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 IWhile 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 flo'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 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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