

Fat Amy

"Breathe And Stop"

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The Game

Al My Niggas Throw Your dubs up
If you aint from the Westside put you're guns up
Let a shot go nigga, squeeze and pop
Let them feel it when the baseline drop
CRACK
And All my bitches throw you're hands up
You in the club with you're girls call you're man up
Cause you ain't coming home mammy
Breathe and stop
Expel when the baseline drop

Fat joe

Ey yo this murder on the streets killer capital I?m
blasting you
For the love of this dough that?s what I have to do
I'm postured up the corner king they name me coka.
Got caught didn't say a thing you not supposed ta
Goti king my shotty ring
Cal it a killer exhibition let the body hang
A Real work of art show you're heart I blow you smart
Yeah it's the ghetto god
Rap the Bronx feel em god
I sit to prison, you know me
Homie they call me zither
Leave you holy if you rolling with some bad intensions
50 PUSSY then again you know that
We aint never see him in the hood and he own rats
Joey don't give a fuck throw my nigga hole at
I usually sign in to kitchen where the stove at?
Got that weed got that coke get them dopes cents
My little man bitchin
Yeah we call him sandy covins

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Fat joe:

Lord of war you need a hammer
I'll sell you guns
Sell coke to pablo
Sell grammar to pun
Stop searching niggas I'm the one
Pepper spray gangsters show you how to eye in the
slum
Now I can play like kanye and let my chits here show
Put on them gumo d glasses but that just ain't jo
Play shottas then I switch up the flow
Like what the blood glock bomba glock you aint fuckin
with jo
Now Mamma Loves me
Her friends hate me
Jealous cause there boyfriends ain't me
We getting that baby love
Yeah we pain free
Ain't Nobody pocket zircon here
We paid g's
Now listen up
You in love with a stripper
I fuck her and diss her
I give her that mayo
You come and you kiss her
Nigga crack bin a g ever since
Sit back and watch the money get rich
MUTHERFUCKER

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