

T.G. Sheppard

"Turn The Party Out"

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Intro: tash

Yeah, tha alkaholiks
Ay j, I got a crew
They called the loot pack
And they can get crazy fresh y'all, crazy fresh y'all
My man jack is about to get fresh y'all

Verse one: loot pack

Check the flavor here's a rootin tootin hydraulic trooper
Tha alkaholik grouper in the house and when I bust the
hula-hooper
Peep my ish, when I flips next I flash with the cracker
jacker
A true loot packer
Gettin versatile when I smile toastin to the funk
All punks put your glass down, or end up in the trunk
You wonder when my dope styles sound kind of varied
The pictionary, man with my backpack, I'll carey
Mariah took her back, and show her how I pack, loot
Kick lyrics on originally outtrack black in fact
People call me moody, I simply knocks the booty
Pull up my hoody, and then I bust a sam goody

Verse two: tash

Bitches on my woody 'cause I likes to get the loosest
I eat niggaz up and wash em down with deuce geoses
A colt .45 'cause I gotsta rush the likwit
Tash from the group that the bitches wanna get with
I kick it from the east all the way to the west
Yes stay away from booze that puts the hair on your
chest
And that's a little piece of advice for the kiddos
I bust more flavor than your teacher got dittoes
I keep it up to date or take it back like the twist
E-swift is out of town so the pack load the disc
So, take your ass home, good night, the party's over
If your ass is drunk, ride home with someone sober

Yeah... tha alkaholiks, ah yeah, the loot pack
(the party's over, it's all over) nineteen ninety-three
And this is how we kick it

Verse three: loot pack, j-ro

I'ma wreck the neck conducting props like randy
wrecker
The mecca licka mega-hot mega-mike checka
Call me diesel to the easel, the weasel, the wacky
The packy, the rikki, tikki, the taffy
One for the trouble, two for the trouble
I gotta get snaps and spit raps on the double
On and on to the beat I wreck shop
Scoop a rumplesstil-skin then I'm out, the brother with
the clout
Be so dead on the loopa, the super-duper wrecka mic
checka
I roll soul like an old trooper
I used to play football, now I'm into rockin
My rhyme is the tailback, the track is the blockin
My name is j-ro and I've been waitin for ages
To let the world know what I've been writin on the pages
I don't smoke sess it's rough on the west
Ok, I confess, I puff on the stress
I rip it when I wreck it, when I mic check it
Brothers check the flav, check the alkaholik record
While I flip styles, and rip styles, and hit styles
And hit piles for miles of styles, I still pile
The flavor flippin funk, bringin diesel be the packer
A trooper loop, scoop you like a hula-hoop and smack
ya
Like you stutter, I ribbedyribbedyribbedyrip styles, I'm
comin
The loot pack, tha alkaholiks keepin niggaz runnin

Runnin, yeah, do that shit, yeah
Turn the party out, yeah yeah
Turn the party out, c'mon c'mon

Verse four: e-swift

You think that you can fade this, you must be out to
lunch
They call me e-swift, I'm from tha alkaholik bunch
I just downed a brew, now check out one two
It's the licks baby rockin with the loot pack crew
Funky like con-funk-shun, more style than stylistics
I got mo' beats than magic's got assists so
Raise up off me, or get snatched by the collar
The party ain't over till that fat bitch holler

I'm in the house so check the way I flow
Niggaz say I'm fat, everyday I say I know
But my head ain't swoll, I stay down to earth
Never gangbang, never claim the turf
But I drink a gang of forties, ain't nuttin wrong with that
Unless you go buckwild and start bustin off your gat
bang, bang bang
stumbling
Ay nigga fuck that the party's over man!
Everybody get they shit get the fuck out

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