

Fat Joe

"My World"

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Yeah, Yeah
Yeah, Yeah
Uh, Lotta money in here
Uh, Terror Squad
Now and forever
Top of the world, Tun
Yeah, uh
Yeah, uh

They call me Joey Crack my name'll never be forgotten
Livin' in the NY city that's rotten
Niggas on the block still screamin' and plottin'
Wonderin' if my squad gon stop bubblin'
But we not 'cause we all still shinin'
You average, We floss four karat diamonds
Layin' up in the plushes suite
Wit the thuggish freaks
She love to eat plus bust the heat
We touch the streets wit the same principles
Everyday gotta get this cash know it makes sense to
you
Joe Crack one in a million
Get cash from drug deals
But still keep the weapons concealed
Build wit the gods
Todays madd fast cars
Who copped what and got shot comin' out the bar
My repitore is far beyond belief
Y'all ain't much to me
Honestly you can't fuck wit me

(Chorus)-Big Pun

It's my life, my money, my world
My girls, TS electrify the sky like the 3rd rail
Want us to fail 'cause you on our dick
But as long as every song is rich you can't tell me shit
We been doin' this since Prince was the bomb
Before he changed his name and started making wack
songs
Before the trigger talk and the heat wit chalk
Was our last resort and niggas took it to the streets

I live the plush life
Nothing on my wrist but crushed ice
Bumpin' the heist in the GS wit the bug lights
Just the life that the playa portrays
Lookin' laced in my FJ560's
It's many ways that we gon get it
Look how many years we don did it
Cop land and build a home in it
That's all I ever wanted dreamed of
Create a mean buzz
Slick C.R.E.A.M. and show my team love
You see us on B.E.T.
Rockin' ice blue suits pardon the jewlery
Is the same fat kid from the Ave of Trinity
It's been around three years since my last LP
But it gets no better than this
Consecutive hits
You on some Jealous Ones Envy shit
Competitive bitch
I got my enemies mapped out
No doubt
Take the leer jet to Cali there's a party up at Shaq's
house
You don't wanna compare counts pull ya stash out
The ultraviolet from my ice will make you pass out
My niggas force black outs
Shoot up ya skate key
You love to hate me
Pushin' the dope ass ride doin' a hundred-eighty

(Chorus)-Big Pun

(Ad-lib til end)

Yeah, gon ride for you
Yeah, uh, uh, uh
Gon ride for you
Gon ride for you (Ha, Ha, Ha, Huh)
Yeah, We gon ride for you
We gon ride for you
Yeah, We gon ride for you, motherfuckin' gon ride for
you
Ha, yeah, Everybody in the struggle
Hold ya head baby, Uh
Yeah, Charli Rock LD, Big Surge, Big Frank, Big O
Huh, We gon ride for you, best believe I'ma ride for you
Ha, ha, yeah I'm gon ride for you, best believe we gon
ride for you
Terror Squad, 9-8, New Millenium
Joey Crack, realness
1 (7X's)
Tony Montana, Yeah what

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