

Serial Joe

"Recanize"

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Yo, c'mon
Yo, c'mon
Yo, c'mon
It's the dirty South Shore stuff, c'mon
uh-uh,uh-uh
ye-yea,ye-yea
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

(Verse 1)

You see I'm hungray, hungray, hungray, hungray!
That's how I'm feelin
Starvin when I skit em, mobbin for a livin
Doin numbers like a mathematician, rappers be spittin
Like a uzi, it's a Rap Kool G
Back in 2G, had em buggin like who's he
It's J-O J-O
Hustlin rap slay-slingin the yay-yo yay-yo
DJ's the jay, put em on a pay roll pay roll
Hold down the fort, go down to court, throw down the
sport
Fuckin wit Pellewho's, nuttin'll ever do
My dogs in heat put it to ya something terrible
Shmell me, I got a yes man
When I tell him git em he said yes man
And if I tell him hit em he said yes man
Love or hate we gettin these papes
I'm the boss and it's written all over my face
Get it through ya thick skull

(Chorus)

Recanize a real don when ya see one
Murderous charm, anything ya need on a arm
I'm the bomb watch me blow (kaboom!)
I try to tell em "ay yo nobody betta than JoJo"
Now breathe for me, (recanize)
Get it jumpin like please believe, (recanize)
Holdin it down so easily, (recanize)
Got these hunnies like mezmorize, (recanize)

(Verse 2)

Guilianni king of New York

It's fact that boss is Italiano, Joey's a Capo
Piss drunk crossin the Verranzano
Wit hundreds in bags, punchin the gas, gun in the dash
Blowin L's through the toll booth with a stolen E-Z pass
Answer that if you could
If the engine in the front and you in the trunk
then how you screamin take you back to the hood
See you rats get it good, fuckin wit Pellewho
Suttin rappers'll never do like point a rat to the Suge
Gotta Mack then I should
Let's do this, bout to sell a hundred units
That's the difference between platinum and wood
Used to fantasize of Lisa watchin Saved By The Bell
Now the L.S. and chocolate mamis be blazin my cell
Even back in school I never had eyes on the black
boards
Playin pocket pool scopin the thighs on the black
broad
And I never mix business wit pleasure
Cept when I'm at the record label beefin wit tha fifth on
my lever
Like you pricks takin forever
By the way, Chris to Shamika lend me the Caddy for my
date to impress her
Low on doe so you know I never trick on these broads
I got a million dollar deal but still I'm pullin off scores

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I hear rappers frontin a lot, stunt like ya hot
This is rap why you talkin bout ya hustlin rock
Got a crib, a couple of guns, and a drop
So what? You need more then an ab roller to build the
muscle I got
I'm the B-O double S nuttin less
Came a long way from spittin on the bus to the decks
And yes remember record execs frontin like they ain't
wit it
Wanna be Simmons stuntin like Russel ya more like
Richard
In a straight jacket I'ma eat this meal
First name Joey, last name he's for real
C.C.C. had me convinced that he conceited
Really I give a rat's ass how gangsta you keep it

(Chorus 2x)

Blow!

Uh-uh, ah-ah

(Laughs)

Ye-yea, ye-yea

South Shore Stuff
uh-uh
South Shore Stuff
Pelle-Pelle
Grino-Grino
Ye-yea, ye-yea yea yea
Recanize

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