

'n Sync "The Crack Attack"

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Yea, uhh

"I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Yea yea, yeah

"I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Terror Squad again.. long overdue baby

"I-I-I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Don Cartagena, bring you the best in hardcore hip-hop

"J-J-Joe Crack returns bangin"

Yea, uhh

Yo it's the Don of rap, sippin Cognac, hit you on the back

with the Mac (CLAK CLAK) slip you into cardiac

It's the art of rap at the illest form

from a killer's point of view, who thrives off the area
jealous ones

You could tell it's on from my introduction

Hibernate the junction with killin somethin when you
was barely dumpin

You ain't even nuttin to worry about

I flurried your mouth, with about thirty right in front of
your house

Then I'm hurryin out in the expedition, professional hit
men

The vestibule shit from the credible disses

Federals is listenin to my conversations, tapin all the
songs I'm makin

Shakin down every ounce of my congregation

John Blazin, raisin the stakes, changin your fate

Tied up in my basement with a gauge in your face

Make no mistake, that's how I do my thing

Blow out a lot of brains, I'm sayin, it's not a game

"Take these words home and think it through

Or the next rhyme I write might be about you" -- Mobb

Deep

(repeat 4X)

Uhh, uhh, yea

Joe Crack takin a L and make Tone roll over in his
grave, never that

T.S. got his dreams and discourage the brave,

remember that
I been bustin guns since the infamous days of leather
hats
Varsity sweaters with big letters black
Pushin the illest whips down fifty-fifth
where killers riff, without havin to split Phillies and sniff
And Willies who shift jobs from Chili willin to leave you
stiff
Fulfillin my biggest wish, in this illegal shit
Quarter Maris stay slugger with karats, never offered
marriage
When my corpse is carried my moms'll get all my
cabbage
Terror Squad is savage, draped in the finest of fabrics
Floss like it's a habit, eight shot up in my Louis
baggage
You knew we knew we had you, lay half your crew in
gravel
Caught you slippin with your Boo and started shootin at
you
Out of captivity, left Relativity
Now we on the Big-ger Beat, Terror Squad trilogy,
what?

"Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you" -- Mobb
Deep
(repeat 8X)

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