MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Jay-Z F/ Rell F "Turn the Party Out"

Visit "Turn the Party Out" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Tash

MotoLyrics

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 cuz I likes to get the loosest I eat niggaz up and wash em down with deuce gooses A Colt .45 cuz 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 rumplestil-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 Liks 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

Visit <u>Jay-Z F/ Rell F</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.