

# Fiesta

R. Kelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Porsche's  
Boxes with glocks that'll pop ya to make ya ghost-es  
Whoever come closest you've been warned  
But niggas don't get the picture 'til the weapons is drawn  
Make your way backstage, baby girl it's on  
And we'll be drinkin' 'til 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'm a be drinkin' 'til 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 only cause I While y'all gotta club date, I'm 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  
Fiesta, fiesta

Fiesta, fiesta  
 Fiesta, fiesta  
 Fiesta, fiesta  
 Fiesta, fiesta  
 Fiesta, fiestaSwitchin' lanes in my Six, in the 'burbs  
 I met a broad 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' 'nough  
 Ready to BOO like I'm 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 fizzles  
 They say my, my, my, my (yeah)  
 Got Kisha yellin' from that up and down sizzleWhile y'all gotta club date, I'm 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 floI 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 ecstasyHey yo 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 H-2-O  
 All we do is spend cheese cause we love the dough  
 Mami roll more trees before it's time to goIf 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'se 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 got's to feel this shit  
 If you sippin' on some Cris' you got's to feel this shit  
 And if you throwin' up and shit, you got's to feel this shit  
 FiestaFiesta, fiesta

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