

Fat Joe "The Hidden Hand"

Visit "[The Hidden Hand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[fat joe]

Yea, time to educate the youth (speak on it God)
Cause if we won't, then who will? (true)
Terror squad style, yo
(speak on it God)

Yo, I was a wild adolescent, blessed with the foul
essence
Messin around with the wrong crowd, I learned my
lesson
Stressin all the things that I have not
I pray to God I get my uncle out the crack spot
I hear mad shots, homicide come and play matlock
But never crack the case cause the defendant's a bad
cop
You feel me fam? the devil's got a plan
That's why farrakhan formed a million man up in
washington
The hidden hand even planned this man
Have me goin hand to hand, killin my own clan
But now I understand and see the big picture
Fuck cryin about the struggle, I teach you how to get
richer

[cuban link]

Shit is a hassle in this rotten apple, kids robbin coppin
capsules
Rockin tattoos, boppin with ankles locked in shackles
Got the cops joggin at you, spittin rounds of clips, they
down wit it
New clowns'll make you feel as if the bill of rights is
counterfeit
Now it's been written that all men are equal, but then
it's legal
When they beat us and treat us as if we're different
people
We go for delf, fuck the cop's health
I'd rather drop shelf and let off shots until my glock
melts
Cause God dealt us a helpless hand, they made us sell
this land
So the palest man could build a selfish plan

You know we can't trust the government, cause uncle
sam is smuglin
Drugs for us to hustle all the stuff for him
Even mcgruff is in it, gettin a percentage
Takin advantage, punishin just blacks and hispanics

[big punisher]

My heart is cold as ice, so I know I'm sheist, big pun
was the kid
That no one liked, my whole life, is one big roll of the
dice
Payin a price twice as expensive as white kids
Destined for riker's not knowin my existance was
priceless
It's like this, my soul was lifeless, I earned stripes
Fightin the nicest in the crisis I slice em in half and
make em dash
Like hyphens, invitin any rapper to clash with the titan
The writing's like fighting cause rappers be biting like
tyson
I'm hypein the crowd, keepin em loud like my label
I'm proud I'm able to lift from the bowels of the ghetto
I found me a little sanity inside a career and a family
No more wars and renderin tears to insanity
So keep the salary and tear the mic, cause I love it
There's my life, you judge it, fuck it seis, I don't want it

[triple seis]

I'm a dominican, stranded in new york like filligan
Don't wanna get locked up in the pen again
But here they come, the faggots and cuffs, searchin
for guns
Turnin they ride on the side of the curb to see who runs
They authorize the beast to walk the streets holdin heat
Four deep, we puff production, my cheek, you know my
steez
Fuck the police, usin "probable cause" to break laws
Behind the badge you try to cover up your racial war
I got somethin for you boys in blue
The system poisoned you, blew your cover, now what
you supposed to do?
I never let the faggot pull the trig first
It won't be no american flag over my hearse
What's worse, you know they disperse for bucks
So take caution in the streets cause our protection
sucks

[armaggedon]

This dude, he had the darkest pads
Who dressed up in the heart of brash
Forever talkin trash

How he stacked niggaz to almanac
Gunshots to corner four police informants
Stood like he modeled the latest fashions, sidewalk
sideshow performance
He raised the pull of grace, a razor blew his face
Force calm the ? sere? plus a pack of the ? dunga dun?
laced with toothpaste
Life ain't to be gambled son, you could get trampled
By people that act more like animals than mammals
high off enamel
That's what his poppa said whose locked for droppin
akmed
In the candy store robbery probably to get his veins fed
He ain't listen, he became a braindead cocaine head
Older mexicans knew, they killed him eatin ?
bagualitos?
But hey little kids, don't follow these dopes

[prospect]

What? uh-huh, yea I can dig that
They call me prospect, I just came back from ?
Had this track on pause, now I'm back on course
It's lost on the ave, tryin to take my life from the past
Get this legal cash, ? without dad
Kinda sad how he got dragged down to negativity
Only if he had one love, trust for liberty
This world would be a better place, get what it takes
In a race to racism replace the snake in em
Bad ones, want to spend lives and discriminate
I'm tryin to keep this positive vibe, and from that
I generate to the top, like puffy won't stop
I'm mature now, with one knot, from tryin to get locked
And to the shorties on the block, tryin to twist 40 tops
Get your act together, do some carpentry with a black n
decker
And stop speedin like a kawasaki
From my life, to your life, I'm touchin everybody twinz
watch me

Everything we speak is the truth
From prospect to munroe, here in a hot second
The whole world run know, everything we speak is the
truth
Terror squad

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