

Fat Joe

"Success"

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Yeah, this joint right here is goin' out to everybody
gettin' money
I mean the real cream
All up and down the East and West coast
Check it

Hustlin' is the key to success, money is the key to sex
The life is gettin' cash, drinkin' mo', gettin' blessed
The games people play, the names people slay
It's just another ordinary day

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One's for the cash, two's for every blunt's ash
Three's for all the 40 brews goin' to cruise the bowel
Four's for the drugs, sex and power
I be the top dolla' scala, rockin' gold collars

While you tryin' to sip the juice, I'm takin' swallows
Step into my zone and get blown, my ways are
internationally known
Yeah, in case you haven't heard the rep
Have an appetite for beef and get, hand fed led

Rapid-fire echoes through your, vicinity
Why you messin' with this nigga from Trinity?
For every shell that fell, there's a story to tell
But it's a fine line between grapevines and pines

Knahmean? There's no room for snitches and loud
bitches
But it's always room for riches and deep ditches
That's how it be in this everlasting game
Declaring war on cocks, and leavin' chumps slain

So maintain, and put the frontin' to a rest
Or today'll be the grand openin' of your chest
Success, triple beam, knahmean?
Dolla' dolla' bill

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The streets are full of vengeance, and it's expensive
If you don't organize your words right in your sentence
Twelve gauge holes take souls and lives are lost
Who said an arm and a leg was a high cost to toss?

Things are done different, in my zip code
Hollow tips implode, dum-dums explode
Now your crew is screamin' like they see demons when
I reload
You can't comprehend, act like you want it for clarity

I'm pushin' wigs, handin' out jigs like charity
You best to get your groove on, or get moved on
Or play the hot steppa, and die with your shoes on
I collect ass and cash

While my crew consumes liquor and hash, and keep
the stash
Whether, hustlin' or dustin' we get busy with ours
T.S., T.A.T., respect for miles
The Bronx is the turf, South is the area

Bring ten, bring twenty, the more guns the merrier
Nobody's bad as me, no cops nabbin' me
Front if you dare and I'll change your whole anatomy
For real, uh

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