

# Fuck Off The Party

Mac Dre

What's up, what's up, let's ride  
Jump in the passenger side on the 4th of July  
Hella saucy and fly, didn't grind that day  
I just wanted to play  
And smoke with the bitches  
Throw phrases at bitches  
Get play from the bitches  
Man, it was major bitches  
At the Pleasanton fair  
Ass was over here, over there  
I had to stop and strare  
Take a joint from my ear  
Tell this bitch to come here  
Let's breathe  
And we even tricked the cops, though smell of the weed  
That's when they grabbed my sleeve  
Told me it's time to leave  
But what's next, "You're under arrest"  
So grabbed the fuckin cop and slapped him on his fuckin bullet-proof vest  
In the process lost a shoe, ripped a hole in my Guess  
That's what the fuck I get for smokin Mexican stress

I'm at the bar doin big shit  
Gettin big lip  
My niggaz, dig this  
A few cats lookin like they wanna get with  
So I give 'em a chance real quick  
I'm real swift  
It's the Wild Wild West, ask Will Smith  
(?) that blew the brain  
For foul-snitchin the game  
I know my nigga Dre would do the same  
So I ain't trippin on a motherfuckin thang  
Sit back shinin like a diamond ring  
Niggaz wanna see me hang  
So I'm upside down  
About to clown  
Real gangsta shit lost and found  
Kidnapped, blast in the back of the dome  
Mash in a Brougham  
Flashin on the phone  
I'm yelllin niggaz be tellin  
Flowin like water from a melon  
The seeds we spit, the seeds we sellin  
From a westbound felon  
Fuckin up your party not carin  
From a westbound felon  
Fuckin up your party not carin  
From a westbound felon

I'm at a concert high and perved and a bad bitch next to me  
Blown back off cognac, that bomb green and ecstasy  
Bitches is buggin, niggaz is muggin  
But bitches is lovin cause niggaz is thuggin  
These niggaz start nuttin in the corner by the speaker  
My beeper's goin off like crazy  
The scene is hazy, no time to be lazy

Got to stay on my toes, all of a sudden these hoes  
Come out of nowhere and grab this nigga  
They stab this nigga, I'm mad this nigga  
Didn't have nothin in his pockets when I ran through em  
My plans is ruined, what is it I'm doin?  
Link's on the flo' - no, it's not  
Stupid motherfucker done dropped his Rolex watch  
Put it in my pocket, proceeded to the exit  
That's when this bitch I knew from the hood came through in this Lexus  
I seen these other niggaz beatin down this one fool  
I said, "Here come the police, y'all better run, fool"  
Soon as I said that the police drew down on us all  
Now I'm at the county jail with just one phone call  
Ain't that a bitch, weak-ass night  
All fucked up behind a weak-ass fight