

## Gigi D'agostino

### "Definition of a Don"

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Yeah.. Definition of a Don

It's like I gotta keep remindin you and remindin you  
Who's that nigga.. You heard the kid  
Flowers on the casket of all those who oppose the  
squadus  
It's the motherfuckin Don Cartagena ya heard  
What?!

[Chorus: Remy Martin]

They wanna know why ya name is Joey Crack  
You a hustler, how they think you got the stacks? (Uh)  
You stuck being in jacks on the blocks witcha paps  
(Yeah)  
And the Squad to hard niggaz gotta fall back (Tell 'em)  
Damn papi, you're shit is icey now (Uh-huh)  
In the Bronx witcha Benz rims pokin out (Ten mil)  
You got the niggaz in the pen straight loc'in out  
But when the don is on nigga close ya mouth

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, yo  
You wouldn't understand my story of life I live  
Most niggaz that really know me got life as bids  
The trife as kids, this ain't no Scarface shit  
These niggaz really will kill you, your wife, and kids  
I walked through many blocks niggaz couldn't stand on  
Had shit locked before I had a glock to even put my  
hands on  
Before I had the dough to put my fams on  
Before I had rocks sealed in pink tops, tryna get a  
gram off  
A wild adolescent, raised by the street  
Mesmorized by the dealers and the places they eat  
And when they blazed the heat, I was the shorty to take  
the handoff  
Run upstairs, tryna sneak the gat past grandmoms  
This is how it should be done... my life...  
Is identical to none, son tried to duplicate but I knew he  
was fake  
Cuz everytime I walked by he turned blue in the face  
I'm like heavy on the leg when I pop

All my change is like heavy on the weight when I cop  
It's just the way it's done  
Niggaz tell me they respect the way I blaze them guns  
On hold it down for the Bronx in the name of Pun

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yeah uh, my name ring bells like a P.O.  
Put the pressure on a nigga like I'm right atcha do'  
With the muzzle out, nigga can't shoke with my dough  
I'm at his mothers house  
Beat up his pops, put the pistol in his brother's mouth  
Wave bricks, whips... jerked a few coke and next play  
the strip  
with chrome knowin that they won't forget  
And on the weekends we shut down clubs  
You know them crazy Peurto Ricans always fuckin it up!  
If I can't afford it, I'ma extort it  
If I can't cut it, I'ma bake it  
Strip you niggaz butt-naked, I'm a thoroughbred  
Carry guns and pump heroin  
Never went O.T. I'm too light for Maryland  
I'd rather play the streets of New York  
Where the fiends are guarunteed to keep the meat on  
my fork  
I'm just a hustler - feds put the tap  
on our phones in hopes of cuffin us  
Then wonder why we livin life so illustrious

[Chorus] repeat 2x

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