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Patti LaBelle "Celebrate"

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Ladies and gentlemen The Preacher's son Patti LaBelle is in the buildin'

Let's celebrate, have a basement party A barbeque, how we used to do On the avenue, have a Philly Man, how I miss those days

When the kids was kids, no knives on the street When the ice cream man came around the way, Lord Miss Patti, won't you help me sing Lord, knows how I miss those days

Dressin' up for church on Easter Sunday Doing the Electric Slide at every party If only you knew what I've been through You would celebrate, get up, you would celebrate

I came in this game through the back door I know Labelle, we were so much more We worked and earned it, God knows we deserved it Keep on striving I know you'll make it

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Get up, I'm gon' box these niggas Take home on a number one belt

We gonna pop that thug oh no, to celebrate that wealth See, I'mma take that hey and turn it into loot

'Cause whoever got blessed no man can test Whoever got blessed no man can test What goes up must surely come down, yes So watch who you hurt on your way up 'Cause they'll be laughin' at you on your way down

Tell the judge we don't want incarceration 'Cause we came for the celebration So let the women and the children eat first 'Cause it's been so long since a celebration (Cassidy)

This Cassidy, let's celebrate I'm sellin' weed and got hella cake And I still got the thug in my back pock' It's hamburgers, hot dogs in the back row

On the grill we cookin' it all up My mom got skills, she hookin' it all up Man, it feels like back in the days When cats wasn't clappin' to Ks And hoodrats was actin' they age

Clef and the rest of the gang with me And me and Miss LaBelle we rap the same city Philly, home of the blunts and the cheese steaks And I cannot be stopped like I need the breaks

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Dressin' up for church on Easter Sunday Doing the Electric Slide at every party If only you knew what I've been through You would celebrate, be okay, yeah Get up, you would celebrate Get up, you would celebrate Get up

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