

# Celebrate

## Fiddler's Green

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  
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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  
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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

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