

Fat Joe "The Crack Attack"

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Yeah, uh, I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Yeah yeah, yeah, I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Terror Squad again, long overdue baby
I I I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Don Cartagena, bring you the best in hardcore hip-hop
J-J-Joe Crack returns bangin'

Yea, uh, yo it's the Don of rap, sippin' cognac, hit you
on the back
With the Mac slip you into cardiac
It's the art of rap at the illest form
From a killer's point of view, who thrives off the area
jealous ones

You could tell it's on from my introduction
Hibernate the junction with killin' somethin' when you
was barely dumpin'
You ain't even nuttin' to worry about
I flurried your mouth, with about thirty right in front of
your house

Then I'm hurryin' out in the expedition, professional hit
men
The vestibule shit from the credible disses
Federals is listenin' to my conversations, tapin' all the
songs I'm makin'
Shakin' down every ounce of my congregation

John Blazin', raisin' the stakes, changin' your fate
Tied up in my basement with a gauge in your face
Make no mistake, that's how I do my thing
Blow out a lot of brains, I'm sayin', it's not a game

Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
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Uh, uh, yeah, Joe Crack takin' a L and make
Tone roll over in his grave, never that
T.S. got his dreams and discourage the brave,
remember that
I been bustin' guns since the infamous days of leather
hats
Varsity sweaters with big letters black

Pushin' the illest whips down fifty-fifth
Where killers riff, without havin' to split Phillies and
sniff
And Willies who shift jobs from Chili willin' to leave you
stiff
Fulfillin' my biggest wish, in this illegal shit

Quarter Maris stay slugger with karats, never offered
marriage
When my corpse is carried my moms'll get all my
cabbage
Terror Squad is savage, draped in the finest of fabrics
Floss like it's a habit, eight shot up in my Louis
baggage

You knew we knew we had you, lay half your crew in
gravel
Caught you slippin' with your Boo and started shootin'
at you
Out of captivity, left Relativity
Now we on the Bigger Beat, Terror Squad trilogy, what?

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