

Fat Joe

"Ha Ha"

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[Verse 1 - Fat Joe]

Ay , yo

It took 8 Keys and Jay-Z to get this city poppin' now
Rob Base, Snoop Dogg to get it rockin' now
Big money talkin', Mayweather - Paquiao
Gucci soft up 'cause he can't hard top it now
Now what you boys got a death wish?
I beat a mothafucka uglier than Precious
Real nigga, you can find me where the X is
Whippin' in the kitchen, both hands ambidextrous
Recession got the hood pushin' more than time clocks
So I dropped a hundred in the streets I don't buy
stocks
Tell a little mothafucka get his shine pa
Good fellas hood fellas livin' on my block
Nigga got a problem, I solve 'em (Solve 'em)
A couple ki's yes nigga we'll rob 'em (Rob 'em)
Got tha 9 milli. in my pants, case you niggas wanna
dance
Leave a mothafucka shakin' like Harlem (Harlem)

[Chorus - Young Jeezy & Fat Joe]

[Young Jeezy]

I said we came in this bitch tonight to murder things
We gonna leave this bitch tonight a murder scene
In black from head to toe we murder clean
Do you know the name of the click that murder teams
What's up?

[Fat Joe]

(Ha Ha) Slow down son you killin' 'em
(Ha Ha) Slow down son you killin' 'em
(Ha Ha) Slow down son you killin' 'em
(Ha Ha) Slow down son you killin' 'em

[Verse 2 - Young Jeezy]

Always on that flow shit
Jeezy Montana
Cocaine capital
That would be Atlanta
One triple O where I'm from
That's a homo
Nigga catch ya slippin' where I'm from

That's a no no
Next up a homicide
Ain't nobody seen shit
Wake up to a homicide,
Ain't nobody dreams to

Welcome to the home of the
Home invasion
DEA like to raid,
You might get your home raided
Went up in it
Like a halfback from the Raiders
Bring a half mac
Anything for that paper
Two door Phantom
Avatar blue though
Parked outta space shit
We call that bitch Pluto
Grown livin' legend
In the hood I'm a hero,
On that minute fourteen
Like a guitar hero
Came a long way
From that toilet bowl white though
But I'ma be all right though

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Fat Joe
Always on my hard shit, Joey Viagra
Pull up make 'em car sick, abra kadabra
Presto magic, Bugatti's on the scene
Party's all around me like its Gotti on the scene
Your money NBA NFL all legal
My niggaz on the block goin' hard pumpin' diesel
However do you want it
Joe stay blunted
I gets off but the hoe stay on it
This is my 'castle' but it ain't 'white' though
Ice so bright shit shine like a light show
This my life yo go get yours bitch
Ball till we fall till the drugs hit the ball pit
Cocaine cowboys that's my thing
Do it for my niggaz locked down in the bing in the state
In the Fed pen my name rings
I don't need your respect the streets crowned me king

[Chorus]

