

One Big Fiesta

Mase

All Out we don't stop we don't don't stop
All Out we don't stop we don't don't stop
All Out make it hot don't stop c'mon
c'mon Harlem World make it hot don't stop c'mon
All Out All Out

Yo yo I'm the perfect example of how a chick that's classy
Flashy sassy papparazzi don't harrass me (All Out)
Move too swift for y'all chicks to pass me
Anything y'all want to know, come ask me
How come when I'm in the street all open place
Everybody smokin' \$ta\$e like I got a open case (uh uh)
Anything you gotta say to me
You can say to Ma\$e, Baby \$ta\$e
The more I make, the more they hate (c'mon)
See, I might as well admit it, that everybody want to hit it
'cause I got a cean record and not to see me naked, check it
I don't know what's wrong with these cats
It'll be a setback in this game called Rap, see
I was once told, Harlem World done fold
We about to drop this below the world, behold
Seem like while I'm seeing Platinum, everybody sayin' Gold
We'll really see what happens when my click unfold

We're going to party, fiesta (All Out)
And stay fly, foreva
c'mon, c'mon Harlem World
Can't go wrong

Yo, Harlem World is who I'm runnin wit (yeah, Huddy's wit it)
See the size of my money clip? (man, I'm on the funny tip)
I know you hate me, hate Ma\$e, 'cause we make papes
And got girls on like 48 states (48 states)
For kickin' the women with a straight face
While y'all cats, wella, about to get a rape case
But why player hate? 'cause I sex girls and they say I'm great
You bust one tank, can even stay awake
Not now, we gon' talk on a later day
What you think? You can hold Blink? Uh uh
I got a gold link with more ice than cold drinks
So, playa get to that, and keep your chicken hats
She said your sex was whack, 'cause I twist her back
And everytime I kick my rap, man I stick to facts (All Out)
But if my trees wasn't sellin'
I switch the jack
c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Yo, yo, I need a wiffee, chipped up lightly
You stay in the thong, I'ma stay with the ice, be
Indian givin', got Caribbean women
Willin' to have everything like me and my children (All Out)
So, dear, in front of the building
Hundreds in the ceiling, tank tops in the drop
'cause I'm one of the villain
Cook for me, come open a book for me
Shook for keep, your whole look hooked me
With your legs tied up, eggs sunny side up

No cash in the stash get that money right up (c'mon, c'mon)
See, all girls love me, can't get nothing from me
I stay in the Mall, spendin' rich chicks' money
Tricked on her friend so her friend want to fuck me
That one named Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy
W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy, W dot Huddy
Chorus to end with Ma\$e adlibs:

JM
Can't forget Queen Bee wrecks this
L O X
Money Power & Respect
Ruff Ryder
Yeah, DMX
Can't forget So So Def
Bad Boy
Suave House
Yeah, kid, Harlem on the rise
And you don't want no problem with these guys
Neptune, keep the beat bangin'
Uh, you don't stop
Queen Bee
Junior Mafia
What what what what what
All Out, All Out, All Out, All Out