

## John Berry

### "Internationally Known"

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[O.C.]

Majestic, double-breasted, shine like diamonds,  
illustrious  
Rainbow glow, charismatic, my crew's the fattest fans  
Strung off the rhyme time like a cocaine addict  
Who the fucks says otherwise? My skills incognito  
Test me son, I turn evil  
Old school, Wallaby type, Sugar Hill grill  
Laid back, relax, like I hold a mil  
Paradise seeking, lumps of cheddar, I consider  
While the bass go BOMP BOMP to live better  
I dream of pushing vehicles, three or so  
At times I dress b-boy, at times b-bo  
Duh-duh-duh stutter shit, I still say the butter shit  
Sharp on the mic, I bring out that box cutter shit  
D-I-T man, you know who the fuck we are  
Back cats combine with niggas that's D.R.  
O.C. hold it down like I'm drowning a man  
Home run hitting chicks grand slamming 'em man

Yes, we're internationally known  
To drop a hot poem on the microphone  
Cause we get stupid, I mean outrageous  
Running through your town kid, tearing down stages

[Fat Joe]

Don't get it fucked up or twisted, Joey the Coke's about  
to rip shit  
And end your existence in an instant  
For instance, I got button men to rack in instants  
Inflict pain, step back, Paulie the dentist  
The root canal, governments trying to shoot me down  
For calling Uncle Sam's bluff in the Boogie Down  
Tax free, a visit gigante, is who backs me  
A made man who plays better with Pataki  
You ask me, "D.I.T.C., what does that mean?"  
Diplomatic Immunity when we Taking Cream (Roof!)  
Enterprise, take a look into these Spanish eyes  
Cabrin Green the color of a man that vanished dies  
The man disguised in American rides  
Well Armageaddon's bumping coke and drinking Ides

I slide, beep the horn on the 525  
Ass we passing 'em by we toss the peace sign in the  
sky

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[Big L]

Ayo I gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta put it in my stash and lay low  
Honeys used to walk right past years ago  
Look at me and laugh, they thought I wouldn't blow  
For real son, it's a new rebel in town  
Playa for life, picture L settling down  
Whenever I'm around, on your girl's face is a smile  
Never copping out, I'm taking all my cases to trial  
You knoe my team's the best, you've never seen me  
stressed  
I be extremely fresh in the green GS  
Crusing dumb slow fronting with the gun in my lap  
So keep running your trap and I'll put one in your cap  
I got the street game and weak fame, I won't buy it  
Niggas be thinking about sticking me, but don't try it  
I know you work, boo, but take a week off  
So we can sneak off to a hotel and freak off  
Fellas be jealous because I be going places  
I got some open cases but I'm a beat them because I'm  
holding papers  
I'm at the dice game headcracking while you rolling  
aces  
I keep a stack of them new 100's with the swollen faces

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(Repeat 2x)

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