

## The Art Of Noise F/ Tom Jones

### "One Big Fiesta"

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[Mase]

All Out, we don't stop, we don't don't stop  
All Out, we don't stop, we don't don't stop  
All Out, make it hot, don't stop, c'mon  
C'mon, Harlem World make it hot, don't stop c'mon  
All Out, All Out

[Stase]

Yo, yo, I'm the perfect example of a chick that's classy  
Flashy, sassy, paparazzi don't harrass me  
Move too swift for y'all chicks to pass me  
Anything y'all wanna know, come ask me  
How come when I'm in the street or a open place  
Everybody scopin' Stase like I got a open case  
Anything you gotta say to me  
You can say to me, it's Baby Stase  
The more I make, the more they hate  
See, I might as well admit it, everybody wanna hit it  
Cuz I got a clean record not to mean you see me  
naked, check it  
I don't know what's wrong with these cats  
It's 'bout to be a setback in this game called rap, see  
I was once told, Harlem World don't fold  
We 'bout to drop a flow the world can hold  
Seem like while I'm seeing Platinum, everybody sayin'  
Gold  
The world really see what happens when my click  
unfold

[Mase]

1 - We're going to party, fiesta (All Out)  
And stay fly, foreva  
C'mon, c'mon Harlem World  
Can't go wrong

We're going to party, fiesta (All Out)  
And stay fly, foreva  
C'mon, c'mon Harlem World  
Can't go wrong

[Blinky Blink]

Yo, Harlem World is who I'm runnin wit (yeah, honeys  
wit' it)  
See the size of my money clip? (Now, I'm on the funny  
tip)  
I know you hate me, hate Mase, cuz you make papes  
And got girls in like 48 states (48 states)  
But kickin' the women who wear the straight face  
While y'all cats wild out and 'bout to get a rape case  
But why player hate? Cuz I sex girls and they say I'm  
great  
You bust one tank, can't even stay awake  
Not now, we gon' talk on a later day  
What you think? You can hold Blink? Uh uh  
I got a gold link with more ice than cold drinks  
So, playa get to that, and keep your chick in tact  
She says your sex was whack, cuz I'd twist her back  
And everytime I kick my rap, man I stick to facts (All  
Out)  
But when my trees wasn't sellin'  
I switch to Jack  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Repeat 1

[Huddy Combs]  
Yo, yo, yo, I need a wifey, chipped up lightly  
You stay in the thong, I'mma stay where the ice be  
Indian givin', got Caribbean women  
Willin' to have everything like me and my children (All  
Out)  
So, dear, front of the billin'  
Hundreds in the ceiling, tank tops in the drop  
Cuz I'm one of them villain  
Cook for me, come open a book for me  
Shook the key, your whole look hooked me  
With her legs tied up, eggs sunny side up  
No cash in the stash get that money right up (c'mon,  
c'mon)  
See, all girls love me, can't get nothing from me  
I stay in the Mall, spendin' rich chicks' money  
Tricked on her friend so her friend wanna fuck me  
That one named Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy  
W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy

Repeat 1 while:

All Out  
JM  
Can't forget Queen Bee Records  
L O X  
Money Power & Respect  
Ruff Ryder

Yeah, DMX  
Can't forget So So Def  
Bad Boy  
Suave House  
Yeah, kid, Harlem on the rise  
And you don't want no problem with us guys  
Neptune, keep the beat bangin'  
Uh, you don't stop  
Queen Bee  
Junior Mafia  
What what what what what  
All Out, All Out, All Out, All Out

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