

## Fat Amy

### "Firewater"

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< 4:30 in the morning, mira  
You know what I mean, mira  
Let's get this money sorted and counted, word  
Know what I mean, dame te culo mami  
Give me my shit back, mira, hey yo  
Fat Joe and them is here now, word  
Shine like marbles, collects diamonds  
The remix, add on son  
Politic for the real ones...>

Chorus-Raekwon

We get knots, like stockbrokers who own Marriotts  
Blast shots for all my niggas who splash cops  
The rich Corleone camp is here, thousand and one  
Corner son, fake a jack, you be a goner....

Raekwon-

Yo, control this rap like Napoleon  
Half-Mongolian, hold it, you owe me in  
Rock 'em like linolieum, yeah  
Lex, diamonds, shin'in like you rhymin'  
929'n, Titanium glass, time to play that ass  
Whirlwinds of French, come movin' intense  
Time to pull again, release the shell,well  
Make 'em yell again, so sleek  
But I'm a be maxin' in suites  
Countin' your paper and countin' your sheeps  
Hittin' your chick in Jeeps  
Miraculously, attack your faculty, who wanna tackle  
me?  
You jack mack, kidnap 'em for free  
What?, you got heat, you better pop those  
We movin' like gestapos, through underground  
potholes  
That rock those, much land discoveries  
Chrome rims, sippin' bubbly  
Who livin' lovily, half a brick to cover me  
So dissin' me, come on now listen G,  
You's a dime I'm a key  
Thun, thun straight out of Sicily

Now, back to the stash crib  
Joey Crack baggin' up cracks  
One love, give 'em Jeep bags, Kid!

Chorus

Fat Joe-

Word ...life, I'll be the infamous  
Who leaks the witnesses, crack's the wickedest  
Run up in your crib, blast your kids  
Ain't no myth in this, shit's official  
I'll pistol-whip you with my Smith & Wesson  
Cause my investin' was sendin rappers to heaven  
Gives me an erection  
You need protection from the smooth assassin  
Who really moves at action, blastin' mothafuckas  
Execution fashion  
Now who's the fat one that you love to hate  
Catch you at your mother's wake, smack you  
Then I'll wack you with my snub 38  
It doesn't take much to make me restless  
Look at my face and definite lose your breath  
Truck my face is Lexus  
You want to test this, so really?,  
I'll make one call and have the whole WU comin' on the  
ferry  
I'm very dangerous and well-connected  
I puff an L with Method, then try to  
Decide who's next to fill his neck slit  
So respected and admired the boss, retired your lost  
Wu Tang, your terror squad, vaya con Dios!

Chorus

Punisher-

You guys despise guys like us  
Guys like us, disgust like Spartacus  
You cuss and claim a bust  
You lust for a part of us, you thrust  
But can't touch  
Plus we far from any type of fellas you can trust  
Put the pressure on the mic, I biz  
Press to your chest, sound like sweat on my back  
We're having sex, tight-ass flex  
Pretty Pocahontas pussy sweet, like my new Tek  
Sis' got curves like a GS, 300 Lex  
My body's 95% alcohol, 5% cancer  
Sosa diamonds, Getty, Lucci, blaze it up like Bonanza  
Catch me in the cut, easy G's is burnin' my gut

As I Remember my menage au trois was mired by sluts  
I questionmark your heart, punctuate your fate  
All your version predicates  
Done as well as you pronunciate  
In the (west)?, we're gonna break you off the isle  
Take C.O.s hostage arab style, no surrender

Chorus

Fat Joe-

Yo, I'm all about business and enterprisin'  
Advisin' financial advisors on franchisin' the wider than  
horizons  
Divisin' ideas with masterminders  
Movin' on a stash of diamonds  
First we get the cash, then we laugh like miners  
Don't get me wrong I'm a funny bastard  
But when it come to money, son, I'm not the one to  
laugh with  
I'm after for what cash can bring me brothers  
Me and my demon lovers blast and laugh at hyenas  
Back to Ringling Brothers believe them others  
You's the best, yet, and still  
I'm investin' mils on a hunch over lunch  
Puffin' on a Chesterfield, who wants to test  
The real scandalous  
I'm at the Sands in Los Angeles  
Plannin' hits with an anonymous philanthropist  
Spanish kids, close to God, like evangelists  
Choppin' niggas up and makin' sandwiches....

Big shout to my man Raekwon, word is bond

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