

Fat Amy

"John Blaze"

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Featuring Big Punisher Jadakiss Nas Raekwon]

Verse One: Nas

My stripes show like regiments military intelligence
Murder game I leave no evidence credentials
Go ask my pre school even talk to my old principal
He'd tell you how you I used to pack a No. 2 pencil
Stabbin students grabbin teachers Catholics preachers
In the school staircase cuttin class passin my reefer
In my own class operation return, they tried to say
I was incompetent, not able to learn
The table turned now, got my own label to earn
Like that nigga said in _Dead Presidents_, money to
burn

Queensbridge, pay homage, respect Nas is the vet
Acknowledge the rep, polish baguettes, niggaz is
dissin that

I'm just the best, puttin all violence to rest
between Latin Kings the blood _los sangres_, blood in
Spanish

So many thugs vanish, unite the system
to fight with inner street wisdom, to help teach a prison

Verse Two: Big Punisher

My crew puff lye, anyone test the Pun must die
Just give me one try -- 'Now you know you done fucked
up right?'

Hah, you ain't got no wins in my casa
Hit the basa, you ain't even in my clasa

I hate a actor that plays a rapper
I'm Terror Squad beta kappa everybody's favorite
rapper

Grand imperial college material insane criminal
The same nigga who known to blow out your brain
mineral

I reign subliminal inside your visual
Try to supply your physical with my spiritual side of this
lyrical

I'll appear in your dreams, like Freddie do, no kidding
you

Even if I stuttered I would still sh-sh-sh-shit on you
Soon as I chitter chatter you shitter shatter, I'm the kid
out of Bronx, that'll stomp you to death like it didn't

matter

I'm even better than before, iller metaphors

Killers bet it all on Pun, cause one verse, dead em all

Chorus: scratches by DJ Spinbad

J-J-John Blaze

Ja-Ja-ah-John Bla-Blaze

J-Ja-J-Ja, John Blaze

"Johnny Blaze ain't a damn thing changed!" --> Method
Man

Verse Three: Jadakiss

Aiyyo my attitude is subject to change, I mess around
and spit twelve at the driver's side door of your Range

Six hit you, the other six, up in your dame

Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your chains

Take heed that, not only can I flow I can aim

cause y'all misdemeanor niggaz can't stand the reign

Better believe that, whenever I see y'all I'ma test ya

Only cause I know that faggots respect pressure

Hardcore, like shit you get, kicked out the yard for

'Kiss ain't the cops, but I lock niggaz up

You could meet me in my cell I soak and sock niggaz
up

Far as the flow go, you could let your dough show

Put your money on the table, we could battle on cable

Y'all hot dog niggaz get nathans

Fuck around with Jason, that shorty from The Lox, John
Blazin

Verse Four: Raekwon

My son cool out (what) don't beef yo, throw the tool out

Let's run these niggaz, kidnap they work, make em
move out

Crushed hash, hands is like glass, keep the heat
in the dash, did some dirt for some work, caught a
gash

The flicker blocker, wicked sneaker rocker footwear

Strike me out God, stackin up joints, rack em like

Footlocker

This is raw, raw like fuck kid, represent

Here to Crenshaw, hold my words stronger than a Benz
stall

Relentless, the anthology consolidated

with the quickness, dress up in the wig and blouse,
killer sickness

Lex, imagination large, gold cards

Beat the bogus squad brains that connect put on the
Older God

Specialist, iciclist, Woolridge collar

Feelin the rich, work for every dollar don't snitch, that's
why

broke niggaz who got heart God, sign em up

Start the wind up, we John Blazin, Don up in the line up

Chorus

Verse Five: Fat Joe

It's simple mathematics, you gotta love us

Cause Joey Crack plus gat equals a lotta dead
motherfuckers

Just when you thought I was done, I recruited Pun

Terror Squad Enterprise, undisputed Dunn

I'm from the slums where it's worse, bust with guns til it
hurts

for fuckin with my funds on the first

And go to church like a mobster

Discuss your death over shrimp and lobster, with my
Cuban partners

Lucas with the cartridge, twenty shot

Run up on any block, disrespect any cop

Used to run many spots, now I own shops

Gortex with the lot, five sixty-four bills a pop

I'm hot, who wanna get burned?

I fire one in your knot and watch your whole fuckin
head turn

You best learn to parlay, I've had a hard day

Fuck around with the Don and get John Blazed

Chorus 2X

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