

## **Misteur Valaire**

### **"Ave Mucho"**

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Ya know, ya see,  
Supposed we was to raise the bar  
Take the parts and make them raw

Take the parts and make them whole  
Slip the mother fucker back to burning soul, ya see  
Make'n love on the telephone  
with the whole game watching  
Turn around and say:  
"what these crazy fools do when I turned my last back  
they was looking over but the crews still down", see  
I was thinking we could work it out  
We could bump this shit all over town  
We could right that hit girl  
Flip that script girl  
Get that paper people bound  
Ya know  
We the ones that keep on reach'n  
Triple check'n  
Downtown beek'n  
Hold it now  
Let'n old school jeans in  
Put the love in fantasy'n

HOOK

When the beat drops  
And the peeps lock  
That's when we go  
Owwwwwwww  
You know

Candy floss, we brought  
This exabition ride  
Reason for the party  
To have a drink outside  
Take a wif off the riff, and  
Get on that ride  
We got these pretty young things to come and lotion  
the slide  
For time that flies  
Hips that glide

Ice that's thin and  
The ass that's wide  
Late night, body tight... bonafied vibration  
Feeling right to the morning light  
Out of sight without debation  
Music got ya moving in your club position  
Wind on my face  
Sun on my back... I like a record button on a fresh layed  
track  
Cool under pressure  
Check the playback  
Doesn't matter where I'm from  
It's where I'm at  
With my cat in this hat  
With a dug out of bats  
We got the sun shining down singing tit for tat  
And that's that  
That's that!!!!

HOOK

When the beat drops  
And the peeps lock  
That's when we go  
Owwwwwwww

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