

Too \$hort F/ Ant Banks

"TS Piece"

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[Fat Joe]
Yeah uhh.....
You know what this is.....
The fat gangsta!!!

[Chorus]
[Tony Sunshine]
Maybe its the TS chain (I got em right)
Maybe its that Escalade (Come get em right)
Maybe its the way I do (Keep mamies like)
Joe i wanna fuck wit u (Keep sayin that)
I dont know what it is
All I know it that this chick
Is gon leave wit me
Gon creep wit me
Gon freak wit me
Gon leave wit me

[Verse 1]

[Fat Joe]
I know it seems every song, is about like the same old
thing
But when you rich, aint nuthin to do but fuckin hang
Eat good, spend money, count chunks of change
Keep mah ladies lookin good, when they touch the
Range.
Never fuck wit a bitch, if she cant be trained
Never leave wit a chick, if she dont give brain.
We could leave on trip, I got a private plane
I dont fly, but we could park it up and blaze.
Joe's the God
And I know you need somethin to praise
Just have a lil faith, and you could be saved.
Uhh, it's not mah fuult if they love the kid
It might be the chain or the whip
I dont know what it is.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

[Remy Ma]

Umm, I dont mean no harm
But their ain't a chick sicka then Remy Ma
And all the hot boys wanna fuck wit Rem
And I dont turn em away
I'm like, I'm the bomb now.
Wheres your gurl, dont matter to me
I'm way out of her league
She cant keep up to mah speed.
Shes weak, she dont need to smoke weed
And wherever shes at
is where she should be.
Now, wheres your wife, I dont care
I'll be at the crib, when she ain't there.
Baby do mah nails, and lace mah hair
Take me out on trips and pay the fare.
Maybe.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Fat Joe]

Damn, look at all the rocks he got
Ferrari drop 360,hard to top
The party's hot,all white linen affair
Im doin the suit thang, white Nike Airs.
I'm in the middle of the crowd, like the Don is here.
Shorty whistlin in mah ear
Told me what she wanna hear,she said
"We thuggin
smokin on sumthin
down to leave wit ya'll, As long as ya'll fuckin."
Woo, thas how you do that there
See me wit mah boys, bring ya crew bak here
We ridin,she drivin
On our way to the crib, long fish arrivin.

[Chorus]

[Tony Sunshine]

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[Chorus]

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