

# Fat Joe "Breathe And Stop"

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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 chromey'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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