

## TH Express

### "It's My Party"

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[Intro: Nelly]

Whoo! (so filthy)  
So filthy... so filthy

[Chorus: Nelly]

I said it's my party  
I can get high if I want to  
I can blaze or light if I want to  
Or just smile if I want to (I said)  
Now at my party, I can rule the world if I want to  
I can drink 'till I hurl if I want to  
Or take your girl if I want to

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

Now Murphy Lee gunna smoke when he wanna wanna  
Bill the Corona-ona  
Half a onion other California marijuana  
I'm feelin' clean like my rims  
I know I keep nines on my side but I still like tens  
It's my party so I do what I gotta  
St. Louis heard my motta'  
Meanwhile bring your own bottle  
Cause we gon' party till the lights come on  
And if the song stop, fuck it cause my mic still on  
Man, don't see her face but I see her thong  
Man, she bendin' over like she giving me dong (damn)  
What can I say I'm just a playa in my own way  
Hate to see her leave but love to see her walk away  
I'm with Posta, we like toastas  
We make bread burn ya if you get any closa'  
So once again this is my party  
And if it turns into a jungle gym this is what you say

[Chorus]

[Verse: Cardan]

Check it, I step in the club  
They like "ooh his Nike's"  
He scream, she scream "he so icy"  
Might see my girl but you don't know wifey  
Girls say I'm cute so the dudes don't like me

Hey, I came here to party and live it up (live it up)  
Pop ten bottles go home and spit it out  
That's how we do it, cause money ain't a thing ma  
You see the bling? there's plenty where that came from  
Mami I'm just here to rock your body (body)  
Ain't no drama inside my party  
I came here in big ol' tires  
Big Dog so I like to sit up higher  
Mami sittin' back till they at martini  
Posta pullin' up in the AP Lamb'ghini  
It's my party I get high if I want to  
Smoke blind take your baby bye bye if I want to, oh!

[Chorus]

[Verse: The Posta Boy]

Check it, check it, check it  
I say it's my party so I do what I want to  
End of the night I'm a screw who I want to  
Truck out in the garage, get the coupe if I want to  
I paint my shit blue if want to, yeah  
Niggas think this The House Of Blues  
Welll, this a Fo' Reel party come out to juice  
Four hot sixteens, come out there too  
And the Feds gotta lift you out the pool  
I'm the rookie of the year who signed them top deals  
Me and C-Love come through on hot wheels; mami  
back away  
Cause if I empty my pockets it'll look like St.Patricks Day  
I'm the kid by the far blue 'vancin on  
Those two those four, women glancin' on  
Blew the wop in the party till the brancin' gone  
Yo dirty let 'em hear what they dancin' on, I say

[Chorus] (2x)

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