

Fat Joe

"Breathe and Stop Featuring The Game"

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(feat. The Game)

Help, Help, Help, Help (Yeah)
Help (It's the Profit, It's the profit)
Help (East coast, West coast)
Help (Cook, cook, cook - Crack)
Help
Help (Latino Market)
Help (You know we got that shit on smash)
Help (You writing them checks, go holla at my boy
Damon)

[Chorus]

All my niggaz throw your Dubs up
If you ain't from the west side put your guns up
Let a shot go Nigga
Squeeze and Pop
Let 'em feel it when the baseline drops

And all bitches throw your hands up
You in the club with your girls
Call your man up
Cause you ain't comin' home Mami
Breathe and stop
Exhale when the baseline drop

[1st Verse]

Ay yo its murder on the streets
Killa capitol
I'm blasting you
For the love of this doe
That's what I have to do
I'm posted up
The corner King
They named me Coca
Got caught didn't say a thing
You're not supposed ta
La Costra Nostre
Gotti Gang
My shotty rang
Call it a killers exhibition

Let the body hang
A real work of art
Show your heart
I'll blow your smarts
Yeah It's the ghetto god
Rep the Bronx till I'm gone
Was sent to prison
You know me homey the chrome's itchin'
Leave you holy if you rollin' with some bad intentions
Fit the pussy
Then again you know that
And we don't ever see them in the hood
And they all rats
Joey don't give a fuck
Tell my nigga hold that
Usually found in the kitchen
Where the stove at
Got that weed, got that coke
Get them dope sacks
My little man pitchin'
Yeah we call him Sandy Cossacks

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse]

Lord of war
You need a hammer
I'll sell you guns
Sell coke to Pablo
Sell grammar to pun
Stop searching niggaz
I am the one
Pepper spray gangsta's
Show you how the iron is slung
Now I could play like Kanye and let me chest hairs show
Put on them Kool Moe Dee glasses
But that just ain't Joe
Play shots and then I switch up the flow
Like what the blood clot, Boomba clot
You ain't fuckin wit Joe

Now Mamma love me
Her friend hates me
Jealous cause they boyfriends ain't me
We getting at baby love
Yeah we pain free
Ain't nobody's pockets certain, here
We paid G's
Now listen up
You in love with a stripper
I fuck her and dis her

I give her that mayo
You come and you kiss her
Nigga, Crack been a G ever since
Sit back and watch the money get bricks
Mo' fucker

[Chorus]

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