Celebrate

Printer

Ladies and gentlemen
The Preacher?s son
Patti LaBelle is in the buildin?
Let?s celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque, how we used to do
On the avenue, have a Philly
Man, how I miss those days
When the kids was kids, no knives on the street
When the ice cream man came around the way, Lord
Miss Patti, won?t you help me sing
Lord, knows how I miss those days
Dressin? up for church on Easter Sunday
Doing the Electric Slide at every party
If only you knew what I?ve been through
You would celebrate, get up, you would celebrate
I came in this game through the back door
I know Labelle, we were so much more
We worked and earned it, God knows we deserved it
Keep on striving I know you?ll make it
Let?s celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque, how we used to do
On the avenue, have a Philly
Man, how I miss those days
When the kids was kids, no knives on the street
When the ice cream man came around the way, Lord
Miss Patti, won?t you help me sing
Lord, knows how I miss those days
Dressin? up for church on Easter Sunday
Doing the Electric Slide at every party
If only you knew what I?ve been through
You would celebrate, fet up, you would celebrate
Get up, I?m gon? box these niggas
Take home on a number one belt
We gonna pop that thug oh no, to celebrate that wealth
See, I?mma take that hey and turn it into loot
?Cause whoever got blessed no man can test
Whoever got blessed no man can test
What goes up must surely come down, yes
So watch who you hurt on your way up

?Cause they?ll be laughin? at you on your way down
Tell the judge we don?t want incarceration
?Cause we came for the celebration
So let the women and the children eat first
?Cause it?s been so long since a celebration
(Cassidy)
This Cassidy, let?s celebrate
I?m sellin? weed and got hella cake
And I still got the thug in my back pock?
It?s hamburgers, hot dogs in the back row
On the grill we cookin? it all up
My mom got skills, she hookin? it all up
Man, it feels like back in the days
When cats wasn?t clappin? to Ks
And hoodrats was actin? they age
Clef and the rest of the gang with me
And me and Miss LaBelle we rap the same city
Philly, home of the blunts and the cheese steaks
And I cannot be stopped like I need the breaks
Let?s celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque, how we used to do
On the avenue, have a Philly
Man, how I miss those days
When the kids was kids, no knives on the street
When the ice cream man came around the way
Lord, Miss Patti, won?t you help me sing
Lord knows how I miss those days
Dressin? up for church on Easter Sunday
Doing the Electric Slide at every party
If only you knew what I?ve been through
You would celebrate, be okay, yeah
Get up, you would celebrate
Get up, you would celebrate
Get up

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/