

## **World Harlem**

### **"One Big Fiesta"**

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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

Yo, yo, I'm the perfect example of a chick that's classy

Flashy, sassy, papparazzi 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

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

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

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?

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 every time I kick my rap, man I stick to facts

But when my trees wasn't sellin'

I switch to Jack, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

Yo, yo, yo, I need a wifey, chipped up lightly

You stay in the thong, I'm ma stay where the ice be

Indian givin', got Caribbean women

Willin' to have everything like me and my children

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

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

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

We're going to party, fiesta

And stay fly, foreva

C'mon, c'mon, Harlem World

Can't go wrong

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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