

Mr. Shadow f/ Fingazz

"West Coast Party"

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Chorus: Fingazz Everybody, raise it up Let me see
where you from Don't trip Your drink Everybody, take
your cup Pour a little out Do you know what I'm talkin'
about Let's blaze that Chronic Weed (Girls) On, ecstasy
Ain't nothing like a west coast Party, party, party, baby
[Mr. Shadow] (Verse 1) It don't stop til the cops kick
down the door It's top notch, so just watch as I pimp
these hoes Everybody knows how Mr. Shadow gets
down (How's that?) Plenty of liquor and chronic to go
around In west coast, sunny Cali, everyday, it's on We
gonna rock this motherfucker til the crack of dawn So
get your swig on (Swig on) Bring on the eighteen, hun
You do it to impress, fool, we do it for fun Cause we
some young Southsiders Doin' it big And ain't no
outsiders Comin' in Born again, on the rise, and it's no
surprise That we the baddest in the planet and we
keeping it live S.D. on the ass Got your heads boppin'
Weed keeps comin', and tops just keep poppin' Huh
Topless models Empty bottles We some sick ass Bald
headed soldados Repeat Chorus (Verse 2) I got the
place jumpin' (Jumpin') Music stumpin' You all know that
I'm always into somethin' We bouncin' (Bouncin')
Smokin' a ounce With all my real motherfuckers in the
back of the house Dego style 92101 Let me see where
you from, fool, throw it up Still blowin' up the spot from
top to bottom Side to side, haters can't hide, I spot 'em
Everybody (What?) Bottoms up When you wanna get
faded, just call us up X and blunts Ain't nobody next to
us When we (What) Throw a bash, get ridiculous Take a
hit with us Come and chill on the Southside (Southside)
In my neck of the hood, it's all brown pride (Brown
pride) Open your eyes and tell me who you see Around
you and me that throw shit like weed No one Repeat
Chorus (Verse 3) We're gonna smoke til the fat girl
sings (Ah!) And ain't one in sight, so it's on, all night
(Yeah) Hella high Me and the fellas ride Like if
tomorrow is the day that we die And step aside or get
stepped on (Stepped on) Cock blockers don't last long
(Last long) Your bitches get crept on Who got a lighter
(What, what) I need fire (Why?) I'm buzzin' and I wanna
get higher Til I die, I'm a do this shit Bong fool, 80

proof, to the roof and shit (Whoo!) I prove that this
coast got the finest hoes And we the downest
motherfuckers that be hittin' the most I'm the host
Shadow straight runnin' the show Get your back off the
raw and your ass on the dance floor Go 'head and ask,
do whatever you want And who gives a fuck if you ain't
twenty-one Raise your cup Repeat Chorus Hook: E-Dubb
{*scratching*} "Hey..." "Mr. Shadow" "Bring all the
cups and the brew over here" --> Mr. Shadow "Hey..."
"Mr. Shadow" "Juice drank, chillin' phat blunts, make
you spit" --> Mr. Shadow Repeat Hook Repeat Chorus

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