

Artist: r\_kelly

Title: Fiesta (remix)

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[Jay-Z]:

After the show it's the afterparty, then  
After the party it's the hotel lobby, then  
After the Belve then it's probably Cris  
And after the original it's probably this  
Yes ma, Bed-Stuy, Fiesta  
Remix with the homie from the Midwest-side (uh what)  
Game recognize the game, hos do too  
It's the new 2 Live Crew, I don't 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 Porches  
Boxsters with glocks That will pop you to make you ghost  
Whoever come close, you've been warned  
But thos niggas don't get the picture til the weapons is drawn  
Make your way backstage, baby girl it's on

[Jay-Z & R. Kelly]:

And we'll be drinkin' til six in the mornin'...

[R. Kelly]:

In the back of the club with mama  
Poppin' bottles of Cris with mama  
Put the bar on the tab for mama  
Throwin' hundreds up for grabs with mama  
Cause it's about to go down tonight  
I'm a be drinkin' til the early lizz-ight  
Nigga high like a mu'fuckin' kizz-ite  
Take three honeys just to make me feel rizz-ight  
My, my, my, my  
Is what they all say when they see the frozen ice  
They say my, my, my, my  
Everytime they see them big thangs on the rizz-ide  
While ya'll got a club date, I'm fuckin' with arenas  
Got your man sayin', tell me have you seen her?  
Yeah, she with me on the low, gettin' high off of 'dro  
Got her knees on the floor, Fiesta

Fiesta, Fiesta, Fiesta Fiesta, Fiesta, Fiesta, Fiesta, Fiesta, (oh wee)

Switchin lanes in my 6 in the burbs  
I met a broad name Tasha from the burbs  
Took the hood then I moved into the burbs  
Now no mo' sherrifs or police in the burbs  
Now we about to tear this club up  
Don't worry about expenses cause I got that, sho' nuff  
Ready to foo! like I'm fresh outta jizz-ail  
I need some boo from all the honeys on the DL  
I said my, my, my, my  
That's what them thugs yellin when the strippers on the flizz-oor  
They say my, my, my, my  
Got Keisha yellin frm that up and down strizz-oke  
While ya'll got a club date, I'm fuckin with arenas  
Got your man sayin tell me have you seen her?  
Yeah, she with me on the low, gettin high off a 'dro  
Got her knees on the floor, Fiesta

[Gotti]:

I put this big body up, come through in a Rover  
Not only Kelly and Gottie, it's Boo and Hova  
Pop Cris if you like, my ice glist in the light  
I'm with Roclain right, so I'm rich for life  
I'm like Heaven, everybody want to get to me  
How you make it to the gate and forget the key  
I'm the one God chose, so you blessed with me  
Gotti flow'll get you higher than that Esstasy (ya heard)

[Boo]:

Hey yo, I come through stunnin, plus I'm gettin blunted  
In the new 600, with the big rims on it  
We rock rocks that'll light you shoulders  
Got a lotta hot cars, but the drops is colder  
You see VIP, me, Kelly, Gotti, and Hov  
Drinkin' Cris like it's H2O  
All we do is spend cheese cause we love the dough  
Mami roll more trees fore it's time to go (come on)

[R.Kelly]:

If you got cash money then you feel this shit  
And if you rollin on them thangs then you feel this shit  
If you drunk off in the club then you feel this shit  
If you's 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 to feel this shit  
If you sippin on some Cris you gots to feel this shit  
And if you're throwin up your shit you gots to feel this shit, Fiesta