

PFR

"Bring it On"

Visit "[Bring it On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Fat Joe speaking)

Yea yea, what

uh, Terror Squad

uh, from the streets to the jail cell

I mean, my niggaz is facin death penalties and all that

Charlie Rock el D

Yea yea, this go out to you my nigga

Yo, yo

Verse 1:

Aint no solution for this

Since day one I been true to this shit

Often niggaz try to shoot but they miss

I been provin to hit so you know its really real

I went from chillin on the hills to signin deals worth fitty
(fifty) mil

Self made millionaire status

We all gettin money but its funny how mine makes
niggaz maddest

Come at us if you ready for war

Whoever you are

Leave you dead in your hall leakin red on the floor

Better than ya'll

Niggaz need to face the facts

Since the days of crack I been blazin gats - tryin to
raise my stats

Tracin back - you could find me at a racin track

Laced in black - bettin on a horse called Amazin Jack

Joey Crack's the illest - fully backed my killaz

Hoppin outta 18 wheelas - like mad gorillas

Niggaz need to calm they nerves when I'm concerned

Cause if you didn't know by now - you all gone learn

Chorus: I ain't know you really want it

How am I supposed to know theres something when
you keep frontin

Dont want no people wantin to play my game

And if you really want the problems nigga say my name

Bring it on, come on

I ain't know you really want it

How am I supposed to know theres something when
you keep frontin
Dont want no people wantin to play my game
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name
Bring it on, come on

Verse 2:

I puts it down with Pun
Now all I do is lounge in the sun
Look what I done from the slums - to sportin 5 thousand
and ones
See the ice glitter - i only walk with them nice niggaz
Sheist niggaz that quit it for doin life niggaz
You had a judge - we came through in the clutch
Fifty fifth- aint no what to do when I came through
wit'cha
The Don Polly - you could find me as fresh as Denali
In times probably even marching at a Shaughton (?) rally
I often carry thats the price of fame
Got precise the fame snipe u with the rifle and unlight
your brain
It aint a game - its real niggaz with real guns
That still run - caught a box- and pump ox by the
millions
Before the children thats confusin life
The voodoo type that'll pull out the UZ (uzi) and make
you lose your life
The news is tight - I got em hangin by the neck
Man you tanglin with vets when you bangin with TS
(what, WHAT THE FUCK!)

Visit [PFR](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.