

## Counting Crows F/ Vanessa Carlton "La Rhumba"

Visit "[La Rhumba](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Ndira]

Here we are..

Bobby, I was just wondering, you know

About me and you, tonight

If we could go to a little Rhumba

Dance, you just think about it and let me know

[Chorus: Ndira]

Esta bueno, por que esta es La Rhumba

Ven baila conmigo en esta Rhumba

Esta bueno, por que esta es La Rhumba

Ven baila conmigo esta Rhumba

[RZA]

Rhumba? What's Rhumba?

I'm sayin' though, what?

I'm sayin'..

Yo, what up Butter Pec'? Girl, you got me shy to speak

You the same dime piece that I saw last week

On the dancefloor, yo, the way you bligh

Make a club of thugs do the Electric Slide

Pretty in pink, come here, let me buy you a drink

Armaretta sour orders put us both in sync'

My name is Bobby and I don't usually dance that much

I play the wall, but girl, you got that magic touch

That lured me in like a fly into the spider's web

Not these everyday hoes sweatin' ghetto celebs

Powerule, I heard you got the good Power-U

Let's slip to my crib for an hour or two

[Chorus 2X]

[Method Man]

Hey, hey, hey..

Uh, uh, uh, uh..

Eh eh eh eh eh..

Hey Butter Pecan what's that lingo you speakin'?

It sound like, let's me and you slide for the weekend

(True)

I got drinks and tasty treats to sink your teeth in  
Your popi two-way beefin', let him know that you  
cheatin'  
Runnin' 'round indecent exposed without no clothes  
There it go (\*plug\*), Moby Dick and there she blows  
You got me covered, girl, and it shows and I suppose  
We can play doctor soon as I drop out ya bows

[Killa Sin]

I don't wanna dance baby girl, it's like my legs is on  
strike  
Boogie that ass to the bar, snatch a Remi, no ice  
I'm in the corner, we can vibe all night  
Polite, I need a bag of that grass  
To blast me out of sight like a satellite  
Bigga what up? Yo, long time, good to see you  
Look at shorty ass shakin' like the system in my vehicle  
Clubbin', twenty deep, buggin', all types of funny  
freaks  
Mouthes wide shut, we let our love for the money speak

[Chorus]

[Beretta 9]

Yo  
Open season, open fire, Beretta barbed wire  
First platoon strike soon, scud-missile on the whistle  
Up in the club with the pistol  
This chick bumped into me like, "You Dig', you ain't  
official"  
Indeed, so? Blow out your back, yo  
She was like, "Yo, nigro, nigro"  
Puffin' all that trash, you best to see so (so so)  
So I introduced her nightcap, she was like, "I like that"  
Later on tonight, you know, I gotta spit that  
Flow and a half, blow at her back  
I like it rough, and I hope she's rough back  
She was like say her name  
I was like, "Say mine back"  
She was like, "Yo, daddy, daddy, daddy"  
I love it like that, Beretta stay givin' it  
Power-U so good, I just might have to jizz in it

[Chorus 4X]

Visit [Counting Crows F/ Vanessa Carlton](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.