rappin' in

If it's a after splash I'm the last cat in

Get in, purrin' tight like virgin

Like snow, flurrin'

The party begins when the slurpin' ends (oh)

You do me I do you

Spend a night with boo-boo

Let's have a private party for two

But it's gotta be pumpin' in order for me to get cream

Runnin' to the border for Colombian's green

Studyin' hornculture

My green thumb keeps them water vapors twistin'

I freak until I cum

I keeps it number one

[Hook - Jagged Edge] {Jermaine Dupri}:

Uh ooooooooooh

(Uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooh

(Uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooh {Yo, yo R.O.C.}

(Uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooh

(Uh oh oh oh)

If the party's where you're at, just let me know

[R.O.C.]:

Uh, uh

Now here we go, how 'bout another shot of henney?

I heard the apple martini happen to help plenty

Mami ven aqui, the party's over here!!

But the hustlers, gangsters, thugs is over here!!

Get wit' us (why?)

We true ballers like the Sixers

We all hoppin' out of sixes

Mines is black, Jermaine's is champagne

Jagged Edge in the blue, black and pearl white and
gray

What a sight to be seen (uh)

So So Def's the crew I thought you knew

It's a beautiful thing (so beautiful)

I mean there's nothin' like us it's true

The sun could retire if the rocks we got get any brighter

WHOA!!

Once the man and the game that I kick begins

My nickname is ESPN

Now if ya jewels is blue and ya goose is gray

Mix in the O.J. and let's party away

[Lil' Bow Wow]:

Yo, this lil' cat got girls

Cat got flows, roll up in the party, snuck in the back
door

I don't mean no harm, I just heard it was rockin'

Let me party witcha 'til the cops come knockin'

I'm tryin' to see what all the fuss about

Bounce a little bit before they put me out

I'm like the sun - this lil' cat got beam

Got girls 21 wishin' they was 14 (haha)

That's the affect that this phenom

Bow Weezy

When I do it I do it like it's for TV

They might come close but you and I both know they
can't see me

I'm a So So Def representative

Young niggas in the game they was born to live

And we do what we do, we don't talk no smack

And we always know where the party at, bling (bling
bling)

[Jagged Edge] {Jermaine Dupri}

Ay, where the party at? {Tell 'em}

Girls is on the way, where the Bacardi at? {J.E. y'all}

Models and models, talkin' all of that

Know I can't forget about my thugs {C'mon}

(Where the party at?)

And all my girls {Yeah}

(Where the party at?)

Up in the club {Uh, yo}

(Where the party at?) {Tigah}

If they party's where you're at, let me here you say

[Tigah]:

Man I rip flows, get dough everytime I rip shows

Rip hoes, when we mash out in Chevy's and fours

Niggas know they ain't heard it like this before
Whenever we pull up on the strip they like "Oh!!!"
Chickens know me, hundred dollar mac and shorts
Tank tops and Polies
If it's 'bout cash, I'm gas chick, I'm on E
On e'rything
Me and Jagged, everytime we hit the club
This nigga's off the chain!!!
You can believe that
And if you don't, come on down here where you can
see that
Anything you wanna be, best believe I be's that (oh)
Where the G's at?
Where the keys at?
Where the 22's on them SUV's at?
Gotta have that from the do'
And gotta get me some mo'
Man you think I'm goin' on a groupie, no
Spot me with a fifth in the velvet room
Crown Royale while J.E. spit this velvet tune
It's over (over)
Dog

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