

## **D.I.T.C.**

### **"All Luv"**

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featuring Fat Joe Lord Finesse Big L A.G.

[Fat Joe]

Welcome to the world of Joe flooded with thugs and  
hoes

Real niggas drug dealers with villas in the show

??? parked in twenty car garages

Living the largest with ??? garbage

Shit I get down for mine

Terror Squad run things in any town you can find

New York New York big city of dreams

Where there's nothing but for car bitches and ???

Say for cash fat pieces of hash

Never giving a fuck, get your shit laced up

The corrupt crutas wake me up to new crimes

On news prime: gangster rapper goes nuts and won't  
sign

Joey Crack's the rock, known for packing Macs and  
glocks

Stay away from Little Pub cause his stacks is hot

Shot, in the middle of the street

Pretty boys don't sleep cause beauty is only skin deep

[Lord Finesse]

While you playing games, we claimin fame slaying  
dames

The aim is to make Mo' Money like Damon Wayans

You know our names, we don't play jokes

You niggas ain't feeling us? You ain't supposed to,  
that's for gay folks

You stay broke, we stay holding and stay rolling

Rap a token, exploding, my game's golden

Pockets swollen, we make the freaks stare

Roll with some chocolate grimey niggas, but ain't  
nothing sweet here

Keep clear, outta here so keep stepping

Make hit records off of loops that's six seconds

No question the cash tipper, the ass whipper

Need a chick I can hang with, fuck you broads that  
wear glass slippers

Bigger, city slicker, you cats follow me?

Finesse is among the stars like astrology

Greater knowledge, G, shit's wild, I flip styles

On the mile, let me pass it off like Crystal

[Fat Joe]

Yo it's all love, thug niggas and all of the above

Drug dealers, killer, niggas at the Player's Club

Young ladies, sisters, rump shaking bitches

Niggas on the Island rock 150 stitches (Repeat 2x)

[Big L]

Yo my cash flow don't get low, this jet increase

And whoever tries to take mine will rest in peace

Keep a stone look, peace to every known crook

Not those who go to jail and can't hold they own and  
come home shook

So hold on and prepare to get rolled on

My crew robs every fag that walks through the  
Boneyard

Cats who act rah rah will catch a jim star

So those who fake the funk don't get far, pah

Me and my clan parlay sipping Grand Marlet

At a party at the bar is where we stand all day

In '97 I'm bubbling, no more stuggling

If I fall, it's back to selling drugs again and busting  
slugs in men

No doubt, you know what I'm about

The last slouch that walked through my block didn't  
make it out

Because I stuck that nigga, then I bucked that nigga

(I felt sorry for that nigga) I give a fuck, that nigga

[A.G.]

We be the bomb, baby, indeed I smoke weed

Been ripping shit since the late 80's, so what you need?

I was here before, that's why I rise and stand tall

And send y'all back to the wall like I'm Darryl Straw

The truth is, don't give a damn if you're ruthless

Make it happen, I look at platinum niggas like "Who's  
this?"

Word the the bloody city, Babylon will

Die in inequities, project overkill

Be in the future shining, gold with diamonds

The nigga been used to climbing, my whole life

Straight more, if it ain't rough, it ain't right

We bring the heat, all you do is bark, we bite

I'm authentic, and once I send it, it's unretrievalbe

Like nuclear missles, I meant it, now it's time to lace  
this

Off to the faceless

Niggas get brushed up and ??? and face it

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