

Ultimate Force f/ Fat Joe

"C'mon"

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[VERSE 1: Fat Joe]

Microphone check one-two

I'm here to represent for the Diggin' In The Crates crew

And if you didn't tell, it's the bigger brother

Sometimes you can catch me with a undercover lover

I come from the Bronx AKA the Boogie Down

Used to get dough down low out of town

Now I'm makin records, so check it

Every time I grab the mic you know I'm gonna wreck it

Yeah, the name is Fat Joe, Diamond got the back

I'm gonna get paid, get laid and keep funds by the
stack

Everybody knows the style is lethal

Fake MC's and wanna-be's I see through

You better make way cause Fat Daddy is home

I gotta say rest in peace to my man Tone

Montana, and yo, he had juice like Tropicana

His father's from San Juan, my father's from Havana

Cuba, girls give me blow like a tuba

When I hit skins you know I wear the lubri-
cation, peace to the whole Zulu Nation

If you step to the crew well then you're facin elimination

Now it's time to show and prove

And everybody stand back and watch me move

[VERSE 2: Master Rob]

My rhymes are hotter than a cajun in the sun

And I used to pack a ton but that was just for fun
(Damn)

It's Rob and Diamond on another hot track

And it's ill for real, so watch the money stack

And in fact the shit takes me way, way back

To mockneck, Cazels and AJ slacks

Like back in the days in a project called Forest

That crazy neighborhood down the block from Morris

We used to play hookey to hang out with Joe

We would slay hookers like three in a row

And then we'd spark a I but them hoes had to go

Joe'd hit the beat, then Rob'd catch the flow

And after couple of hours then it's off to the show

So now you know, now on to the next plateau

(The hip-hop) fanatic, (voice) operatic
Cute ladies gaspin for air like they was asthmatic
(Delivery) on time (battle) it's showtime
I'm hotter than war time cause I'm gonna get mine
(The rhymes) like butter, (the rhymes) did I stutter?
Rob keeps it gutter, go fuck with another brother
(Fo' sho') I thought you knew (the crew) is Zulu
Too true to hip-hop for them to undo
(The label) Strong City, (the rivals) I pity
The Original Jazzy Jay who always keeps it gritty
(The end) What son? (It's over) I'm never done
The rapper phenomenon, I done already dust 'em
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