

## Fat Joe "Definition Of A Don"

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Yeah, definition of a don  
It's like I gotta keep remindin' you and remindin' you  
Who's that nigga, you heard the kid  
Fly was on the casket of all those who oppose the  
squad us  
It's the motherfuckin' don Cartagena ya heard  
What?

They wanna know why ya name is Joey Crack  
You a hustler, how they think you got the stacks?  
You stuck being in jacks on the blocks with your paps  
And the squad to hard niggaz gotta fall back  
Damn papi, you're shit is icy now  
In the bronx witcha Benz rims pokin' out  
You got the niggaz in the pen straight lockin' out  
But when the don is on nigga close your mouth

Yeah, yo, you wouldn't understand my story of life I live  
Most niggaz that really know me got life as bids  
The trife as kids, this ain't no scarface shit  
These niggaz really will kill you, your wife and kids  
I walked through many blocks niggaz couldn't stand on  
Had shit locked before I had a glock to even put my  
hands on  
Before I had the doe to put my fams on  
Before I had rocks sealed in pink tops, tryin' to get a  
gram off  
A wild adolescent, raised by the street

Mesmerized by the dealers and the places they eat  
And when they blazed the heat, I was the shorty to take  
the hand off  
Run upstairs, tryin' to sneak the gat past grand moms  
This is how it should be done, my life  
Is identical to none, son tried to duplicate but I knew he  
was fake  
'Cuz every time I walked by he turned blue in the face  
I'm like heavy on the leg when I pop  
All my change is like heavy on the weight when I cop  
It's just the way it's done  
Niggaz tell me they respect the way I blaze them guns  
On hold it down for the bronx in the name of pun

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Yeah, my name ring bells like a P O  
Put the pressure on a nigga like I'm right at the doe  
With the muzzle out, nigga can't shoke with my dough  
I'm at his mothers house  
Beat up his pops, put the pistol in his brother's mouth  
Wave bricks, whips, jerked a few coke and next play  
the strip  
With chrome knowin' that they won't forget  
And on the weekends we shut down clubs  
You know them crazy Peurto ricans always fuckin' it up  
If I can't afford it, I'm a extort it

If I can't cut it, I'm a bake it  
Strip you niggaz butt-naked, I'm a thorough bred  
Carry guns and pump heroin  
Never went O.T. I'm too light for Maryland  
I'd rather play the streets of New York  
Where the friends are guaranteed  
To keep the meat on my fork  
I'm just a hustler, feds put the tap  
On our phones in hopes of cuffin' us  
Then wonder why we livin' life so illustrious

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