

# The Party Continues (feat. Da Brat & Usher)

## Jermaine Dupri

{Monday, ten fifty three a.m.  
JD, it's me  
Call me, man  
Havin' all them parties, us cats down here think y'all on vacation, man  
Stop doin', man} Come on  
See, I been lookin' at the game, ya know?  
And I see it ain't too many y'all  
That can make 'em dance like I do  
You say, you wanna dance, say you wanna get down  
The thing what's funny is  
Y'all got the nerve to wanna P.H.D. me  
'Cuz I'm making all the money  
While y'all ride matchbox, I push the hot wheels  
Don Chi Chi with the mass appeal  
Lettin' champagne spills on my house in the grill  
And all I'm about is the dolla' dolla' bill  
Makin' ya dance every chance I get  
And hata's sayin' damn, will he ever catch bricks?  
Nah, I don't catch those, keep it ghetto  
Stayin' wit' the best hoes, on the east and the west coast  
What? Now, e'where I pass  
They wanna see the big booty mamma  
Tapping some ass  
And whether you believe it or not  
You see us, so so def make y'all true believers  
My whole entourage keep it top notch  
Evidently, we push V's from Bentleys to drops  
Got big things, baby  
I'm still greedy to my enemies  
I hope you keep on envying me  
Yeah  
Whatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
Whatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
All we wanna do  
Say what, say what?  
Is party  
With you Who dat?  
She the one who love drama?  
Keep it heated stay undefeated from the chi comma Illinois  
My crew make more noise than yours

Fifteen a night on tour, make 'em sick with no cure  
As she sits by the bar she sips cristies  
In the midst of the party they bump hits by JD  
The B R A T, we the element  
And you irrelevant  
Get down off this shit I don't pay attention to ya' hatin' and ya' bad looks  
Just think about gettin' paper like Garth Brooks  
Keep it off the Let the world feel the touch  
Y'all doing too much, sayin' ya oughta see us  
It's like this here  
I rock the party with Cartier wrist wear  
In the six, pretty bitches with the long hair  
And I got lots of dough, lots in store  
C to the E OWhatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
So whatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
All we wanna do  
Say what, say what?  
Is party  
With you, hey See I get goosebumps when the bassline thumps  
So phat now call me Professor Clump  
I ain't gonna front, yeah, I like to floss  
And I ain't gotta lie about the girls I toss, you know? Betta' ask ya' lil' man's where his dough  
went  
Needed mo' rent  
We got bent, you know the rest  
I split, spent some, lent some to my friends  
If you wanna get down, you gotta get in Whatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
Now whatcha you wanna do, huh?  
Say you wanna get down, huh?  
All we wanna do  
Say what, say what  
Is party  
With you, hey  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah, hey  
Ay, yeah  
Ay, yeah Said all I wanna do is make ya dance wit' me  
Make you dance wit' me  
See all I wanna do is make ya dance wit' me  
Dance wit' me  
Is that alright?  
All I wanna do is make ya dance wit' me

Dance wit' me  
All I wanna do is make ya dance wit' me  
Is that alright? Come on

Ay, yeah

Come on

Ay, yeah

Come on

Ay, yeah

Come on

Ay, yeah

Ay yeah

Ay yeah

Ay yeah

Ay yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>