

Fatman Scoop "Tamale"

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(feat. Mr. Vegas, Fat Joe)

[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!!! (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!!! (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)

[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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