

## Fat Joe "Tamale (Remix)"

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(feat. Mr. Vegas, Fatman Scoop)

[Intro]: [Mr.Vegas] (\*Fat Joe) (\*\*Fatman Scoop)  
Yeah, Mr. Vegas (Let's go make it run!) This is Mr.  
Vegas  
(\*TS!) This is it Mr. Vegas (\*\*Fatman Scoop!) Mr.  
Vegas, Mr. Vegas  
(\* Come on come on!) Tamale (\*Come on) She's a  
Tamale  
(\*\*Here we go now! Here we go now!)  
(\*Uh! Yeah! Yeah! TS!)

[Verse 1: Fat Joe] + (Fatman Scoop)  
It's Joe Crack and Mr. Vegas, Vegas  
Track so hot we had to make this remix (Uh!)  
Goodness gracious this paper chasin got me in  
Jamaica cheesin  
Di gal dem got me speechless  
Peep this tell the streets repeat this  
Lean Back, mami show your features  
Fat ass, slim waist, cute face  
Take her to the crib mami don't make me chase  
Cause your my hot tamale  
And I'm about to break you off in that Black Denali  
And, trust girl cause can't nobody  
Do you like I can I bless you off it's scary  
And bounce, bounce lean back, bounce, and bounce  
come on  
Just bounce (Let's go now!) And bounce lean back (Let's  
go now!)

[Chorus: Mr. Vegas] + (\*Fatman Scoop)  
She's a Tamale drunk in Courvoisier  
She wanna party after the party  
She wanna private dance with somebody  
Cause her body got a mind of it's own, own, own own  
own own  
(\*Let's go now!) Own own, own own own own  
Own, own, own own own own  
Na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move  
her body)  
Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)  
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)  
Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)  
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

[Verse 2: Mr. Vegas]

As soon as she walks through that door, uh oh uh oh!  
And back her thing up on the floor, uh oh uh oh!  
It's gettin hot so I'm bout to blow, uh oh uh oh!  
Tell the fire truck to bring the hose, uh oh uh oh!  
She's showin off her belly skin, looking sexy her navel ring  
She don't care who if anything she ain't fakin she's out doin her thing

[Chorus: Mr. Vegas]

Own, own, own own own own  
Own own, own own own own  
Own, own, own own own own  
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)  
Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)  
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)  
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)  
Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)  
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

[Verse 3: Fatman Scoop]

When I say More, you say Fire! More! (Fire!) More!  
(Fire!)  
When I say More, you say Fire! More! (Fire!) More!  
(Fire!)  
Now drop to the floor! Drop to the floor! Drop to the floor!  
Drop to the floor!  
Now take 'em up high! Take 'em up high! Take 'em up high!  
Take 'em up high!  
Ladies! Keep it movin now! Keep it movin now! Fatman Scoop let's go one time!  
Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!  
Now clear! Everybody use your left hand!  
Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!  
Now clear! Wave your hands in the air now!  
Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!  
Now clear! Everybody wave your hands!

[Chorus: Mr. Vegas]

Own, own, own own own own

Own own, own own own own

Own, own, own own own own

Na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)

Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)

Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

She's a Tamale drunk in Courvoisier

She wanna party after the party

She wanna private dance with somebody

Cause her body got a mind of it's own, own, own own own own

Own own, own own own own

Own, own, own own own own

Na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)

Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)

Na na na (You can tell that she's a Tamale)

Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that she's a Tamale)

[Outro: Mr. Vegas]

Girls Girls! Yeah Yeah! Wave your hands upon a musical this

Just girls girls! Yeah Yeah!

Cause you wanna buy some damn thing

Just girls girls! Yeah Yeah!

You don't wanna buy a musical this

Just girls girls! (Fat Joe! Mr. Vegas! Fatman Scoop!)

Tri state I see you!

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