

Phil Collins F/ Philip Bailey

"Fiesta Flow"

Visit "[Fiesta Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Tite]

Sitting 20 inches high, as I lay and recline
Buck skin on my spine, and I'm looking devine
Showing out like a prince, a young ghetto star
Screened out sipping bar, in my Jaguar car
Playas know who I are, cause my trunk stay popped
Neon lights show stop, when I crush the block
The big chrome block better, done invaded the scene
Riding deep with my team, and my mug on mean
I might twist 84's, when I'm dogging the Lac
Fifth wheel done fell back, just don't know how to act
Big piece around my neck, showcasing the set
Dirty 3rd don't forget, and we came to wreck
Call me the young fool, Mr. D-3 Nutt
Bringing pain to the game, while I lay in the cut
The green light say go, so I'm wrecking the flow
It's the Tite staying thoed, and I'm more than a pro
Sideways in a ride, on that butter recline
Gold front stay shine, diamonds leaving 'em blind
Read my name when I smile, better yet when I grin
Hit rewind on the track, so I can wreck it again

(*talking*)

Yeah uh-huh, these mo'fuckers want war huh
They don't even wanna see
We gon bring it to these niggaz though
Bouncers, ride on these faggots, punk ass niggaz

Visit [Phil Collins F/ Philip Bailey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.