

Gerald Levert F/ Lazy Bone % Ken Dawg

"Fiesta"

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[Jay-Z]

After the show it's the after party then
After the party it's the hotel lobby and
After the Belve' then it's probably Cris'
And after the original it's probably this (Fiesta)
Yes ma, Bed-Stuy, Fiesta
Remix with the homie from the Midwest side
Game recognize game, hoes do too
It's the new 2 Live Crew, I suppose you knew
So thugs, pop yo' toasters, but don't approach us or
Bullets'll chase you like Moet mimosas
Catch us both coasts, racin twin Porsches
Boxes with glocks that'll pop ya to make ya ghost-es
Whoever come closest - you've been warned
But niggaz don't get the picture 'til the weapons is
drawn
Make your way backstage, baby girl it's on
And we'll be drinkin 'til six in the mornin

[R. Kelly]

In the back of the club with ma-ma
Poppin bottles of Cris with ma-ma
Put the bar on the tab for ma-ma
Throwin hundreds up for grabs for ma-ma
Cause it's about to go down tonight
I'ma be drinkin 'til the early liz-ight (that's right)
Nigga high like a muh'fuckin ki-zite
Take three honies just to make me feel ri-zight
My, my, my, my
It's what they all say when they see the frozen ice
They say - my, my, my, my
Anytime they see them big things rollin b-zy

[Breakdown: R. Kelly]

While y'all gotta club, they done fuckin wit arenas
Gotcha man sayin "Kelly have you seen her?"
Yeah she wit me on the low
Gettin high off the 'dro, got her knees on the flo'

[R. Kelly]

Fiesta - Fiesta, Fiesta

Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta
Fiesta, Fiesta

[R. Kelly]

Switchin lanes in my Six, in the 'burbs
I met a girl named Tasha, in the 'burbs
Took the hood then I moved it, to the 'burbs
Now no more sheriffs or polices, in the 'burbs (that's
right)
And we about to tear this club up
Don't worry 'bout expenses cause I got that sho' nuff
Ready to BOO knock 'em fresh outta jizzail
I need some WOO from all the honey's on the DL
I said - my, my, my, my (yeah)
It's what them thugs yellin when the strippers on the pi-
zoles
They say - my, my, my, my (yeah)
Got Kisha yellin from that up and down shi-zow

[Breakdown]

[R. Kelly]

Fiesta!

[Gotti]

I put the big body up, come through in a Rover
Not only Kelly and Gotti, it's Boo and Hova
Pop Cris if you like, my ice glist' in the light
I'm wit Roc-Land right, so I'm rich for life
I'm like Heaven, everybody wanna get to me
How you make it to the gates and forget the key?
I'm the one God chose so you blessed through me
Gotti Floyd getchu higher than that ecstasy

[Boo]

Aiiyo I come through stunnin, plus I'm gettin blunted
in the new six-hundred with the big rims on it
We rock rocks that'll light ya shoulders
Gotta lotta hot cars but the drops is colder (aahh)
You see V-I-P; me, Kelly, Gotti, and Hov'
Drinkin Cris' like its H-2-O
All we do is spend cheese cause we love the dough
Mami roll more trees before it's time to go
C'mon..

[R. Kelly]

If you got cash money then you feel this shit
And if you rollin on them things then you feel this shit
If you drunk off in the club then you feel this shit
If you'se a motherfuckin thug then you feel this shit
If you smokin on some 'dro then you feel this shit
And if you off that ecstasy you gots to feel this shit
If you sippin on some Cris' you gots to feel this shit
And if you throwin up and shit, you gots to feel this shit
Fiesta..

Fiesta, Fiesta {*repeated until fade*}

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