

Fat Joe feat. Big Pun

"My World"

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My World

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

today's 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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