

## **Fat Joe F/ Big Punisher**

### **"My World"**

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Yeah, Yeah  
Yeah, Yeah  
Uh, Lotta money in here  
Uh, Terror Squad  
Now and forever  
Top of the world, Tun  
Yeah, uh  
Yeah, uh

They call me Joey Crack my name'll never be forgotten  
livin' in the NY city thats rotten  
niggas on the block still screamin' and plottin'  
Wonderin' if my squad gon stop bubblin'  
But we not cuz we all still shinin'  
You average, We floss four karat diamonds  
Layin' up in the plushes suite  
Wit the thuggish freaks  
She love to eat plus bust the heat  
We touch the streets wit the same principles  
Everyday gotta get this cash know it makes sense to  
you  
Joe Crack one in a million  
Get cash from drug deals  
But still keep the weapons concealed  
build wit the gods  
todays madd fast cars  
who copped what and got shot comin' out the bar  
My repitore is far beyond belief  
Y'all ain't much to me  
Honestly you can't fuck wit me

(Chorus)-Big Pun

It's my life, my money, my world  
My girls, TS electrify the sky like the 3rd rail  
Want us to fail cuz you on our dick  
But as long as every song is rich you can't tell me shit  
We been doin' this since Prince was the bomb  
Before he changed his name and started making wack  
songs  
Before the trigger talk and the heat wit chalk  
was our last resort and niggas took it to the streets

I live the plush life  
Nothing on my wrist but crushed ice  
Bumpin' the heist in the GS wit the bug lights  
Just the life that the playa portrays  
Lookin' laced in my FJ560's  
It's many ways that we gon get it  
Look how many years we don did it  
cop land and build a home in it  
That's all I ever wanted dreamed of  
create a mean buzz  
Slick C.R.E.A.M. and show my team love  
You see us on B.E.T.  
Rockin' ice blue suits pardon the jewlery  
Is the same fat kid from the Ave of Trinity  
It's been around three years since my last LP  
But it gets no better than this  
consecutive hits  
You on some Jealous Ones Envy shit  
competitive bitch  
I got my enemies mapped out  
No doubt  
take the leer jet to Cali theres a party up at Shaq's  
house  
You don't wanna compare counts pull ya stash out  
the ultraviolet from my ice will make you pass out  
My niggas force black outs  
shoot up ya skate key  
You love to hate me  
pushin' the dope ass ride doin' a hundred-eighty

(Chorus)-Big Pun

(Ad-lib til end)

Yeah, gon ride for you  
Yeah, uh, uh, uh  
Gon ride for you  
Gon ride for you (Ha, Ha, Ha, Huh)  
Yeah, We gon ride for you  
We gon ride for you  
Yeah, We gon ride for you, motherfuckin' gon ride for  
you  
Ha, yeah, Everybody in the struggle  
Hold ya head baby, Uh  
Yeah, Charli Rock LD, Big Surge, Big Frank, Big O  
Huh, We gon ride for you, best believe I'ma ride for you  
Ha, ha, yeah I'm gon ride for you, best believe we gon  
ride for you  
Terror Squad, 9-8, New Millenium  
Joey Crack, realness  
1 (7X's)

Tony Montana, Yeah what

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