

## Fat Joe "Slow Down"

Visit "[Slow Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha

It took A Keys and Jay-Z to get this city poppin' now  
Rob Base, Snoop Dogg to get it rockin' now  
Big money talking, Mayweather, Pacquiao  
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 ex 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 the little mothafucka get his shine box  
Good fellas, hood fellas living on my block

If nigga got a problem, I solve 'em  
A couple keys yes, nigga we'll rob 'em  
Got the 9 milli in my pants, case you niggas wanna  
dance  
Leave a mothafucka shakin' like Harlem

I said we came in this bitch tonight to murder things  
And 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 clique that murder  
teams?  
What's up?

(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

Always on that flow shit, Jeezy Montana

Cocaine capital, that would be Atlanta  
One, triple-O, where I'm from that's the whole goal  
Nigga catch ya slippin' where I'm from, that's a stolen

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 living 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'mma be alright though

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 clique that murder  
teams?  
What's up?

(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

Always on my hard shit, Joey Viagra  
Pull up, make 'em car sick, abracadabra  
Presto magic, Bugatti's on the scene  
Party's all around me like it's Gotti on the scene

Your money NBA, NFL all legal  
My niggas on the block going hard pumpin' diesel  
However do you want it, Joe stay blunted  
I gets off but the ho's 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 'til we fall 'til the judge hit the pulpit

Cocaine cowboys, that's my thing  
Do it for my niggas 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

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 clique that murder  
teams?  
What's up?

(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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.