

Fat Amy

"The Profit"

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[Chorus]

We gettin money man I'll show you how to turn profit
In the hood they call me Joey the profit
First you cop it
Then you cook it
Then you chop it
What the Fuck boy
Bitch ass niggaz
They can't stop us
We turn a Profit
P-P-P-P-Profit the Profit
We make a P-P-P-P-Profit, Profit
Yeah in the hood they call me Joey the profit
If you listen close my niggaz you bound to see a profit

[1st Verse]

I'm New York's living legend
The streets know me well
Stand in the line of fire
It's going to be hell
You dancin wit the devil
Tonight's your last night
Picture me Lil's Eazy E
Pistol Fahrenheit
LA County got work in Slawson
We get it poppin
Back to Roxbury in Boston
The streets love me
See they named me coca
The Puerto Rican version of La Costra Nostra
You can find me in the kitchen with me apron on
Something like the chef, yeah I get my Raekwon on
Joey the Mayor
I get Keys to the city
And I got 'em cheap the whole hood could come with
me
Nigga

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse: Lil Wayne]

I'm getting money
I'm the president Junior
And in the hood they call me Weezy the future
And everybody that's around me ull shoot ya
And nigga my band let 'em blow like twofers yeah
Clap
I got em, I GGG got 'em I got em, yep
Cook I got em, I GGG got 'em I got em, yep
And in the hood they call me Weezy the future
If listen close my nigga you might see the future

Young Wayne in the building
Where your stove at
Cook 'em up Strap 'em down
Where the road at
I'm strapped up plenty bullets
Nigga hold that
Now you step in out in led shower where your robe at
I knock your earth off
Damn where ya globe at
Fuck the coach I keep shooting like Kobe
The money knows me better then anybody
Bitch I'm paid forget about it
I'm sitting in the coupe wit the tities outted
The nipples chrome
Or that big black thing wit the slippers on that bullshit
Dippin' on them bitches
Get off dick
You soft pricks
I'm from New Orleans
Homeless but don't forget
The sun even shines on dark shit
And dawg I've been hustlin since the day I was barkin
I walk in this bitch like what it do
The money home
Stop hatin'
Get your money on
Nigga

[Chorus - 2X]

[3rd Verse]

This year all star weekend was off the chain
Literally niggaz comin' off wit them chains
Put the Desi to his chest
Homey going die tonight
Then his jaw dropped like Napoleon dynamite
Jack boy I been since I'm a toddler
My Dad was sleeping I was running through his pockets
Oh yeah you ready for war then what's stopping you
I hope you know them Bentley doors not chopper proof

And they go Br R-RR Ta Tat
Just like them bullets dancin'
Come up short wit my doe I'm bout to pull a Manson
Take your kids for ransom
Yeah it's Payback Nigga
Next time I front you some birds you better pay Crack
What shit - I don't know nothing
He might be the police coming up with assumptions
All I know is this nigga hear is about to meet god
If you don't bring me some keys or bring me fifty large

[Chorus]

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