

## Fat Joe "Jon Blaze"

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Verse One: Nas

My stripes show like regiments, military intelligence  
Murder game, I leave no evidence -- credentials  
Go ask my pre-school, even talk to my old principal  
He'd tell you how you I used to pack a No. 2 pencil  
Stabbin students, grabbin teachers, Catholics,  
preachers  
In the school staircase, cuttin class, passin my reefer  
In my own class, operation return, they tried to say  
I was incompetent, not able to learn  
The table turned now, got my own label to earn  
Like that nigga said in \_Dead Presidents\_, money to  
burn  
Queensbridge, pay homage, respect Nas is the vet  
Acknowledge the rep, polish baguettes, niggaz is  
dissin that  
I'm just the best, puttin all violence to rest  
between Latin Kings the blood \_los sangres\_, blood in  
Spanish  
So many thugs vanish, unite the system  
to fight with inner street wisdom, to help teach a prison

Verse Two: Big Punisher

My crew puff lye, anyone test the Pun must die  
Just give me one try -- 'Now you know you done fucked  
up right?'  
Hah, you ain't got no wins in my casa  
Hit the basa, you ain't even in my clasa  
I hate a actor that plays a rapper  
I'm Terror Squad beta kappa everybody's favorite  
rapper  
Grand imperial college material insane criminal  
The same nigga who known to blow out your brain  
mineral  
I reign subliminal inside your visual  
Try to supply your physical with my spiritual side of this  
lyrical  
I'll appear in your dreams, like Freddie do, no kidding  
you  
Even if I stuttered I would still sh-sh-sh-shit on you

Soon as I chitter chatter you shitter shatter, I'm the kid  
out of Bronx, that'll stomp you to death like it didn't  
matter

I'm even better than before, iller metaphors  
Killers bet it all on Pun, cause one verse, dead em all

Chorus: scratches by DJ Spinbad

J-J-J-John Blaze

Ja-Ja-ah-John Bla-Blaze

J-Ja-J-Ja, John Blaze

"Johnny Blaze ain't a damn thing changed!" --> Method  
Man

Verse Three: Jadakiss

Aiyyo my attitude is subject to change, I mess around  
and spit twelve at the driver's side door of your Range  
Six hit you, the other six, up in your dame  
Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your chains  
Take heed that, not only can I flow I can aim  
cause y'all misdemeanor niggaz can't stand the reign  
Better believe that, whenever I see y'all I'ma test ya

Only cause I know that faggots respect pressure  
Hardcore, like shit you get, kicked out the yard for  
'Kiss ain't the cops, but I lock niggaz up  
You could meet me in my cell I soak and sock niggaz  
up  
Far as the flow go, you could let your dough show  
Put your money on the table, we could battle on cable  
Y'all hot dog niggaz get nathans  
Fuck around with Jason, that shorty from The Lox, John  
Blazin

Verse Four: Raekwon

My son cool out (what) don't beef yo, throw the tool out  
Let's run these niggaz, kidnap they work, make em  
move out  
Crushed hash, hands is like glass, keep the heat  
in the dash, did some dirt for some work, caught a  
gash  
The flicker blocker, wicked sneaker rocker footwear  
Strike me out God, stackin up joints, rack em like  
Footlocker  
This is raw, raw like fuck kid, represent  
Here to Crenshaw, hold my words stronger than a Benz  
stall  
Relentless, the anthology consolidated  
with the quickness, dress up in the wig and blouse,

killer sickness  
Lex, imagination large, gold cards  
Beat the bogus squad brains that connect put on the  
Older God  
Specialist, iciclist, Woolridge collar  
Feelin the rich, work for every dollar don't snitch, that's  
why  
broke niggaz who got heart God, sign em up  
Start the wind up, we John Blazin, Don up in the line up

Chorus

Verse Five: Fat Joe

It's simple mathematics, you gotta love us  
Cause Joey Crack plus gat equals a lotta dead  
motherfuckers  
Just when you thought I was done, I recruited Pun  
Terror Squad Enterprise, undisputed Dunn  
I'm from the slums where it's worse, bust with guns til it  
hurts  
for fuckin with my funds on the first  
And go to church like a mobster  
Discuss your death over shrimp and lobster, with my  
Cuban partners  
Lucas with the cartridge, twenty shot  
Run up on any block, disrespect any cop  
Used to run many spots, now I own shops  
Gortex with the lot, five sixty-four bills a pop  
I'm hot, who wanna get burned?  
I fire one in your knot and watch your whole fuckin  
head turn  
You best learn to parlay, I've had a hard day  
Fuck around with the Don and get John Blazed

Chorus 2X

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