

## Happy Days

### "All Luv"

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[Fat Joe]

Welcome to the world of Joe, flooded with thugs and  
hoes  
Real niggas, drug dealers, with villas in the Strolls  
Lexus and Rolls parked in twenty-car garages  
Living the largest, with Oriental massages in garbage  
Shit, I get down for mine  
Terror Squad run things in any town you can find  
New York, New York, big city of dreams  
Where there's nothing but foreign cars, bitches, and  
triple beams  
I fiend for cash, fat pieces of ass  
Never giving a fuck, get your shit laced up  
The corrupt crutas wake me up to new crimes  
On news prime: gangster rapper goes nuts and  
wounds nine  
Joey Crack's the rock, known for packing Macs and  
glocks  
Stay away from Little Puppet cause his ass is hot  
Shot, in the middle of the street  
Pretty boys don't sleep cause beauty is only skin deep

[Lord Finesse]

While you playing games, we claimin fame slaying  
dames  
The aim is to make Mo' Money like Damon Wayans  
You know our names, we don't play jokes  
Niggas ain't feeling us? You ain't supposed to, that's  
for gay folks  
You stay broke, we stay holding and stay rolling  
Rap's Beethoven, exploding, my game's golden  
Pockets swollen, we make the freaks stare  
Roll with some chocolate grimey niggas, but ain't  
nothing sweet here  
Keep clear, ah yeah so get stepping  
Make hit records off of loops that's six seconds  
No question the cash tipper, the ass whipper  
Need a chick that can hang, fuck you broads that wear  
glass slippers  
Bigger, city slicker, you cats follow me?  
Finesse is among the stars like astrology

Greater knowledge, G, shit's wild, I flip styles  
On the mile, let me pass it off like Chris Childs

[Fat Joe]

Yo it's all love, thug niggas and all of the above  
Drug dealers, killer, niggas at the Player's Club  
Young ladies, sisters, rump shaking bitches  
Niggas on the Island rock 150 stitches (Repeat 2x)

[Big L]

Yo my cash flow don't get low, it just increase  
And whoever tries to take mine will rest in peace  
Keep a stone look, peace to every known crook  
Not those who go to jail and can't hold they own and  
come home shook  
So hold on and prepare to get rolled on  
My crew robs every fag that walks through the ???  
Cats who act rah rah will catch a jim star scar  
Punks who fake the funk don't get far, pah  
Me and my clan parlay sipping Grand Marlet  
At a party at the bar is where we stand all day  
In '97 I'm bubbling, no more stuggling  
If I fall, it's back to selling drugs again and busting  
slugs in men  
No doubt, you know what I'm about  
The last slouch that walked through my block didn't  
make it out  
Because I stuck that nigga, then I bucked that nigga  
(I felt sorry for that kid) I didn't fuck that nigga

[A.G.]

We be the bomb, baby, indeed I smoke weed  
Been ripping shit since the late 80's, so what you need?  
Not scared to fall, that's why I rise and stand tall  
And send y'all back to the wall like I'm Darryl Straw  
The truth is, don't give a damn if you're ruthless  
Make it happen, I look at platinum niggas like "Who's  
this?"  
Woe the the bloody city, Babylon will  
Die in its inequities, project overkill  
See me in the future shining, gold with diamonds  
A nigga been used to climbing, my whole life  
That's a trademark, if it ain't rough, it ain't right  
We bring the heat, all you do is bark, we bite  
I'm authentic, and once I send it, it's unretrievable  
Like nuclear missles, cause meant it, now it's time to  
lace this  
Resort to the basics  
Niggas get rushed just because, hush and don't say  
shit

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