

# I Like To Party

Salt-N-Pepa

Let's kick it like this, ah yeah  
We gotta kick it like this, ah yeah  
We need to kick it like this, ah yeah  
We gonna kick it like this, ah yeah

(And let me tell ya, girl, I'm a party animal, see?  
Word, and I need a man that can hang with this thing  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Oooo, child, I know what you're sayin')

Hey ladies! I said homegirls!  
We've been goin' for the dog-doo  
It's gettin' to be a real drag around here, you know what I'm sayin'?  
A woman can't do nothin' no more, man  
We've got to let the fellas know what they can do for us)

As the smoke clears you can hear  
And the ringing in your ears just disappears  
Your body's soft, but you still want more  
You might end up as a casualty on the dance floor  
I'm an addict, strung out on dopeness  
But you can't chew, sniff, or smoke this  
If you wanna get high step by the speaker  
And overdose on somethin' sweeter  
Do you suffer from migranes or other pains  
That's caused by stress and strain? Brother, refrain  
You came to the right place to get your head straight  
The cure's for sure, the beat's the bait  
I won't wait for the crowd to get loud or rowdy  
I enjoy my life cuz I like to party

I like to party, night and day  
I like to party in every way  
I like to party, I can't stop  
I like to party till I drop

We're steppin' on the case, watch your face  
Don't like the pace then leave the place  
It's Ladies Night, yeah, and we hype  
Heels, shirt, tights, and a mic  
Like three the hard way we're doin' it our way  
Rollin' and gettin' funky like Kid 'N Play  
See her over there behind the phonograph  
She's a psychopath, I make the breaks last  
A Salt and Pepa parade this is  
So march on the dance floor with his  
Arms wrapped real tight around your body  
And you'll understand why

(Make it funky, Pep)

Oh, I feel hot then again why not  
This ain't pop, it's hip-hop  
And got a lot to rock to, dip and dop to  
You don't have to, but you probably want to  
It makes you laugh because it's really fun to  
Twist your tongue and exercise your lungs to

Tonight on the mic we're showing  
We're strong enough for a man, but made for a woman  
Hey you! Where do you think you're goin'?  
Yo, Stan, my man, keep the horns blowin'  
Havin' a good time ain't no crime  
When the joint is jumpin' and people are dancin'  
Everyone does it, now it's no sin  
Yo, I just did it, and I'm ready to do it again and again and again

(Wait a minute...

Now I think it's time we give the drummer  
Some of this funky groove we got here  
You ain't got to throw no solo in, brother  
Just keep what ya got  
Yo, turn it loose cuz it's a mutha

Now when I count to four I want y'all to chill  
And let the drummer get ill  
And when I count to four I want y'all to come back in once more

It's in my feet, feels so sweet)  
Said it's in my feet, feels so sweet  
It's in my shake, oooo, but it work me to death  
Said it's in my shake, but it work me to death  
I want the floor, I wanna rock the floor  
C'mon, y'all - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - hit it!

(Ain't it good to ya?  
Uh, ain't it good to ya?)