

# 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