

# Fiesta

## Patric La Funk

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 till the weapons is drawn  
Make your way backstage, baby girl it's on  
And we'll be drinkin' till six in the mornin'  
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' till 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  
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'  
Fiesta, Fiesta, Fiesta  
Fiesta, Fiesta  
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Fiesta, Fiesta  
Fiesta, Fiesta  
Fiesta, Fiesta  
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  
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'  
Fiesta  
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  
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  
(Ah)  
You see V-I-P me, Kelly, Gotti, and Hov'  
Drinkin' Cris' like its H2O  
All we do is spend cheese cause we love the dough  
Mami roll more trees before it's time to go  
C'mon  
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 see 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

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