

Edge Jagged

"Where The Party At"

Visit "[Where The Party At](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

JAGGED EDGE LYRICS

"Where The Party At"

(feat. Nelly)

[JD talking]

C'mon, c'mon, yeah, c'mon, yeah

[Nelly]

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

[Jagged Edge]

The party's where you're at tonight

Don't be trippin when you see us in the club

Just show a little love, represent your side like me

'Cause 'round here if you slick you pick a hot one

Ride shotgun, couple of 'em got one

Belvedere in the rear of the club

Pulled up on dubs and we 'bout to go and buy the bar

up

So So, for sure we ain't playin

Hang with no lames, hit the park and sayin...

[Hook - Jagged Edge]

Ay, where the party at?

Girls is on the way, where the Bacardi at?

Models and models, talkin all a that

Know I can't forget about my thugs

(Where the party at?)

And all my girls

(Where the party at?)

Off in the club

(Where the party at?)

If the party's where you're at let me hear you say

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

(uh oh oh oh)

Uh ooooooooooooooh

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

All the girls in the club in they best outfits

Just showin that skin, tryna' make a nigga wanna spit

Where you been girl? You and your friend

Need to come to the back where we got it locked down

In your white t-shirt or a three-piece suit

Don't matter what you wear all that matters is who you
with

Some jiggy and some are straight grindin

All up in the club just to have a good time and

[Hook]

[Nelly]

Just show me where that party at dirty

Somewhere where it's crackin right around one-thirty

Never get done too early

Come in as is, doo-rags and Tims

I'm rollin past his, his little Jag and Benz

With the Rolls, not the one with the stem the one wit the
rims

The one that seem to make more enemies than friends

I'm slidin in past doors, both eyes closed

Both arms rose, both charms froze

With the S-O-S-O, D-E dot F

I'm buyin bottles, bottles, until it ain't none left

I'm quick to go left, I blaze with no rep

I jams more than left, baby show me the club

I'm like "hey, where that Bacardi at?"

Come and mix it with the Cris', baby, what's wrong with
that?

We in the V.I.P. twisted, down right spliffed it

Two way and shit, ooh they makin like a mislit (??)

[Hook]

[Jagged Edge]

Left side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up

Right side, just put your hands up, throw 'em up

Everybody, put your hands up, throw 'em up

When the beat come back around e'rybody do it again

Do the eastside run this mutha for ya? (Hell yeah)

Do my southside run this mutha for ya? (Hell yeah)

And them haters ain't hittin on, ain't talkin 'bout us

And they look like

If the party's where you're at let me hear you say

Visit [Edge Jagged](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.