

Fat Amy

"Beat Novacane"

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[Fat Joe]
Yeah, T.S., yeah, uhh
Yo, yo...

Wonder if we all V-S'es'us
Wanna know the streets that we fuss
Now sit back and witness the di-rector's cut
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up {BEAT NOVACANE!}

[Fat Joe]
Go figure it, Joe Crack runnin New York
Who woulda thunk it, God above and Pun did
Yeah, they came while I was 'sleep
Whispered in my ear this is your year {CRACK
PREACH!}
So I testify
To burn down the throne, niggaz follow my lead
Save your breath for crownin me King of N.Y.
I'm the one and only Godfather, one through three
Pardon me, but I was raised in the projects
Forgettin I wasn't the only object
We was more concerned with cuttin up and choppin
Supplyin fiends with that work, get it poppin
Now who wanna pop off 'til they head get popped off
By the realest MC, and that's ME!
Joe Crack the Don, I came from the streets
Knee deep in the game, other half in the streets
I got that permit to bury ya ice grill
Shoulda named this album hurr "Licensed to Kill"
Ahhh - yes my life chilly chill
Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey Hills
Chilllll, that's that '88 flow
Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough
Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'
Khaled him with that talk nigga {UN, UN, UN,
UNBELIEVABLE!}

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
One Phantom, two castles, and a Jeep fo'
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'
Several years I earned cake, let me tell you more

Joey Crack, a.k.a. '88, Cook Coke

[Fat Joe]

Wonder why I paint a picture of the street life so vivid I
lived it

Y'all dudes innocent, y'all just visitin

And that's the reason why they call me ghetto

D.O., have you homeless {?} diggin deep holes

Police know, but just couldn't figure me out

I'm like {?}, have 'em makin pies in the house

It's grill, spit fire like I never been out

And I ain't gon' retire 'til there's never a doubt

The wheels, in my head keep spinnin

I'm thinkin anybody go against me losin chil'ren

I'm thinkin there's no better time than now to start

some killin

It's Cook Coke Crack, 2005's ghetto version of Achilles

NIGGA

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo, yo, loop this and you crash the remix

And forget who you thought I was, I'm Crack BEYOTCH

The same dude that made you "Lean Back"

And had that nigga Ma\$e spittin that gangsta shit

Can't wait 'til my nigga Shyne come home

Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on

Uh-um, uh-um, is my microphone on? Yes

New York, look I brought the championship home

Now, through up your peace signs to the sky

For all our soldiers that died

That means Biggie Smalls, Tupac, Big L and Left Eye

And Big Pun the greatest of all time, sing it with me

now

[Chorus]

[repeat 2X]

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