

# Fiesta (feat. JAY Z, Boo & Gotti)

R. Kelly

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmmHmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm...Chillin in my four point six at the light  
Bout to be VIP for the night  
Shorty in the drop top V made a right  
Pull up to her bumper baby, beeped twice  
Jumped out the whip like I was the police  
Didn't have a gun, but my wrist said freeze  
Got Friday on a DVD  
She's a baller and I'm a baller  
Wha-what?  
Livin' fiesta  
To all my hot boys  
Livin' fiesta  
To all my Chi town niggas  
Fiesta  
And all my uptown niggas  
Fiesta  
To all my players and my hustlers  
Fiesta  
And if you sittin' on them blades  
Fiesta  
To all my honeys in the club  
Fiesta  
And if you rollin' with a thugFiesta  
We be off in the club sippin lot  
Red eye deep in the club puffin' Lye  
Strippers in the back of the club showing live  
Soon as I get a buzz I'm showing out  
House on top of the hill  
Counting what?  
Whose gonna buy the bar?  
Got enough  
Take the haters out in the back, rough 'em upI'm a baller now where's my ballers?Wha-  
what?Chillin in my four point six at the light  
Bout to be VIP for the night  
Shorty in the drop top V made a right  
Pull up to her bumper baby, beeped twice  
Jumped out the whip like I was the police  
Didn't have a gun, but my wrist said freezeGot Friday on a DVD  
She's a baller and I'm a baller  
Wha-what?We pop Cris on a daily base

Plus we got honeys all up in the place  
Bout to wild out in a major way  
So put your hands up if you made your pay  
Add a little juice to the Tangaray  
But let the ice show till the diamond fades  
Rockland sittin' on Capitol Hill  
Trackmaster make capital deals  
Now look at Gotti iced out with the blingy-bling  
And a big body sittin' on them gleamy things  
Now Rockland niggas know the means of cream  
Kelly, R&B Thug and it sings to king  
Got PJ niggas in caprime green  
(Thugged out)  
Hot chicks down to do anything  
Cop them mo chicks  
Cop mo bricks, pop mo Cris  
Ay Kelly drop mo hits  
What you know about them cats  
That be spendin' the dough  
Every day drink Henney and a bottle of Mo'  
Ride whips, hittin' chicks  
Blowin' twenties on drough  
To the club thirty deep  
Plenty of ice to show  
Mami say she never rolled in a six before  
(Fiesta)  
Never seen a young cat this rich before  
Yeah Kelly made the way for these niggas to blow  
Thugged out, 2G, Rockland for sure  
Chillin in my four point six at the light  
Bout to be VIP for the night  
Shorty in the drop top V made a right  
Pull up to her bumper baby, beeped twice  
Jumped out the whip like I was the police  
Didn't have a gun, but my wrist said freeze  
Got Friday on a DVD  
She's a baller and I'm a baller  
Wha-what?

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>