

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Fiesta

Chorus: Lord Tariq

Party, all night, fiesta, forever
Getting cheddar, whatever, together, whatever

Verse 1: Lord Tariq

One dres on the six, I resurrect the willie, hottest (dick)
I'm rich, plotter on your daughter, I'm magician cause I trick
And your man wanna flip, cause I'm poppin that (shit)
Takin the shop (bitch), yo honey hoppin the whip
(Shit's) real, I won't hit it, niggas droppin, will split
Spend the money, matter fact, I've seen these crouch it can get
Take the keys to the reigns, black 4.6, cause all the (bitches) want this
PDS on your fist, platinum on your neck, show part on your wrist
Take it, no I insist, we can (fuck) in the morning
And shop through the day
Tonight Max was performing so we can go play
Huh, jealousy and envy lurch through the party
When the women see the up (dick) it's luster for your body
Considered drug-dealers because we spark rollies and
His and hers chillers, I'm a lover not a killer
So let's just

Chorus (2x)

Verse 2: Lord Tariq

Aiyyo Gunz, I met this freaky (bitch) about a week ago
In New York, by the beacon yo, lookin like a sneaky hoe
Even though she had a few friends, about 3 or 4
Standing by the sneaker-store, and said that she seen me before
But I don't believe it yo, she must have seen the ice-shinin
Beneath the sleeve-roll, she like the way the diamonds go
Never mind (bitch), I'm about to blow, I gotta swerve
And she had the on fast to commin ass, she can go
Without a question yo, backseat the hard one
Parked around the corner, laid pipe like a plumber
Ran through her all summer, from tha morning to tha night
And I even trick a little, keeping shorty tight
For the

Chorus (2x)

Will Tracks:

Just do it, don't stop now
Make it hurt you, just a little bit
Not too much, it's workin
Getting money all right now