

## **Fat Joe Feat. Puff Daddy "Don Cartagena"**

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Nobody said it would be easy, ha, ha  
What y'all wanna do, ha?  
What y'all wanna do, ha?  
Nobody wanna handle it  
As we proceed, to give you what you need

What y'all wanna do, ha?  
What y'all wanna do, ha?  
Nine-eight, it's the great  
What y'all wanna do, ha?  
What y'all wanna do, ha?

Now why the sad face, jealous for fellas that's diamond  
laced  
Tryin' to find a place to recline, shine my face  
Under the sun where it's warm, runnin' with Pun 'til, I'm  
gone  
That's word is bond on my moms

That's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo  
Dame Un Trago, he go to war wit a bottle  
Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat  
(Take that, take that, take that, take that)  
Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack  
(C'mon)

Physical rap means we live the lyrics  
Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely  
disappear us  
We the realest you ever gon' see  
In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than  
me

Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Like lettin' you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear  
(That's right)  
Five sixty only the Squad ride with me  
(Five sixty)

Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Diddy  
(Eh eh eh eh)

It's my city, and everything in it  
Ain't a thing rented it's my Benz, if you see me in it  
(C'mon, yeah)  
We invented floodin' the watch, and runnin' the spots  
That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?  
Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz  
jeep  
Rollin deep with the Don-Tana  
I put the chrome in your cara, adios to manana

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?  
Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz  
jeep  
Rollin deep with the Don-Tana  
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Yea, uh, yo  
You better slide or catch this homicide  
Ain't no match for Joey Crack, I'm blowin' backs out the  
other side  
Brothers died and mother's cried at wakes, these are  
The Breaks  
Kurtis Blow your head off like Jake  
(Like Jake)

So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no  
cheatin' mines  
Player haters never wanna see my shine  
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe  
Rockin' a fresh suit with dress shoes, on my way to Les  
Boo's

Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets  
stabbin' kids  
Or livin' mad sweet in lavish cribs  
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats, I'm a whiz  
(Mm, mm)  
Exotic tokin' parrots on my wrist

It ain't shit but for sex, money, and drugs  
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs  
What the fuck, Joe Crack, twist your cap back  
Leave your heart rate flat, once terror squad attacks  
(Yea, yea, yea)

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Terror Squad, and Bad Boy  
Joey Crack, Big Pun  
I see you

Can't sleep, ten deep  
Yea, uh, huh  
Adios to manana  
Terror Squad, what?  
Bad Boy, khanmean?

Joey Crack, Big Pun  
I see you, I see you  
C'mon, yea, yea, say what say what?  
Say what say what?  
Uh, huh

I see you, take that  
Adios to manana

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