

## **SoulFly F/ Limp Bizkit**

### **"Mid-City Fiesta"**

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(Double K)

I was chillin at the crib about 12 o clock  
When Thes Love called up, he knew a party we could  
rock  
Sometime around 8, yo we can't be late

(Thes One)

So straight I'll pick you up at seven, dig inside the crate  
And find a fresh plate to rotate to make the b-boys get  
aches  
And me and you, the super MC's to get the cake

(Double K)

Word up! I called the posse, we can all roll out,  
Cause once we step up in the party, yo we make the  
ladies shout  
People Under the Stairs, yeah and you know we got the  
clout  
Packed up my records, rolled up the blunt

(Thes One)

I got out the black book, tried to call up this stunt  
She wasn't home, so I paged her, left the celly on roam  
And we out to the night, right on Pico  
Rolled down the street, stopped at the red light

(Double K)

Kept on going, made a right on Sierra Bonita,  
Yo Thes, where's your fake ID? Ya know we need a  
Little bit of liquor for the night

(Thes One)

I was born in 1974!

(Double K)

Yeah, right!

(Thes One)

Word! Corona represent just enough to get me  
screamin  
Like them other latin brothers whose intoxicated

demon's

Tape bumps lovely, we keep it goin, ain't mine on deck  
The backseat complete, goin and goin

(Double K)

Turned up the beats and hopped on the ten  
Talkin lot about the pigeons that we bout to see again  
Yo I'm tryin to stop drinkin, but nigga pass the cup!  
This fool Thes is freestylin, almost passed the exit up

(Thes One)

Because the drinkin and drivin's a guaranteed no no  
Cause with the bottle in my hand, it's fuckin up my  
rhyme flow  
I went right, kinda slow, at the bottom of the ramp  
Ten car caravan, undisputed champion

(Double K)

Pulled up to the place, had to find a parking space  
This ugly bitch was looking at us so I give the gas face

(Thes One)

Hey yo, her friends was butt too but they jocked this big  
crew  
Told the bitch to jump in the jeep, I'll take you to the zoo

(Double K)

Ha ha! Word  
Her head was all big  
They should've been at the zoo though

Got up to the line (five dollars please!)  
Oh we're with the DJ (nope, five dollars please!)  
Bitch, we're with the DJ (FIVE DOLLARS PLEASE!)  
I'ma have to beat your ass  
(alright just let me stamp your hand, get in there!)

I was the first one in and the crew was behind  
So I kept on walkin, couldn't waste no time  
Bumped into this white guy that I knew  
He offered me a brew, I was like fuck it  
Took it to the head, now I'm through  
So he laughed, rolled another one up  
This fool Thes is pushin it, puttin gin in my cup  
Now I'm toked back, can't walk worth shit  
He lamp lit the J and I hit that shit  
Took about a hundred pulls, at least that's how it felt  
Chillin with my boy, at least that's how it felt  
Realized I was buggin then I saw Mike's pops  
When I decide to spark the beedie and relaxed at the  
spot

Yo, to the DJ, throw on 2Pac  
I walked back in and showed the stamp, felt like I was  
shot  
Oh my God! Saw this brown skinned cutie  
With a big booty, titties big as hell, looked like Tootie  
Hey girl, how you doin, oh shit I looked back  
My nigga Thes is on the mic about to bust another rap

Yo, this fool Thes,  
Ay man you bout to rap huh  
(Hey is that Thes?)  
Do it do it!

(Thes One)  
Mic Check one two, how do you do, I'm Thes!  
The party honored guest cause the crew gets blessed  
Never have I stressed, ask my man J Quest  
I rock the mic possessed when the beat's compressed  
I rotate grills or analogs at best  
It's the true B-Boy and that always gets respect  
Pass the Corona, keep two in the icechest  
Pull a girl like a plug cause I'm finessed  
Find me when I seem sexually repressed  
I treat em really good til they get obsessed  
They actin kinda funny and they get bloodtests  
If they actin ill I go and take the next best  
You MC's be rappin funny, I'm not impressed  
Standin like products of parental incest  
But son, my tape's for sale so I hope you invest  
Sunny up on skills, that's what I suggest  
If you think you're fresh, you catch a litmus test  
Drop some fresh rhymes, that is my request  
You got no heart, let me lay you down to rest  
I invoke the hip-hop citizen's arrest  
My name is.... yo man

(Double K)  
Hey that fool done kicked the cord out!

(Thes One)  
Plug me back in yo!

(Double K)  
Ay, what's up? What's up?  
Man, fuck these motherfuckers

(Voice in the background)  
Party's over,  
Everyone out of my house!

(Double K)

Yo Thes, yo, ay I'm fucked up,  
I'm fucked up, I can't... yo I can't walk....awww shit

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