

Fat Joe "Misery Needs Company"

Visit "[Misery Needs Company](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, yo, one's for the cash, two's for my faculty
Three's for all the M-3's racin' across the Tapenze
Matchin' C's followed by the white Lincoln drivin' like I
ain't thinkin'
Wit my hats and lights blinkin', let the lah sink in

On the way to home base
First clown in my face is gettin' thrown out the place
We rush shit, untouchable Don shit, that's nothin' new
Sets with stone arms just to muscle you, enough of you

That had a bad case of Joe, some even had to go
Gangsta walk and nines, at times I be the last to know
We laugh and joke, while we bag in the coke
My A done make the worst things out the cast of
Different Strokes

I'm addicted to street life, although it doesn't seem
right
Many criticize but yo we all go to eat right?
And who's to say that I'm to blame, we only pawns in
this game
Decision, grow cocaine

I don't want no cure for this
You switch, I pour the Cris
And just, stay rich, and reminisce
While I count my chips

Yo, you scared to death, misery need company
Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain

Throw the Range off, police-iano
Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin'
us closer now
The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us
And you wonder why you can't find us

I, ton and tender wit millionaires, gave a million stares
Made a million scared, my beats don' knocked

For what seemed like a million years, yeah
This illegal life I can't avoid, I take the feds everywhere
I go

That's why I'm paranoid, but still I choose to ignore the
fact
I got the flawless Acs wit gats to get that enormous
stack
Joey Crack, the mack without the hat
And all our hoes dine and ride in the back seat of my
Cadillac

I bet you hate it 'cuz we paid and floss, nigga we laid
and lost
T.S.'ll make the baddest crews take a loss
Break your balls like Bahondo, call me Don Joe
Coke slash sweaty rock, niggas drop a dime dough

Booked the nine o'clock, flight to Alando
So-called killers turned snitches like Rivono
That nigga Gauno up in M-C, is bein' friendly
Every time I see his wife and kids the shit tempts me

My heart is empty
Never feelin' remorse
I got a sniper one killed in the cross
Ready to kill your boss

Yo, you scared to death, misery need company
Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain

Throw the Range off, police-iano
Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin'
us closer now
The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us
And you wonder why you can't find us

Yo, yo Jose Luis, smoke lah like the reverend
Look in the skies, clouds look like coke 'n heaven
Like whoever sittin' on pies two, gettin' high too
Mad fly too, a thug too

Yo we praise those, however you make your pesos
Keep the shit tight just like, Jose Canseco's
Batting stance, a majorly we glance, and gotta yell,
"What, what"
'Cuz thug niggas don't dance yo

I told niggas, that you did it for show

But niggas thought you was ill yo
Even your hoe, yo for real young blood I'm really afraid
so
Your colors got revealed and now you buy dough

Impost-o's, locos, morenos, go-golos, boricuas, platin-
o's
My niggas rollin' those, fontos and hydros
You know how that goes, DE's light it up though
We stay smokin' it, tone-locin' it, me and Fat Joe still
provoking it

Yo, yo yo, you scared to death, misery need company
Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain

Throw the Range off, police-iano
Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin'
us closer now
The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us
And you wonder why you can't find us

Ha ha, mad rappers
Stain off, range off, watch out
Polic-iano's, Pabolos amigos
Fat Joe, Fat Joe, Fat Joe, yeah yeah

Visit [Fat Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.