

Krayzie Bone F/ Terror Squad (Big Pun, Cuban Link, "Don Cartagena")

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Nobody said it would be easy, ha hah
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)
Nobody wanna handle it
[Puff] AS WE PROCEED, TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)
[Puff] NINE-EIGHT, IT'S THE GREAT
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)

Verse One: Fat Joe

Now why the sad face, jealous for fellas that's diamond
laced
Tryin to find a place to recline, shine my face
Under the sun where it's warm, runnin with Pun til I'm
gone
That's word is bond on my moms
That's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo
Dame Un Trago, he go to war wit a bottle
Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat ("take
that" 4X)
Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack
(c'mon)
Physical rap means we live the lyrics
Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely
dissapear us
We the realest you ever gon' see
In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than
me
Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there (yeah,
yeah)
Like lettin you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear
(that's right)
Five sixty (five sixty) only the Squad ride with me
Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Diddy
(eheheheh)
It's my city, and everything in it
Ain't a thing rented (c'mon) it's my Benz, if you see me
in it (yeah)
We invented floodin the watch, and runnin the spots
That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

Chorus: Puff Daddy

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?
Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin in the Benz
jeep
Rollin deep with the Don-Tana
I put the chrome in your cara, adios to manana
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Fat Joe

Yea, uh, yo
You better slide or catch this homicide
Ain't no match for Joey Crack I'm blowin backs out the
other side
Brothers died and mother's cried at wakes, these are
The Breaks
Kurtis Blow your head off like Jake (like Jake)
So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no
cheatin mines
Player haters never wanna see my shine
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe
Rockin a fresh suit with dress shoes, on my way to Les
Boo's
Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets
stabbin kids
or livin mad sweet in lavish cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats, I'm a whiz (mm,
mmm)
Exotic tokin parrots on my wrist
It ain't shit but for sex, money, and drugs
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs
What the fuck, Joe Crack, twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat, once Terror Squad attacks
(yea yea yea)

Chorus 2X

(Puff Daddy talkin over chorus)
Terror Squad, and Bad Boy
Joey Crack, Big Pun
I see you

Can't sleep, ten deep
Yea, uh-huh
Adios to manana
Terror Squad, what?
Bad Boy, khanmean?
Joey Crack, Big Pun
I see you, I see you
C'mon, yea, yea, say what say what?

Say what say what?
Uh-huh

I see you.. take that..
Adios to manana!

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