

## **Fat Joe**

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All around the world today the kilo is a measure A kilo is a thousand grams easy to remember A kilo is a thousand but did you remember Once you touch a kilogram that weight II make music

K.I.L.O THE KING sayin hello from my suga hill ray Nathan he's Romelo I plays it like a cello I pull them strings to make them scales teeter totter like Balance beams its everything it seems the guns and the glamor the re-compressed birds Booked down wit sledge hammers

Smille candid cameras goddess in zoom lenses un claimed taxes sittin in new benzes Champaigne drenches the loafers the bosses lord forgive me theres blood diamonds in These crosses suffered major losses then repeat the past.

Guess I never learned a hard head makes a soft ass

Yup and soft white makes for hard cash and continental gets with a soft rag like soft batch Cookies out the oven getting 13 at a time now thats a bakers dozen

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Ayo theres blood on the cocain a scene that is psycho dope so pure feigns cling to the light pole. Wet purer than holy water your wife know that she aint gotta fly to columbia For that lipo..(Darkside) Cut keys like a locksmith blasphemy but it feels like its gods gift

One sniff'll have you kneel down and praise me nodding out holding onto your babies. A new conec means a few more dreams now watch a nigga flood the streets like

New Orleans blow like trumpets snorting on the second
line fuckin with that white bitch'll

Have you on the bordeline penthouse in the city got the
scenic view and maybe you can

Fuck Madonna like you pee in a shoe.

Snowcaps dripping off rock mountains its crack in

Wonderland Got coke dripping out the fountain.

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I said a Kilo is a thousand grams but can you remember check my agenda snow like December coke I'm a emperor go head and taste it numb up your dentures movin in rectas Obvious intra no I wont serve you dont mean to offend ya.

Round table glass up all hail us toast to life money told me will fail us we prevail from the Corner now now tell us they got what they dont wanna let them sell us me I cook coke Cook coke no faction but damn you look broke. Know my pedigree ready is what you Better be gotta beef put two holes in yo ass like the letter be my perameter homie is where you Need to be... Gambler?
Nah janitor I keep the keys...

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