

## **Armageddon f/ Doo Wop, Fat Joe, N.O.R.E. "It's Over"**

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[Hook/Intro] [Verse 1 Fat Joe] J is for jealousy O's for on top E's for excellence, ya boy won't stop C's for coca you know that's me and R's what I'm rated cuz I'm good with them heats A's for you asshole niggas I blast you niggas if you ever let me catch you niggas C's for cash money you know I'm bout And K's to the keys that we get in the drought On my fly shit niggas know how I get though I look pretty It's pretty ugly when my guys spit. Told lil mama get a bitch we could slide wit Yeah thug life getting money till we die bitch (till we die bitch) (Yeah) And even with a price on my head, I'm doin wheelies down the X On the bike I don't care mutha fucker There ain't a nigga liver Come through wet the whole block like a fire truck [HOOK] [Verse 2 N.O.R.E] Aye yo I'm known for the fire arm bulging out my right side Scientific lord You could call it sci fi you see the white five drive by wet it up zero tolerance them niggas aint holla since you niggas scared get a dog shouldn't get involved told you imma stake they whole block out get em all my nigga cook coca geddy move weight al broker I used to sell coke at the copa I calmed down, I used to be liver I'll Wet you whole block up kid just like saliva And we ain't gone talk about the kidnaps and hostages Had them niggas tied fed them niggas ostrages (nasty birds) Zoned out off the octopus repo I been selling crack since the vision was caleko And imma keep it one hundred My nigga Pun was alive he'd slap u wit his stomach [HOOK] [Verse 3 Armageddon] Nigga I keep straps bet you I ease back your entourage Squeeze that make ya heart beat flat like iron ons I speak that five alarm heat black my fire I'm off the meat rack a street rap phenomenon yeah I spit that evil rap monologue sicker than a sneeze and a common cough you don't really know me and you don't wanna go to hell Iyin mutha fuckers tellin stories like Orsin Wells it's no comedy I want a million dollas see im pissed and the economy got me planning some robberies kill em as the drummer strums that's geddy music pop sludge hammer tenderize smash em into gooey globs this is what you made me split his rib cage while i play beats by AC/DC from the 80's pull the

chopper out let it rrrraahhh like Cobra put some bullets  
through his house I'm out son its over

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