

Fat Joe "Don Cartagena"

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Nobody said it would be easy, ha hah
(What y'all wanna do hah?)
(What y'all wanna do hah?)
Nobody wanna handle it

As we proceed
(What y'all wanna do hah?)
To give you what you need
(What y'all wanna do hah?)

Nine-eight
(What y'all wanna do hah?)
It's the great
(What y'all wanna do hah?)

Now why the sad face, jealous for fellas that's diamond
laced
Tryin' to find a place to recline, shine my face
Under the sun where it's warm, runnin' with Pun 'til I'm
gone
That's word is bond on my moms

That's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo
Dame Un Trago, he go to war wit a bottle
Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat
Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack

Physical rap means we live the lyrics
Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely
dissapear us
We the realest you ever gon' see
In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than
me

Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there
Like lettin' you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear
Five sixty, only the Squad ride with me
Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Daddy

It's my city, and everything in it
Ain't a thing rented, it's my Benz, if you see me in it
We invented floodin' the watch, and runnin' the spots

That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?
Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz
jeep
Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana
I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to manana

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Yeah, uh, yo, you better slide or catch this homicide
Ain't no match for Joey Crack I'm blowin' backs out the
other side
Brothers died and mother's cried at wakes, these are
The Breaks
Kurtis Blow your head off like Jake

So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no
cheatin mines
Player haters never wanna see my shine
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe
Rockin' a fresh suit with dress shoes, on my way to Les
Boo's

Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets
stabbin' kids
Or livin' mad sweet in lavish cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats, I'm a whiz
Exotic tokin' parrots on my wrist

It ain't shit but for sex, money, and drugs
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs
What the fuck, Joe Crack, twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat, once Terror Squad attacks

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Can't sleep, ten deep
Yeah, uh-huh
Adios to manana

Yeah, what you got
Terror Squad, what?
Bad Boy, khanmean?
Joey Crack, Big Pun
I see you, I see you

C'mon, yeah, yeah, say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
Uh-huh
C'mon

What's you are talking about?
Can't sleep, ten deep
[Incomprehensible]
Adios to manana

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