

Fat Joe

"Twinz"

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Ready for war Joe, how you wanna blow they spot
I know these dirty cops that'll get us in if we murder
some wop
Hop in your Hummer, the Punisher's ready, meet me at
Beatles'
With Noodles, we'll do this dude while he's slurpin'
spaghetti

Everybody kiss the fuckin' floor, Joey Crack, buck 'em
all
If they move, Noodles shoot that fuckin' whore
Dead in the middle of Little Italy little did we know
That we riddled some middleman who didn't do diddily

It'll be a cold day in hell the day I'll take an L
Make no mistake for real I wouldn't hesitate to kill
I'm still the Fat One that you love to hate
Catch you at your mother's wake
Smack you then I wack you with my snub trey-eight

I rub your face off the earth and curse your family
children
Like Amityville drill the nerves in your cavity fillin'
Insanity's building up pavillion in my civilian
The cannon be the anarchy that humanity's dealing
A villain without remorse, who's willing to out your boss
Forever and take all the cheddar like child support

I support Pun in anything he does, anything he loves
My brother from another mother sent from the above
A thug nigga just like me, one of the best, might be
Even better leavin' niggaz kneelin' on they right knee

Spike Lee couldn't paint a better picture
You small change, I'm blowin' out your brains gettin'
richer
Hit you with the Mac, smack your bitch, nigga what?
(Mac)
You gettin' stuck, my trigger finger's itchy as a fuck

Trunk jewels, cruisin' in the land, pumpin' 'Cash Rules'

(Jewels)

Last crew to want it caught a hundred tryin to pass
through
That's true, so who the next to get it?
TS is the best that did it
(Get it off your chest kid admit it)

And it's
Here, and you don't stop
Twenty shot glock with the cop killer fill 'em to the top
Yeah, and you don't stop
Joey Crack's the rock and Big Pun keeps the guns
cocked

Yeah, and you don't stop
We'll make it hot nigga, what bring it I blow your whole
spot
Yeah, and you don't stop
It's still one-eight-seven on an undercover cop

Fuck the police, I squeeze first, make em eat dirt
Take 'em feet first through the morgue, then launch
'em in the T-bird
The street's cursed, the first amendment's culturally
biased
Supposed to supply us with rights, tonight I hold my
rosary

Tight as I can, I'm one man against the world, just me
and my girl
Black Pearl Athena my sena who keeps it real
You know the deal, we steal from the rich and keep it
Peep it it's no secret, watch me and Joe go back and
forth and freak it

Creep with me, as I cruise in my Beemer
All the kids in the ghetto call me Don Cartagena
Kickin' ass as I blast off heat
And you never see me talk to police

So you should know that I really don't care
Pull you by the hair, slit your throat and I'll leave you
right there
So beware it's rare that niggaz want beef, Big Pun
speak
And let these motherfuckers know how we run the
streets

Fuck peace, I run the streets deep with no compassion
Puerto Ricans known for slashin' catchin' niggaz while
they sleepin'

No relaxin', keep your eyes open, sharp reflexes
Three techses in the Jeep Lexus just in case police ask
us

Street professors, Terror Squad, ghetto scholars
Fill the clips off, inflicts the fear of God when the metal
hollers
Better acknowledge or get knocked down until I'm
locked and shot down
Heather B couldn't make me put my Glock Down

We lock towns like rounds in the chamber
Boogie down major like Nine, I bust mine
Every time plus I'm the crime boss of New York
When we talk to walk the walk all my niggaz carry chalk

And stalk, I prey like The Predator, whoever want it
Go and get it set it baby and I'ma bury ya
So remember the squad that I'm reppin'
I pull a clip for my weapon and punish niggaz till it's
armaggedeon

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