

Canción: Party (FT. Andre 3000 & Kanye West)

Autor: Beyoncé

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(INTRO)

Cm - Dm - Eb7M

You a bad girl and your friends bad too, oh

Dm7

We got the swag sauce, she drippin' swagu

Cm7

You a bad girl and your friends bad too, oh

Dm7

(Cm - Dm)

We got the swag sauce, she drippin' swagu

F

F/G

I may be young, but I'm ready

Cm7

Dm7 (Cm - Dm)

To give you all my love

F

F/G

I told my girls you can get it

Cm7

Dm7

Don't slow it down, just let it go

Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7

So in love I'll give it all away

Cm7

Dm7

Just don't tell nobody tomorrow

Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7

So to - night, I'll do it every way

Cm7 Dm7

Cause knockin' til the morning light

(Cm - Dm) Eb7M Dm7 Cm7 Dm7

Cause we like to party, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

(Cm - Dm) Eb7M Dm7 Cm7 Dm7

Cause we like to party, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

(Cm - Dm)

Cause we like to party

F F/G

Your touch is driving me crazy

Cm7 Dm7 (Cm - Dm)

I can't explain the way I feel

F F/G

Tuck down with the radio on, and the night belong to us

Cm7 Dm7 (Cm - Dm)

Just hold me close, don't let me go

Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7

So in love, I don't care what they say

Cm7 Dm7

I don't care if they talking tomorrow

Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7

Cuz to - night's the night - uh, uh, uh ooh - that I give you everything

Cm7 Dm7

Music knockin' 'til the morning light

(sequência 1: F F/G Cm7 Dm7)

Set the scene, three thousand degrees

Ain't worried 'bout them f-ck niggas over there,

But they worried 'bout me  
 I got a homeboy named Butta and another homeboy, that nigga named Cheese  
 Fuck wit' me baby, I make it milk 'til it drip down yo' knees  
 Spit this shit fo' rillo, brain brillo  
 Kiddo say he looks up to me, this just makes me feel old  
 Never thought that we could become someone else's hero  
 Man, we were just in the food court, eating our gyro  
 (sequência 2: Eb7M Dm7 Cm7 Dm7)  
 Yesterday, that's the way, every single mornin' I try to pray  
 Grandmom 'n them, they never forgot,  
 And nothin' else really mean nuttin' to me  
 I ain't stuntin' to beat, talkin' to me?  
 Girl, why you f-ckin' wit' me?  
 Move on, ain't nuttin' to see  
 Pssh, always somethin' to salt, I'm the raw, off the rip  
 'Cause of him, all of them, will remem, ber the men  
 And that they fell in love with rap, black like havin' your cousin back  
 Blue like when that rent is due,  
 Cream like when I'm lovin' you - Yeah  
 Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7  
 So in love I'll give it all away  
 Cm7 Dm7  
 Just don't tell nobody tomorrow  
 Cm Dm Eb7M Dm7  
 Cuz to - night's the night - uh, uh, uh ooh - that I give you everything  
 Cm7 Dm7  
 Music knockin' 'til the morning light  
 (Cm - Dm) Eb7M Dm7 Cm7 Dm7  
 Cause we like to party, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
 (Cm - Dm) Eb7M Dm7 Cm7 Dm7

Cause we like to party, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

(Cm - Dm)

Cause we like to party

Eb7M

You a bad girl and your friends bad too, oh

Dm7

We got the swag sauce, she drippin' swagu

Cm7

You a bad girl and your friends bad too, oh

Dm7

(Cm - Dm) We got the swag sauce, she drippin' swagu