

Celebrate (Ft. Patti LaBelle)

Wyclef Jean

Ladies and gentleman, the preacher's son
Patti LaBelle is in the building Let's celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque how we used to do
On the avenue, have a family reunion
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 Dressing up for church on Easter Sunday (how I miss those days)
Doing the electric slide at every party (how I miss those days)
Oh, if only you knew, what I've been through (you would celebrate)
You would celebrate (everybody just celebrate, how I miss those days)
Get up, you would celebrate (celebrate, everything's gonna be ok, how I miss those days) I came in this game
through the back door (get up)
I know LaBelle, we were so much more (get up)
We worked it, and earned it, God knows we deserved it (get up)
Keep on striving, I know you'll make it Let's celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque how we used to do (yeah, get up)
On the avenue, have a family reunion
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 Dressing up for church on Easter Sunday (how I miss those days), get up
Doing the electric slide at every party (how I miss those days)
Oh, if only you knew, what I've been through (you would celebrate)
You would celebrate (everybody just celebrate, how I miss those days)
Get up, you would celebrate (celebrate, everything's gonna be ok, how I miss those days), get up I'm gon' box
these niggaz
Take home on a number one belt (get up)
We gonna pop that thug, oh no, to celebrate the wealth (get up)
See, I'm a take that hay and turn it into loot
'Cause who ever God blessed no man can test (get up)
Who ever God 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 laughing at you on your way down
Tell the judge we don't want incarceration
Cause we came for the celebration, hey

So let the women and the children eat first
'Cause it's been so long since a celebration, CassidyThis Cassidy, let's celebrate (oh)
I'm selling weed and got hella cake
And I still got the dog in my backyard
It's hamburgers, hot dogs in the back row (get up)
On the grill we cooking it all up
My mom got skills, she hooking it all up
Man, it feels like back in the days
When cats wasn't clapping to K's
And hood rats was acting they age (get up)
Clef and the rest of the game with me
And me and Miss LaBelle, we rep the same city (get up)
Philly, home of the blunts and the cheese steaks
And I cannot be stopped, like I need breaks (get up)Let's celebrate, have a basement party
A barbeque how we used to do (yeah)
On the avenue, have a family reunion
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 daysDressing up for church on Easter Sunday (how I miss those days)
Doing the electric slide at every party (how I miss those days)
Oh, if only you knew, what I've been through (you would celebrate)
You would celebrate (everybody just celebrate, how I miss those days)
Get up, you would celebrate (celebrate, everything's gonna be ok, how I miss those days), get upCelebrate (you
would celebrate), everything's gonna be ok, how I miss those days (get up)
You would celebrate, everybody just celebrate, how I miss those days

Songwriters

Duplessis, Jerry / Jean, Guerschom Farel / Jean, Wyclef / Pendleton, Malik / Labelle, Patti / Vanleer, James /
Bush, BobbyPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
Roba Music Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>