

## City High

### "Misery Needs Company"

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intro: [police sirens]

[Noreaga and Fat Joe talking]

[Fat Joe]

Yo, yo, one's for the cash, two's for my facility  
three's for all the M-3's  
Racin across the Tapenze  
?Matchin C's? followed by the white Lincoln  
drivin like I ain't thinkin  
Wit my hats and lights blinkin, let the lah sink in  
On the way to home BASE,  
first clown in my face is gettin thrown out the place  
We rush shit, untouchable Don shit, that's nothin new  
Sets with stone arms just to muscle you, enough of you  
That had a bad case of Joe, some even had to go  
Gangsta walk and nines, at times I be the last to know  
We laugh and joke, while we bag in the coke  
My A done make the worst things out the cast of  
Different Strokes  
I'm addicted to street life, although it doesn't seem  
right  
Many criticize but yo we all go to eat right?  
And who's to say that I'm to blame(blame)  
we only pawns in this game(game)  
Decision: grow cocaine  
I don't want no cure for this, you switch, I pour the Cris  
And just, stay rich, and reminisce, while I count my  
chips

Chorus

[Noreaga]

Yo you scared to death, misery need company  
Crab slackers, niggas actin like they mad rappers  
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal  
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain  
Throw the Range off, police-iano  
Watch for hondo, they lookin at our poster now, playin

us closer now

The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us  
And you wonder why you can't find us

[Fat Joe]

I ?ton and tender? wit millionaires, gave a million  
stares  
Made a million scared, my beats don' knocked  
For what seemed like a million years, yea  
This illegal life I can't avoid, I take the feds everywhere  
I go  
That's why I'm paranoid, but still I choose to ignore the  
fact  
I got the flawless Acs wit gats to get that enormous  
stack  
Joey Crack, the mack without the hat  
And all our hoes dine and ride in the back seat of my  
Cadillac  
I bet you hate it cuz we paid and floss, nigga we laid  
and lost  
T.S.'ll make the baddest crews take a loss  
Break your balls like Bahondo, call me Don Joe  
Coke slash sweaty rock, niggas drop a dime dough  
Booked the nine o'clock, flight to Alando  
So-called killers turned snitches like Rivono  
That nigga Gauno up in M-C, is bein friendly  
Everytime I see his wife and kids the shit tempts me  
My heart is empty, never feelin remorse  
I got a sniper one killed in the cross ready to kill your  
boss

Chorus

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo Jose Luis, smoke lah like the reverand  
Look in the skies, clouds look like coke 'n heaven  
Like whoever sittin on pies two, gettin high too  
mad fly too, a thug too  
Yo we praise those, however you make your pesos  
Keep the shit tight just like, Jose Canseco's  
Batting stance, a majorly we glance,  
and gotta yell "What, What!"  
Cuz thug niggas don't dance yo  
I told niggas, that you did it for show,  
but niggas thought you was ill yo  
Even your hoe, yo for real youngblood I'm really afraid  
so  
Your colors got revealed and now you buy dough  
Impost-o's, locos, morenos, go-golos, bori-quas, platin-

o's  
My niggas rollin those, fontos and hydros  
You know how that goes, DE's light it up though  
We stay smokin it, tone-locin it,  
me and Fat Joe still provoking it

Chorus

(ha ha, mad rappers, stain off, range off, watch out  
polic-iano's, pabolos  
amigos...Fat Joe, Fat Joe, Fat Joe, yea yea)

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