

Mr. Vegas, Tamale (Remix)

(Intro): (Mr.Vegas) (*Fat Joe) (**Fatman Scoop)
Yeah, Mr. Vegas (Lets go make it run!) This is Mr. Vegas
(*TS!) This is it Mr. Vegas (**Fatman Scoop!) Mr. Vegas, Mr. Vegas
(* Come on come on!) Tamale (*Come on) Shes a Tamale
(**Here we go now! Here we go now!)
(*Uh! Yeah! Yeah! TS!)

(Verse 1): (Fat Joe) (Fatman Scoop)
Its Joe Crack and Mr. Vegas, Vegas
Track so hot we had to make this remix (Uh!)
Goodness gracious this paper chasin got me in Jamaica cheesin
Di gal dem got me speechless
Peep this tell the streets repeat this
Lean Back, mami show your features
Fat ass, slim waist, cute face
Take her to the crib mami dont make me chase
Cause your my hot tamale
And Im about to break you off in that Black Denali
And, trust girl cause cant nobody
Do you like I can I bless you off its scary
And bounce, bounce lean back, bounce, and bounce come on
Just bounce (Lets go now!) And bounce lean back (Lets go now!)

(Chorus): Mr. Vegas (*Fatman Scoop)
Shes a Tamale drunk in Courvoisi
She wanna party after the party
She wanna private dance with somebody
Cause her body got a mind of its own, own, own own own own
(*Lets go now!) Own own, own own own own
Own, own, own own own own
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)

(Verse 2): Mr. Vegas
As soon as she walks through that door, uh oh uh oh!
And back her thing up on the floor, uh oh uh oh!
Its gettin hot so Im bout to blow, uh oh uh oh!
Tell the fire truck to bring the hose, uh oh uh oh!
Shes showin off her belly skin, looking sexy her navel ring
She dont care who if anything she aint fakin shes out doin her thing

(Chorus): (Mr. Vegas)
Own, own, own own own own
Own own, own own own own
Own, own, own own own own
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)

(Verse 3): (Fatman Scoop)
When I say More, you say Fire! More! (Fire!) More! (Fire!)
When I say More, you say Fire! More! (Fire!) More! (Fire!)
Now drop to the floor! Drop to the floor! Drop to the floor! Drop to the floor!
Now take em up high! Take em up high! Take em up high! Take em up high!
Ladies! Keep it movin now! Keep it movin now! Fatman Scoop lets go one time!
Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!
Now clear! Everybody use your left hand!

Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!
Now clear! Wave your hands in the air now!
Now clear! Everybody use your right hand!
Now clear! Everybody wave your hands!

(Chorus): (Mr. Vegas)

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Own, own, own own own own
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Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)
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Shes a Tamale drunk in Courvoisi
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Own own, own own own own
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Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na na na na na na na!!! (Just the way how she move her body)
Na na na (You can tell that shes a Tamale)
Na na na (Hips movin like a Ferrari, you can tell that shes a Tamale)

(Outro): Mr. Vegas

Girls Girls! Yeah Yeah! Wave your hands upon a musical this
Just girls girls! Yeah Yeah!
Cause you wanna buy some damn thing
Just girls girls! Yeah Yeah!
You dont wanna buy a musical this
Just girls girls! (Fat Joe! Mr. Vegas! Fatman Scoop!)
Tri state I see you!