

Missy Elliott F/ 50 Cent

"Ain't Nothin' But a Gangsta Party 2"

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Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, party, party (X4)

Yea, club packed tonight, you know what I mean
You know it ain't nothin but a gangsta party in this
motherfucker
I'm back, Dat Nigga Daz

[Chorus]

Now do my niggaz run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)
Or do my ladies run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)
Or do my gangstas run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)
Now do my bitches run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)

[Daz Dillinger]

Dat Nigga Daz is back in the house, gangsta'd out
Showin' you what I'm all about
Who run this motherfucker? - Dogghouse
Nobody else, so got new shit on the shelf
And play the cards that were dealt
You know I'm feeling high, so high that I could reach
the sky
But if you reach for your pistol, and then you die
I'm gettin' cold like just fights, when the party bite
No fights all night until the moonlight
You know the ladies is feelin' it
The hoes is chillin' with the gangstas and thugs, two
partners is who they gettin' with it
It ain't no party like a Dogghouse party cause a
Dogghouse party don't stop
You know we rock the party, and it's everybody
Fuck the cops and we chillin' on the block
You get dust off, you snitches, you suckas!
Put your sets in the air and represent for your colors!

[Chorus]

[Whiteboy Ryan]

It's a gangsta party, bitches bout' to get naughty
And on that Mo we like to sip (C'mon)
We up at Dogg's house gettin' head on the couch
Hater bitches gets the tip stuck dead in they mouth

Now we bangin' Daz Dilli
Crip walkin' with a Philly hangin' out my mouth
Got that G-Pimp step and there ain't no doubt - when it
comes to the blunts
We up in smoke house, hit up the whole house
Now this is a gangsta party, bout' to bump me into a
mami
Ooh! she freakin for weekend tonight
Get a cup filled up so she feel me right
Now this is a gangsta party, bout' to bump me into a
mami
Ooh! she freakin for weekend tonight
Get a cup filled up so she feel me right

[Chorus]

[Daz Dillinger]

I get the crowd hyped, that's when I step on stage
Mic and 12-gauge, I keep the people a rage
Who afraid of the true Dogg's, true G's of the West
Coast
Get smoked, we no joke onsite you get smoked - layed
out, stretched out
Your best route to get to steppin'
Packin' weapons, you entered the smoke session
Blaze it up, young sag, Chuck's and blue rags
Nothing but DPGC's nigga your had
Grab for your shit - comin' quick, it's getting tense
Having money out to break a bitch
You know my job is to keep you movin'
To keep doin' what your doin' on that note homeboy
you've been ruined, ruin your crew
If you approach the Dogg's you'll get smoked
And to smoke all slobs - that is our job
You see I walk with a limp, smoke blunts and pimp
I keep it gangsta, nigga - you know my click

[Chorus]

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, party, party (X4)

[Julio G]

187.4 FM on your dial
W-Ballz back in the house
Lookin' for your ear hole, look
I'm Julio G, we do it high
Right here live and direct from the West Coast,
California
We call it Dogg Pound
Daz Dillinger...he's a million dollar motherfucker
Have you heard?

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