

Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams

"La Cantina"

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What's up ese
Nah, last night was the bomb homey
We got tore up ay
But I woke up with this big hangover
Lemme tell you, a little story about the cantina

I usually wait til Sunday to have my menudo
But it's Saturday and I woke up all crudo
I think I had one too many shots of tequila
Mira, I heard I made a toast to mi vida
Left a big tip, mariachis took my grip
And the sad thing about it is I don't remember shit
Wait a minute, bartender can you pass me a lemon
And a nice cold Tacate, thank you, simon
Anyways, yesterday was the bomb all night long
Getting drunk off my ass, bottoms up on the glass
Presidente and Coke, 1800's no joke
Had me feeling like I never felt before so pour some
more
Til I hit the floor or stumble out the door
And if that happens, it's time to hit the liquor store
Drinkin Tacates, or Cerveza Martina
Taking shots of tequila while I'm la cantina

[Chorus]

You can catch me in la cantina getting drunk
La cantina, cuz that's where we party up
La cantina's mi vida, you know it's true
La cantina, cantina you know that I love you

I said I wouldn't drink no more, but this can't be true
Cuz it's not even noon and I already had two
Times three, that's me taking all that I can take
Want me to promise that I won't drink, but that's a
promise I can't make
So suffering, hungover from the night before
But the only way to fix it is to drink some more
So did I? But of course what you think?
I'm sitting at the bar from the beers that I won't drink
You gotta be kidding me, the buzz is hitting me
Got me feeling light-headed

I'm headed to the park with the homey Spark
But they had some besto there tambien
A couple twelve-packs that they jacked
I'm feelin like I can't win
Everywhere I go there's alcohol til I fall
It's 7 o'clock, but will I make it to last call
You vatos gonna be here for a while?
If so I'll see ya
But if not you know where I'll be homey, at the cantina

[Chorus]

Back in the cantina, sippin my cerveza
It's gonna be the same way as last night holmes, I bet
ya
Primos and friends from one night to the other end
The wicked wicked wino, is getting drunk again
Stumbling, I'm wasted and it shows
And wouldn't be suprised if later on I'm throwing blows
Cuz that's the way it goes, and everybody knows
But I'll just relax and go with the flow
Bartender I'm ready for another shot and won't stop
until I drop
Or til somebody calls the cops
My primo picks me up off the floor
And said "Homey you're tore up
We're cutting you off, you're not drinking anymore"
Drag me out, up the hill to mi caton
The bar's a few minutes away but it took me a hour to
get home
I've learned my leason, rule number one of la cantina
Don't mix cerveza with tequila

[Chorus]

You know every weekend I say I'm never gonna drink
again
But I'm always going back to the cantina with mi familia
That's right, and if there's one thing I've learned
It's don't mix cerveza with tequila
I'm warning you

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