

Fat Joe "Triplets"

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Since day one, niggaz died at the Don
'Cause I was anon, now Terror Squad is a thousand
beyond
Not only strong but we loyal and royally treated
Quadriplegic any squad that wanna squab when I'm
heated

Not even God can believe it, the way we regulate
And levitate, heavyweight niggaz like they was
featherweight
Every day I do the same thang, it's the paid game
To amputate more body parts than gangrene

Yo, this a man's game, it's a shame how niggaz truly
mock me
But who can stop me, from breakin' niggaz off like
Fujiyaki?
My crew's probably the only niggaz that really live the
lyrics
Niggaz really fear us, they must of heard we really
killers

We're Philly Fillers and 40 guzzlers with millimeters
And army cutters, Willie niggaz that laundry dollars
I'm Nostradamus predictin' the future, my position is
crucial
With a known friction obsession addiction to shoot ya

Hey yo, I'm better off dead than givin' the feds the
satisfaction
Subtractin' my freedom have me missin' in action
A fraction of y'all, raw like colt to the jaw
The rest of y'all, fear war, and couldn't follow out the
protocol

Joe the God is like the angel of death, strangle your
neck
That's why Don Cartagena's the name your respect
I bring the pain to your chest, that'll make
You question your threshold

Flex like you been forced, still bless you like a chest

cold

We destined to explode, that's why I stay on flip mode
Your dick rode me long enough Dunn, now you can let
go

Every man in this world has a destiny
Can't no other rapper in this game get the best of me
Unless you just deaf, dumb and blind you know the
pedigree
Better get ready because I'm Veddy
And there ain't no gettin' rid of me

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Uh, uh, uh, yo
Somebody hold me back, Joey Crack's about to load the
gat
And blow this track to the stars like the zodiac
Hold me back this max and better, out for the ass and
cheddar
But fast cash don't last forever

I asked the felons, if I don't stay wrapped in leathers
And hats with feathers, I got all the ostriches actin'
jealous
Track the trailers in chrome black Cateras
Two hundred inch Mickey Thompson's flown back from
Paris

Dat, dat's the illest, these body tracks make a rap
killings
Others is trying to stack billions out in crack buildings
My destiny was to shine, [unverified] to climb
Especially in time, with the recipe in mind

From the jump start, they ain't have to pump hard in
this
I was a part of this, and marvelous stats, it wasn't hard
to miss
And yo, I had to burn cats like arsonists and still
continue
Whose on my menu? A record deal they couldn't lend
you

I had to burn my glock and earn my spot
The time flew by, had to turn my clock

And start with a new resume, not really that bitch
named Des'ree
She ain't really my dream, there's a better way, what?

Prospect'll have to collect dough
Dialin' 905 to L A X with somethin' I was tryin' to drive
A life that's trife for what I wore in the fuckin'
[unverified]
A thug in pain, I swear to my little cousin's grave

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Can't no other rapper in this game get the best of me
Unless you just deaf, dumb and blind you know the
pedigree
Better get ready because I'm dead in a minute if you're
[unverified]

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