# Fandango

## Paul Adams

You might find me in the Century Club
Fresh kicks, fresh cut, pocket full of dubs
Box of Altoids for my paranoid niggaz actin' foul
Stop smokin' if you can't be proudAdult star night, not another bar fight
Inglewood players actin' right in the spotlight
Me, I'm righter than invisible set
I'm visibly wet, slurrin' and I'm lookin' for my petI pass to the massa with her whip on her, ask her
If she sippin' wit'cha bird, if she not we move past her
And I ain't hatin', I'm just diggin' ya ass, girl
Is that the collagen shot, is that what'cha momma got?I'm so rugged, bullet wound in back
Of the axe handle blunt force trauma kinda tuggin'
And I ain't never been what the cat drug in
Be real, Quik's to keep ya mean muggin'California clownin', bounce to sundown
In the moonlight groovin', trippin' off the saloon fight
We fandango, the next day hangover
Got me feelin' like I hit a train with my Range RoverFeel free to lose your mind, let your brain go
Fuck the tango, do the fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let your dame go
Spin around 'til you get a hangoverTake your doo rag off, let your brain grow
Fuck the tango, do the fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let your man go
Spin around 'til you get a hangoverWatch me climb out the whip with the bird on my hip
She wanna set it off in the club, don't trip
We crack a bottle and all my fam take a sip
Any haters wanna pop at the lip, we come equippedWe get the paper and the savor the flavor
But never forget about the haters who constantly imitate us
Homey, we creators and players and rhyme sayers
For layers of words, let me say it in terms that you can understandSo clearly, you feelin', me, fam?
She's on the floor 'cause of my homey, Quik man
And she hits the mall but you don't really understand
Yeah, I seen it before but now it's gettin' out of handMommy's diggin' for more and she's posin' for the cam
Little beef got the dance floor slammed
No tango, straight fandango
Birds flock to us like heads to Kangols, c'monFeel free to lose your mind, let your brain go
Fuck the tango, do the fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let your dame go
Spin around 'til you get a hangoverTake your doo rag off, let your brain grow
Fuck the tango, do the fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let your man go

Spin around 'til you get a hangoverI'm a master in disguise, movin' swiftly to the thighs
Move faster than me, then I recognize
That I ain't really got nuttin' to hide
But the bratwurst skinny girl second, fat girls firstAnd Compton is still on my mind
I remember when we used to get scared when they got behind us
One-time sayin' they been tryin' to find us
But they got the wrong niggaz, never mind usMy tongue tumbles like I'm bumblebee stung
Rip out the stinger, you keep talkin' shit I whip out the ringer
How many times does it have to end right before 12:00 a.m?
Why you packin' a Slim Jim?I gets down on the mic like I rode down on a bike
Road rash, skin peelin' tonight
The club ain't never crackin' 'til the haters be gone
We need to build the eliminator hater light and put it on 'emFeel free to lose your mind, let your brain go
Fuck the tango, do the fandango
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